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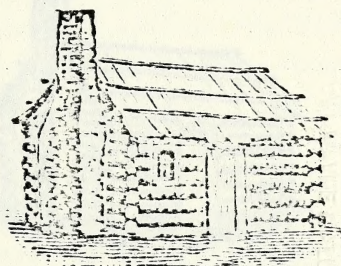


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ADDRESSES, MEMORIALS
AND SKETCHES

PUBLISHED BY

The Maumee Valley



Pioneer Association,

1897-1899

At the Old Court House, Maumee

September 10th, 1897.

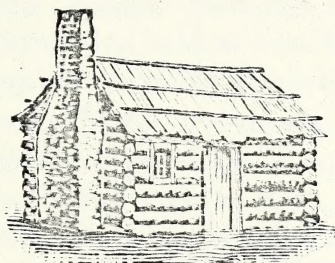
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TO BE DELIVERED AT THE

— REUNION —

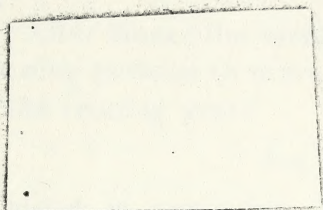
At the Old Court House, Maumee

September 10th, 1897.

TOLEDO, OHIO:

VROOMAN, ANDERSON & BATEMAN, PRINTERS.

1897.



MINUTES.

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In the absence of the President, Mr. Paris H. Fray, of White House, the Rev. G. A. Adams called the meeting to order, and introduced the Rev. Dr. N. E. C. Love, of Swanton, Ohio, who invoked the divine blessing.

THE CUTS OF SCENES AT FT. MEIGS WERE FURNISHED THE ASSOCIATION
BY THE TOLEDO SUNDAY JOURNAL.

The Hon. J. B. ... then read memorials of deceased members of the Association, including that of Mrs. Anna C. White, prepared by Honorable DeWitt B. Davis, also memorials of Mr. Henry Philipps, of Toledo, Dr. H. C. Davis Potter, Mr. Joel Foot, West Cady, ... A. B. Lalla, of Defiance; the Hon. ... of Toledo; Mr. Chester Bhop, of ... Mr. ... of Providence, Lucas County, and Mr. ... of Wood County, also ... Mr. Lewis Eastwood, of Waterville.



It was moved and carried that a committee of three be appointed to present the names of possible candidates for the offices for the coming year, and V. Robinson, of White House, C. C. Young, of Liberty Center, and Frank Powell, of Perryburg, were made the committee.

The meeting then adjourned for a general basket dinner, everyone either providing himself or coming with friends.



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The Honorable Justin H. Tyler, of Napoleon, then read memorials of deceased members of the Association, including that of Mrs. Amelia C. Waite, prepared by Honorable Denison B. Smith, also memorials of Mr. Henry Philipps, of Toledo, the Hon. Emery Davis Potter, Mr. Joel Foot, Wood County; Hon. Judge A. S. Lalla, of Defiance; the Hon. Abner L. Backus, of Toledo; Mr. Chester Blinn, of Perrysburg; Mr. Benjamin Atkinson, of Providence, Lucas County, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoobler, of Wood County, also a communication from Mr. Lewis Eastwood, of Waterville.

It was moved and carried that a committee of three be appointed to present the names of suitable candidates for the offices for the ensuing year, and Y. Rakestraw, of White House, C. C. Young, of Liberty Center, and Frank Powell, of Perrysburg, were made the committee.

The meeting then adjourned for a general basket dianer, everyone either providing himself or joining with friends.

After dinner the nominating committee reported the following persons to serve as officers of the Association for the ensuing year:

FOR PRESIDENT,

By virtue of regulation, Paris H. Pray, of White House,
Lucas County.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Rev. G. A. Adams, of Wood county.
Mr. Yarnel Rakestraw, of Lucas county.
Hon Justin H. Tyler, of Henry county.
Hon. D. W. H. Howard, of Fulton county.
Mr. Phillipps, of Hancock county.

FOR SECRETARY,

J. L. Pray, White House, Ohio.

FOR TREASURER,

J. E. Hall, Waterville, Ohio.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

William Corlett, Lucas county.
D. R. Holden, Wood county.
Dr. William Ramsey, Fulton county.
Allen Scribner, Henry county.
B. B. Woodcock, Defiance county.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Justin H. Tyler, Henry county.
Frank Powell, Wood county.
Edwin Phelps, Defiance county.
Denison B. Smith, Lucas county.

HISTORICAL AND PRINTING COMMITTEE.

Emery Potter, Jr., Lucas county.
D. K. Hallenback, Wood county.
Justin H. Tyler, Henry county.

Following the election of officers, Hon. C. H. Nor-

ris, of Marion, Ohio, delivered a comprehensive, eloquent and instructive historical address, which was received with much enthusiasm.

The Rev. Dr. N. B. C. Love, of Swanton, O., then read his beautiful poem, "The Maumee." The Secretary, Mr. Smith, was called upon for an address, but excused himself, and no further addresses were made.

After an hour of very pleasant social intercourse, the meeting adjourned to the call of the Executive Committee.

D. B. SMITH, Secretary.

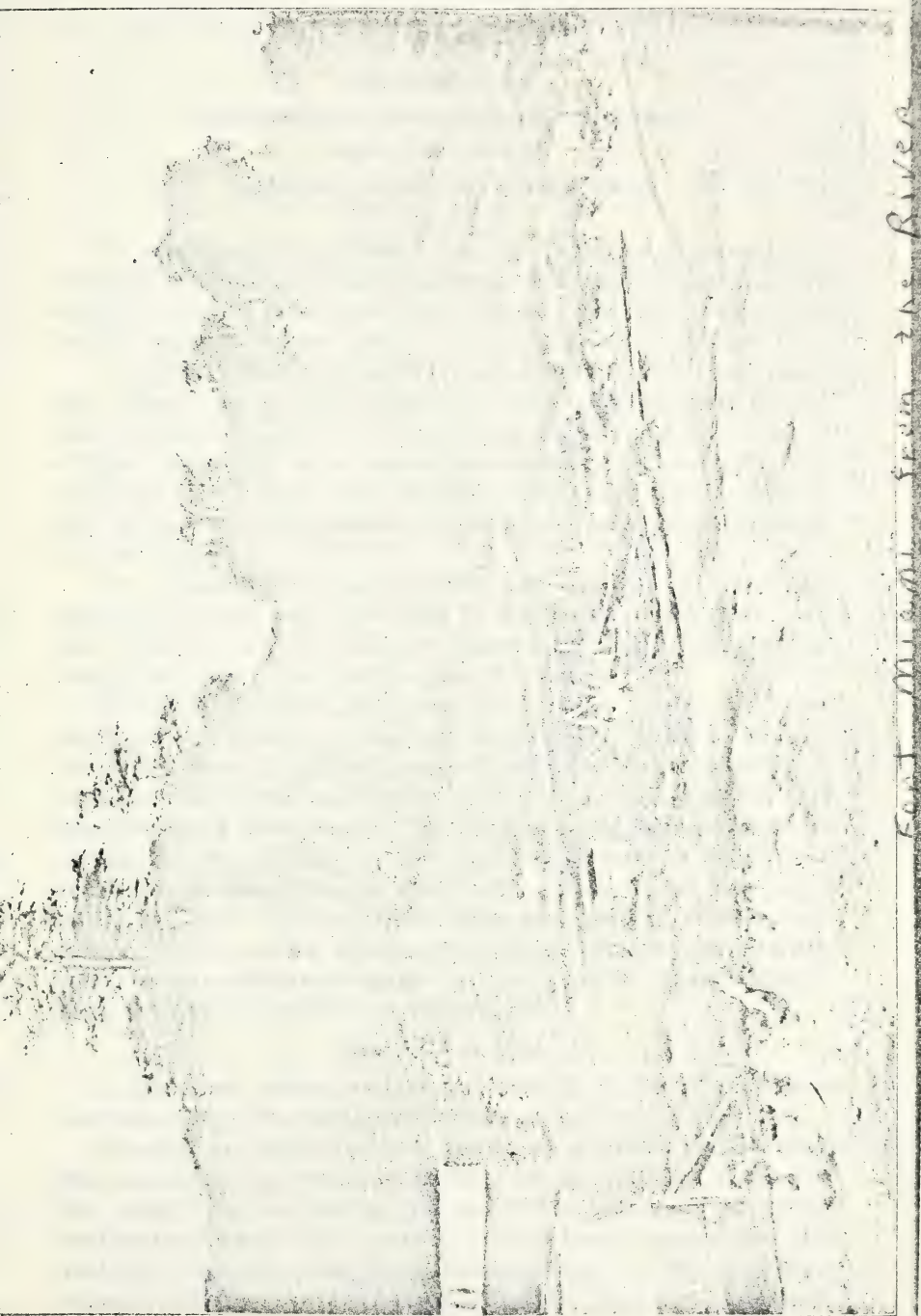
RECEIPTS.

The Receipts of the meeting was:

For new memberships for 7 members at \$1 each,	\$7 00
Contributed by four members, - - - -	4 00
Received from sale of pamphlets, - - - -	2 30
Total, - - - - -	\$13 30

EXPENSES.

Printing Programs, Postals, Envelopes and Letter Heads, - - - - -	\$10 85
Typewriting, Copying and Postage, - - - -	2 45
Total, - - - - -	\$13 30
Amount reported on hand by the Treasurer,	\$26 27



Foot Maumee from the River

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE PIONEERS AT THEIR REUNION AT FT. MEIGS

AUGUST 12TH, 1896, BY

JUDGE C. H. NORRIS, OF MARION, OHIO.

In submitting that which I have prepared for this occasion, I recognize the fact that I face an audience composed of those who are competent to pass intelligent judgment, not only upon the diction but also upon the subject matter of that which may be offered.

I at first hesitated to avail myself of the pleasure of this meeting, afforded me by the invitation of your secretary, but feeling that perfections would not be expected of me that might be required of those deservedly better known than myself; and tempted by the conviction that I would learn infinitely more than I could impart, I shut my eyes to well-grounded self-distrust and am here pleading my own apology.

The pioneers who beat back from this matchless region savage nature and savage men are buried in the bosom of the earth, and with them perished the data for the most thrilling and interesting history that ever recited the progress of a people.

The facts presented upon such an occasion as this are those which are well known, or that with little research might be known; but in the hurry of this busy age are neglected and overlooked or forgotten; hence the chief benefit and purpose of societies of this character, aside from renewing and cementing old friendships, is to educate the young, inform them of the kind of metal of which their ancestors were made, interest them in the circumstances and occurrences that befel the lion-hearted men, who, braving hardship and danger, won an empire, and transformed a wilderness into a garden—that they to whose keeping the heritage must be transmitted may deem it worthy of defense and preservation.

THE WAR OF 1812.

I have been asked to speak particularly of events which connect this valley with our second conflict with Great Britain.

The last war with England, known to us as the war of 1812, was proclaimed by President Madison on the 19th day of June of that year, Congress having the day before declared war to be existing between the two countries. It had been 29 years since the treaty of Versailles had given independence to the American colonies, and the condition of peace had for that time nominally

existed between the United States and the British empire. Yet for 13 years of that time the forces of England had retained possession of the Northwestern posts. Eleven years after that treaty had been ratified the British general, Sincoc, built and garrisoned Ft. Miami, yonder across the river, far within our conceded border, and the Northwestern posts, including Miami, Detroit, Michlimackinac and Green Bay, were only surrendered after the battle of Fallen Timber had broken the strength of the Indian tribes.

It cannot be controverted that England, through her Canadian Indian department, in the hands of Col. Matthew Elliott and Capt. Alexandria McKee, waged a ceaseless war upon her former colonies, by inciting and assisting the Indian tribes year after year in destroying the scattered settlements, and murdering the defenseless people of the Northwestern border. So that the victory of Wayne at Fallen Timber, which was achieved within view of this spot, may be considered the last battle of the revolutionary war, though fought eleven years after the ratification of peace between the colonies and the mother country—Perfidious Albion.

On the 19th of November, 1794, three months after the battle of Fallen Timber, the special commissioners of the two countries agreed upon the terms of what is known as the Jay treaty, which, with other stipulations, fixed June 1, 1796, as the time for surrendering the Northwestern posts.

Had Wayne's legions suffered defeat, as did St. Clair, history would have had another story to repeat than the surrender of the Northwestern posts by the English, and seventeen years of peace with the Indian tribes, which followed that victory.

The war of 1812, though at the time not so deemed by our people, was in fact, with us, a struggle for national existence. It was a second war for independence.

CONDITIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The country was torn with faction and discord. Trade was stagnant. For two successive years crops had been a failure; the agriculturist was a pauper, and commerce was crushed between edicts, blockades and embargoes, to which we were required to give heed, under the penalty of war with the nations of Europe, who were at this time arrayed either for or against France and the great Napoleon.

The northwestern frontier covered a distance of at least a thousand miles. Within the boundaries of Ohio, the outlying settlements were included in a line from Cleveland to Wooster, and thence to Urbana. Weak military posts were maintained at Mackinac

Island, at Detroit, Ft. Wayne, at the head of the Maumee; Ft. Dearborn, at the head of the Chicago river, and Ft. Harrison, at the forks of the Wabash.

They were hundreds of miles apart and practically inaccessible to each other. The country had a population of seven and a quarter millions; our domain was divided into eighteen states and four territories.

OHIO'S CONGRESSMAN.

Ohio was entitled to but one member of Congress; his name was Jeremiah Morrow and he was one of the 79 members who cast his vote for war. Little did he think when he cast that vote, that there were children then born who, within fifty-two years from that date, would take part in a conflict in comparison to which the war for which he then voted, would pale into insignificance; but the streets of his native village were swept by the hissing ball; the graves of his kindred were plowed by shot and shell; the brooks in which he had bathed when a boy ran red with the blood of his countrymen, for he was born and spent his early youth in the town of Gettysburg in the state of Pennsylvania.

Jeremiah Morrow, his biographer says, was a plain man who feared God and loved his country and his fellow-men.

In 1825, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, while visiting this country on his way from Cincinnati to Columbus, conceived it his duty to pay his respects to the governor of Ohio, who was then on his farm in the neighborhood of Lebanon. Near the road were some men clearing; one dressed in a red flannel shirt and home-made trowsers was making a wagon pole. "My man," said the Duke, "where is your master?" Looking up the son of toil answered, "I have no master but Him above." "I desire to pay my respects to the governor of Ohio, where is he?" said the Duke. "I am the governor, I am Jeremiah Morrow," was the answer, and at once he was the courteous gentleman inviting the visitor and friends to make his house their home. Many times after was this interview described by that aristocrat, who had in his veins the blood of half the sovereigns of Europe, as an illustration of simplicity, hospitality and greatness.

Anticipating hostilities and knowing by the experience of thirty years of atrocity and murder incited by British influence, that England would turn against the border the merciless hand of the savage, the nucleus of a little army had been gathered at Urbana and Dayton early in the spring. The commander was Wm. Hull, territorial governor of Michigan, who had been an officer of some note in the war of Independence.

The plans adopted by Mr. Eustice, secretary of war, was to invade Canada with four different expeditions operating at the same time; one by Lake Champlain, one by Sackett's Harbor, one by Niagara and one by Detroit. The expedition under Hull was destined for Detroit.

War being certain, on the 1st of June Hull commenced his march, and consumed nearly a month toiling across the Black Swamp, building roads and bridges and blockhouses, before he reached this point—the rapids of the Maumee.

It was not until the 2nd of July when he had reached the River Raisin, that he received notice from the criminally negligent War department that war had been declared.

The town of Amherstburg at the mouth of the Detroit River, and the British Fort Malden which defended it, had for years been, and was then, the base of operation and supplies for raids against our Western border.

The schemes and plots of fire and slaughter, hatched there and hurled thence against our defenseless settlements, would furnish a page of English history, bloodier and more cruel than the massacres of Glencoe and Wyoming.

HULL'S DISASTERS.

That war had been declared was known at Malden on the 30th. of June; in time to intercept off that port the vessel carrying Hull's private papers, muster rolls and instructions, which he had foolishly dispatched by water from the Rapids to Detroit.

But without following him farther on his way to defeat and disaster, by the 16th of August he had surrendered his army, with Detroit and its fortifications, and every man under his command, whether there or elsewhere. Mackinac had fallen, Fort Dearborn where Chicago now stands, had been abandoned and the garrison massacred, and every post in the Northwest except Fort Wayne and Fort Harrison were in the hands of the enemy.

The expedition at Niagara had been beaten back; Dearborn's invasion by way of Lake Champlain became an idle threat, and the beginning of 1813 saw the country at the end of a year of disgrace, such as God forbid it may ever experience again.

Everything in the East was a failure, from the inefficient War department down to the cowardly and mutinous militia that refused to cross the border.

In all, it was a series of campaigns of bombast and imbecility. It is said that at Lewistown while thousands of militia stood looking across where a force of their comrades at Queenstown Heights were

beset by superior numbers of the enemy, and finally compelled to surrender, when called to the rescue, all refused, except thirteen Irishmen from New York. Whether or not these Hibernians were members of the Tammany society, history does not recount.

On the 7th of November, 1811, less than ten months before the declaration of war, the peace with the Indians, that had been concluded at Greenville 17 years before, was broken by the battle of Tippecanoe.

The commander in that engagement was Wm. Henry Harrison, the governor of Indian Territory.

The disasters of 1812, particularly the surrender of Hull, aroused the people of the Western states to the necessity of defense.

ORGANIZED DEFENSE.

Foremost in patriotism and war spirit were the people of Kentucky. A race of warriors and orators, in response to the matchless eloquence of such men as Henry Clay, they flew to arms. Their governor was Isaac Shelby. Thirty-two years before, the year 1780, was the darkest year of the American revolution. The Colonial army under Gen. Horatio Gates had been destroyed at Camden, and the colonies of Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, were prostrate at the feet of the conquering Cornwallis. The British general, Ferguson, had posted himself in an almost impregnable position, on a ridge, in what is now Gaston county, North Carolina, called the King's Mountain, and with none to oppose, he was dealing out British justice to the patriots, with sabre and halter and torch.

From over the mountains and through the forests, hundreds of miles away, came a body of frontiersmen; they were from the Holsten and Clinch river settlements in North Carolina and Tennessee, and from Harrodsburg and Boonesborough, Kentucky. They were a people, and from a region of which the British had never heard. They were inferior in number to their adversaries, yet at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of October 7th, 1780, they attacked the British position, and in less than 70 minutes, Gen. Ferguson's army and Gen. Ferguson himself ceased to exist. The right hand of Cornwallis was destroyed, and it was again possible to establish free government on this continent. The leaders of these heroes, who thus broke the British power, were Sevier and Campbell, and this same man, Isaac Shelby.

Such confidence had the people of Kentucky in the bravery and sagacity of the hero of Tippecanoe that Governor Shelby made him commander of the militia of that state.

William Henry Harrison was a native of Virginia; at this time he was 39 year old. This region was not new to him. When a youth of 21 he served on the staff of Gen. Wayne, and was conspicuous at the battle of Fallen Timber. He was one of the finest characters the country ever produced. The history of the Northwest for 40 years is his history. He was clerk of the courts of Hamilton county, Ohio, when made the ninth President of the United States.

His father, Benjamin Harrison, was chairman of the committee of the whole house when the Declaration of Independence was agreed to, and signed that immortal charter. When John Hancock was chosen to preside over the Continental Congress, it was he who conducted Hancock to the chair, and said, "Great Britain should be convinced that we are in earnest, when we make a man our president whom she has excluded from pardon by public proclamation."

Harrison, prompt to act, gathered the Kentucky levies at Cincinnati. Fort Harrison then commanded by a young man named Zachary Taylor, who afterwards became the twelfth President of the United States, and Fort Wayne, were both besieged by the Indians; Vincennes was in danger and men had been murdered and scalped within 30 miles of Louisville.

To relieve these beleaguered garrisons he at once pushed on. He arrived at Ft. Wayne, September 12, 1812, and while engaged in chastising the savages in that vicinity, Gen. James Winchester, of the regular army, arrived at the fort, and as ranking officer assumed command.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Under this unfortunate man, aside from the massacre at Chicago, the first real tragedy of the war was enacted.

On his way to resume the duties of governor of Indiana territory, Harrison was met at St. Marys by an express bearing his commission as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Northwest. He immediately formulated plans for his campaign. He proposed to make this place—the foot of the rapids—the base of his operations. With his troops once concentrated here he would move immediately on Detroit.

The Virginians and Pennsylvanians early in October gathered at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont; the Ohio levies who were to march here over Hull's road through the Black Swamp were floundering in the mud a hundred miles from the Maumee. Winchester had come from Fort Wayne to Fort Defiance; and such was the impassible condition of the country that not a pound of supplies could be transported to the Maumee.



The Maumee River above the City, Forts Miami and Meigs in the Distance.

In December, 1812, Winchester started from Defiance to this place, and reached here on January 10, 1813, after a two week's march through the snow. While encamped here he was solicited to go to the relief of a French settlement on the River Raisin, where the city of Monroe now stands, called French Town. The place was then held by about 300 Canadian militia and Indians. Winchester had here 1,300 troops. At Amherstburg, 18 miles from French Town, lay 4,000 British and Indians under Gen. Proctor.

With less military judgment than a child, on the 18th of February, Winchester dispatched 650 men to the River Raisin, and followed next day with 250 regulars of the Seventeenth infantry.

On the 21st his command was overwhelmed by the forces of Proctor, who had hastened from Amherstburg to attack him.

The British general, as barbarous and inhuman as his savage allies, suffered the Indians to murder, scalp and burn the wounded and other prisoners who fell into their hands, so that of nearly 900 men, less than 40 escaped death and capture.

NAMED FOR GOVERNOR MEIGS.

At this time Harrison was at Upper Sandusky, where were his stores and convoy and artillery and the right wing of his army; and at which place Gen. Crooks with the Pennsylvania militia had built Fort Ferree. The center of the army was at Fort McArthur, about three miles west of the site of the present town of Kenton. Being informed that Winchester intended to move upon French Town, Harrison hastened forward to the Rapids, only to meet the fugitives, and hear the story of the slaughter of the left wing of his army. By the 30th of January reinforcements and artillery arrived, and on the 1st of February he commenced the construction on this spot of a fortified camp, which, in honor of the man who was then governor of the state, he called Ft. Meigs. Return Jonathan Meigs was his name; he had been a soldier, a Senator in Congress and Postmaster General of the United States. He was a patriot, honored and respected by his people. He was named after his father, a brave soldier of the Revolution, who was with Arnold at Quebec and with Wayne at Stony Point.

In the halcyon days when the world was young to the youth and Quaker girl who were destined to become the grandfather and grandmother of our governor; to the boy's fervid plea for grace and favor at her hand—as many women before and after have done—her lips said nay when her heart said yea. The paralyzed youth, with shattered hopes, turned from her, to face alone that aching void the vulgar call the world. At the edge of the field she called to him

in her prim Quaker parlance, "Return Jonathan;" the sweet voice sounding across the meadow was to him the pardon of a queen; and that he might always hear the words spoken by the same sweet voice—when she softly called the name of their firstborn; when in pride she spoke of their glorious soldier son—the father called the boy Return Jonathan Meigs.

STORMING THE FORT.

The military operations in the Northwest at the date of the construction of Fort Meigs had resulted in the capture of Mackinac, the surrender of Hull, the massacre at Fort Dearborn, and the destruction of Winchester.

On the 28th day of April, 1813, the British, under Proctor, and the Indians, led by Tecumseh, invested this place. Proctor had 1,300 men; Tecumseh led 2,000 warriors. On the 1st of May the enemy completed his batteries. To defend the fort, Harrison at this time could muster fit for duty, about 1,000 men. Proctor's camp was at and directly below old Fort Miami. Fort Miami was too strong for Wayne to assault after the battle of Fallen Timber, and it was while reconnoitering the position within pistol shot of the works, when an artillerist asked permission of Major Campbell, the commandant, to train a gun on the general and his staff that Wayne heard the wholesome advice of that officer to his subordinate, "Be a gentleman, be a gentleman."

The gun batteries for the reduction of these works, were established immediately across the river, as I understand it, on the present sites of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, in the village of Maumee, and one between those two points. A mortar battery was planted farther down the river, and on the night of May 3rd, a battery was established by the enemy in the ravine to the northwest of these works.

I will not attempt to recount the deeds of heroism performed by this beleaguered garrison, who knew that surrender meant torture and death; though their enemy was of their race, laid claim to the highest civilization, and begged mercy through the redeeming blood of the same Divine Master.

In the history of the world, no country has waged war more cruelly, the annals of no country have more scenes of blood and ruin to describe, no country has so often invoked the willing hands and malignant hearts of savage men, as has Great Britain; some instances of which I have heard recounted by the trembling lips of aged men, to whose dying day the ghastly scenes were vivid.

CLAY'S RELIEF PARTY.

At 12 o'clock on the night of May 4th, Capt. William Oliver, the same hero who had borne tidings of the approaching succor to the defenders of Fort Wayne, dared almost certain death to bring the message that Gen. Green Clay, with nearly 1,200 Kentuckians approaching down the river in flat boats, was within two hours of the Fort. Under orders from Harrison, 800 of these men, commanded by Col. Dudley, landed on the British side of the river, near the battle field of Fallen Timber, and proceeding down the river attacked the British batteries, and took them; but carried away by impetuous ardor, and memory of murdered kindred, pursued the enemy into the forest, to such a distance, that Proctor was enabled to throw from his camp, a sufficient force to intercept and capture all but about 150 of these brave and unfortunate men.

The surrender was made to Englishmen, not to Indians. The prisoners were taken down to old Fort Miami, and there was enacted a tragedy that will never be forgotten by those who claim kinship, either in blood or patriotism, to that devoted band. Approaching the fort, and in the fort, they were stripped and scourged and shot and tomahawked by the Indians, under the eyes of the British officers, whose weak protest against this appalling cruelty bears conviction that they were worse men at heart than the savages themselves. To a protest made to Col. Matthew Elliott, against this inhuman disregard of the rules of civilized warfare, the only response was, "And pray, sir, who are you?" I have it from English authority that the flesh of some of those prisoners was boiled and eaten by the savages, not secretly, but openly, and in the vicinity of Proctor's camp.

It was for Tecumseh, who was a better and broader man than his Christian colleague, to put an end to the carnage. He upbraided Proctor for not having prevented the massacre, and told him he was unfit to command.

The part of Gen. Clay's forces which did not follow Dudley, succeeded after some trouble in entering the fort; and while the battle was in progress on the west side of the river, a sortie was made, and the British battery on this side was carried.

On the morning of the 9th of May, the British deeming the capture of the place hopeless, raised the siege and returned to Amherstburg.

Such is a synopsis, hastily gathered, of the first siege of Fort Meigs, upon the successful defense of which greater consequences depended than did the heroes who stood behind its walls ever dream.

Harrison at once repaired to other scenes of action and other duties, leaving the fort in command of Gen. Green Clay.

On the 20th of July Gen. Proctor, with a larger force than before, approached this place, but after a few skirmishes and an attempt by strategy to draw the garrison out to attack him, decided the works too strong and well defended to assault, and sailed around into Sandusky bay, leaving Tecumseh and his Indians to follow across by land.

THE ATTACK ON FORT STEPHENSON.

From thence Gen. Porter at once detached a portion of his forces up the Sandusky river to reduce Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky, where now stands the beautiful city of Fremont. General Harrison, owing to the weakness of the position and the force that might be brought against it, determined upon the abandonment and destruction of the post, and so ordered; but the suddenness of its investment prevented that precaution.

For Stephenson was defended by one gun and 160 men—young men. Proctor's force consisted of 3,300 British and Indians, and six guns.

In command of the fort was Major George Croghan, a boy not yet 22 years old. He was the nephew of Gen. George Rodger Clark, whose campaign in 1778 against Vincennes and the Kaskaskia towns, conquered and held the Illinois country, comprising, as then understood, the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi river. And so completely did he conquer it, and so tenaciously did he hold it, that when Mr. Oswald, one of the British commissioners to negotiate the articles of peace between England and the United Colonies, demanded that the Ohio river be made our western boundary, in which demand he was supported by both the French and Spanish commissioners, he and they had to concede as claimed by our commissioners, particularly by John Adams, that the Illinois country had been conquered and was then held by the military forces of the United Colonies. Thus compelling the cession to us of that vast empire by the treaty that ended the Revolutionary war, signed at Versailles, September 3, 1783.

Proctor demanded the surrender of Fort Stephenson, with threats of general massacre in case of refusal. The young commander, worthy of the blood that bounded in his veins, answered, "That if the enemy took that fort they would find nobody left to surrender it. That rather than yield it, its garrison would die to the last man."

The enemy opened fire on the evening of August 1. On the evening of the 2nd, 350 regulars of the British 41st regiment, led by Lieut. Col. Short, made the assault. His orders to his men as he leaped into the ditch followed by his veterans, was to "give the d—d Yankees no quarters."

The withering fire of the gun by which the fort was defended, loaded to the muzzle with slugs, as it was, and raking the ditch at a distance of 30 feet, determined the conflict very suddenly. And the white handkerchief of the mortally wounded leader, was seen through the gloom depending from his sword point, as he feebly asked, that mercy, which a moment before he had directed his men to deny.

Proctor beat a hasty retreat. The English veterans had gone up against a new generation; young America was too many for them. The loss of the garrison was but one man.

Major Croghan died in the city of New Orleans, of cholera, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1849.

Early in the year 1813 Armstrong had succeeded Eustice as Secretary of War. John Armstrong was a soldier.

THE MASTERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

The masters of the great lakes are in a military sense, the masters of the Mississippi valley. The masters of the great lakes are in a commercial sense the masters of North America. This fact was self evident as long ago as when the French voyageur brought his furs down to the store houses of Montreal and Quebec. The Dutch knew it, when they reached out toward the fresh water seas, up the Hudson and the Mohawk.

The Jesuits who knew everything, were swift to see it, and founded their missions of peace on Lake Huron and at St. Ignace and Green Bay.

Henri Tonty—he of the iron hand—and LaSalle saw it. Frontenac, the father of New France, acted upon that conviction when he fortified the St. Lawrence, and the head lands of Erie and Ontario; and Cadillac, when he founded Detroit, and made strong the French posts on the upper lakes. The wiley Iroquois, the statesman, the warrior, the governor, the conqueror; they who for a hundred years successfully held these waters against all comers, and were the power behind which the English colonies grew into manhood, made this fact observient to all their bloodshed and aggression.

In recognition of it Montcalm and Wolfe gave up their lives on the Plains of Abraham. Washington saw it, when in the solemn woods of the Monongahela, he fired the volley that set the world

afire, and changed the map of two continents. George II and George III, and Lewis XV knew it, when they struggled for possession of this garden of the earth. Wellington declared it, when asked to take command in America. The British Minister Gastlereagh disclosed that to control these vestibules of this continent, had been the policy of the English government for a century; when his commissioners negotiated the treaty of Ghent. And we must know it, and we must realize it, and we must act upon it, for sooner or later, but sure and of necessity, the flag that predominate these lakes, will float over North America from Mexico to the pole. And whatever be the exigency when self preservation forces us to meet it we must be prepared, for sentiment, nor treasure, nor blood must stand in the way of the safety of this republic.

Finally the cabinet of Mr. Madison discovered that a successful conclusion of the war, depended upon the possession of these waters.

PERRY'S GRAND FIGHT.

And on the very day of Proctor's unsuccessful attack upon Fort Stephenson, a fleet was ready to cross the bar at Erie, Penn. When Anthony Wayne died there nineteen years before, the place was called Presque Isle.

This fleet was under the command of Oliver Hazzard Perry, a lieutenant in the U. S. navy. He was a young man, less than a month over 28 years old. He had been in the active service of his country since 1799, when as a boy of 14 years, he served under his father on the frigate Gen. Green, and he was still in the service of his country at the time of his death from yellow fever, on the island of Trinidad, in August, 1819, at the age of 34.

His fleet consisted of nine vessels, a total of 54 guns and 416 men. Compared to the present magnificent commercial navies of these inland seas, his squadron would scarcely amount to salvage, for its aggregate displacement was barely 1671 tons.

The British at this time commanded the great lakes. It was their policy and they were prepared to carry on a war of conquest. The stringent order of Sir John Provost to Gen. Proctor was that "the recourses of the enemy on the great lakes must become ours."

The British fleet was commanded by Capt. Robert Hariot Barclay. He was an able officer; he had served with distinction under Nelson, was a veteran of Trafalgar, and had lost an arm in battle with the French. His fleet consisted of six vessels with an aggregate displacement of 1460 tons, a total of 440 men and 63 guns. With such navies was the fate of this country to be decided.

Amherstburg; or Malden as it was more often called, was the

headquarters of the British fleet, and there the British ships lay on the evening of September 9, 1813. Perry had retired to Put-in-Bay. There at sunrise on the morning of the 10th, the enemy's fleet was discovered from the mast-head of the *Lawrence*, bearing down the lake. Perry immediately accepted the gauge of battle thus so gallantly thrown down, and at once got under way to meet them.

If that engagement were fought to-day, the guests from the windows of Hotel Victory, looking to the northwest, would be spectators of every phase of the conflict. Without entering into the details of that famous victory, Barclay opened the fight at 11:45-o'clock, and, after having with true British bravery, fought his ships to a dead standstill, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon Perry was enabled, while the smoke of the battle was still in the air, to write that famous dispatch to Harrison, which commenced with the words, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

By the failure at Fort Meigs, the defeat at Fort Stephenson, and the capture of Barclay's fleet, the charm of British invincibility was broken. The consequences of the latter victory were vital. It gave us control of the great lakes, it compelled the evacuation of Malden, it recovered Detroit and Michigan, and all that Hull had lost, and opened the way to the invasion of Canada.

General Harrison speedily embarked the army, landed on the enemy's soil, pursued Proctor to the Moravian towns, and practically terminated the war in the Northwest at the battle of the Thames.

I might here incidentally remark, to remind us of the dependence of one section of our country upon the other, that in the thickest of the battle of the Thames, driving the butchers back from the weak and scattered settlements of Ohio, rode at the head of his 3,000 Kentuckians, the same old Governor Shelby, who had fought Ferguson to the death at Kings Mountain, and made Harrison commander of the Kentucky militia. In fact, Harrison's report bears out the statement that except 120 regulars of the 27th infantry, his entire force in that battle were Kentuckians.

This war upon the part of England was a war of aggrandizement and conquest. The policy of the British government has not changed; then, as now, she was ready to attack the weak, and ready to negotiate and temporize with the strong.

Though the American Congress on that 18th day of June deemed war necessary to maintain our commercial independence, yet the demands of the British commissioners, in the negotiations which terminated in the treaty of Ghent—Christmas eve, 1814—discloses beyond all doubt that the provocation of hostility was studied, and intentional, on the part of the British cabinet, not for the purpose of

sustaining its paper blockades, and its pretended right to search our ships on the high seas, and impress our sailors into the English service; those subjects are not hinted at in the treaty, and were not discussed at the conference. But with the policy and design of despoiling us of our territory, and disrupting this republic.

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

Our peace commissioners were John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Albert Gallitan and Jonathan Russell. All were in Europe at the time of their confirmation by the Senate except Clay and Russell, who sailed in February, 1814. In contempt of us, and desiring to humiliate us in the eyes of Europe, and for the purpose of prolonging the war, the British commissioners did not leave London until August. There were three of them. The place of meeting was the city of Ghent.

Castlereagh had sent a splendid army to America in May, and expected to hear of some crushing victories, which would compel our commissioners to accept any terms he might dictate. He heard from that army even after the treaty of peace had been signed.

The British general, Roberts, he who fought the war with Afghanistan, in a recent article on the campaign of Waterloo, published in an English magazine, asserts, as a fact in proof of Wellington's superior military genius, that Waterloo was not fought by the best troops in the British army; but that the flower of that army, and the finest military organization in the world, had not at the time of that conflict yet returned from North America. These men were the same who, on that 8th of January, two weeks after the peace of Ghent, went up against Jackson's cotton bales at New Orleans.

The very character of the commissioners appointed by the English cabinet has since been deemed an insult to us. One of them, Lord Gambier, had charge of the expedition that bombarded and burned the defenseless city of Copenhagen, and for this outrage upon civilization he was called to the peerage. Goulburn and William Adams, the other two, the chronicler says, were never known before nor heard of after that service.

The only consolation I get for the haughty and overbearing deportment of these fellows, I gather from the diary of John Quincy Adams, of which Gen. Jackson, "Old Hickory," once said: "Damn Adams's diary; it's always bobbing up when not wanted. He requires no other evidence of truth than his diary, and wants everybody to concede that it imparts absolute verity, like the record of a Court."

Mr. Adams says that Mr. Clay introduced a game amongst those fellows, and also amongst the Hollanders, which must have been akin to poker, and gathered in their money and bric-a-brac and pictures and statuary, until in fact the captain of the ship upon which they were to sail home, for want of room to store it, refused to receive any more on board. John Quiney, in a very still voice, relates that he, himself, came into possession of a very fine picture, which Mr. Clay procured for him at the end of a game of cards. Surely Henry was a true Kentuckian.

INFAMOUS BRITISH DEMANDS.

On the question of boundary between the United States and the British possessions, the audacious propositions were made by the British commissioners, and made as propositions not to be receded from (they were demands rather than propositions,) that as a barrier between this country and Canada, to be occupied by the Indians or by some third party to whom the Indians might sell, we should cede all that territory north and west of the Greenville treaty line. That line runs from the mouth of the Great Miami river to the mouth of the Cuyahoga.

When Mr. Gallitin asked what would be done with the thousands of citizens who were living north and west of that line in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan, His Majesty's commissioners haughtily replied that they could shift for themselves.

The further demands were made that we should cede that portion of Maine lying north of a line from Halifax to Quebec.

That we should cede that portion of our territory lying north of a line from the head of the Mississippi river to lake Superior.

That we should dismantle our fortifications on the great lakes, and never maintain an armed force upon any of the lakes, or upon any of the rivers emptying into any of those lakes, England, however, to have as many ships and ports on said lakes as she might desire. And in addition to this, a confirmation of the free navigation of the Mississippi river, which she claimed under the treaty of Versailles.

For these purposes had England poured her magnificent armies upon our shores and turned loose the murderous savages upon our borders. She rated us then about as she does Venezuela now. With her it was acquisition, subversion and dismemberment.

These propositions were those of Lord Castlereagh himself, who was in Ghent, on his way to the Congress of Nations at Vienna, when the propositions were submitted. They were each rejected by our commissioners without discussion.

The British cabinet then appealed to Wellington, who was then in Paris, to take command in America. He answered that though he did not expect to succeed, he would go if ordered; but that England needed neither troops, nor a general in America, but the naval supremacy of the great lakes; and added, that in his opinion the success of the British armies so far in the war, did not warrant the demands of the English cabinet.

In short, the treaty finally agreed upon was the status before the war, and so it ended.

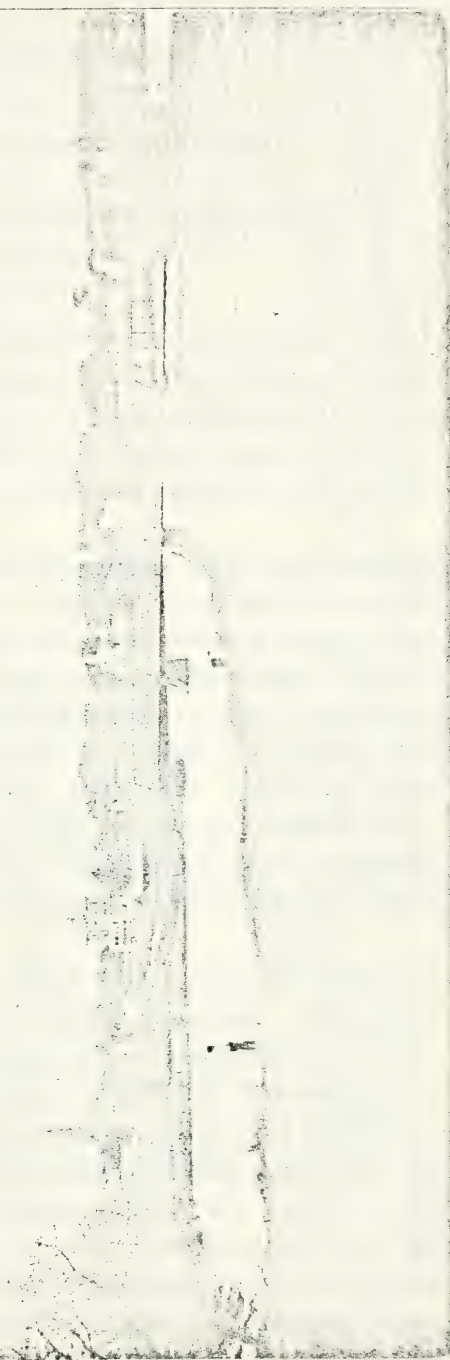
I have detained you at this length with these facts that you may know, and particularly the younger of this audience may realize how momentous were the consequences of these victories to us.

And here we meet to-day, the citizens of a great commonwealth, living in peace upon this territory which then trembled in the balance, enjoying to the full the liberty and sovereignty secured to us by victories purchased with the blood of men whose bones lie mouldering here.

Look about you. Here is where Lieutenants Walker and McCullough lie buried. The head of the latter, while he was conversing with the general, was dashed to pieces by a British solid shot; the other met death in the line of his duty. There, behind Mr. Hays's house, the Pittsburg Blues sleep their last sleep. Yonder, outside of the southwest escarpment of this fort, are those who fell during the siege, and others who, far from home and kindred, yielded their lives to disease and hardship; and yonder, by the shriveled walnut tree, rest poor Dudley and his Kentuckians, all sleeping away the centuries, unhonored and unsung, in nameless and forgotten graves.

And instead of a grateful country guarding the sacred ashes of her glorious defenders, it remains for two patriotic citizens, the owners of this property, to preserve from vandal hands this hallowed spot, this bivouac of the dead. What a disgrace that their last resting place should be so left to silence and desolation; what a stigma upon the people of this State and his nation is it that these men, without whose presence here, and without whose blood this spot would be to-day British soil a hundred miles beyond our northern boundary, should be so totally forgotten.

These heroes, who gave their lives to preserve the integrity of this republic, and died that this magnificent part of God's earth, these waters that thrill with the whisperings of a thousand legends, these hills and these valleys big with the memory of mighty events in the history of this people, might still be a part of our country; and so lay down here in their last sleep that we may enjoy the liberty and protection of free government, not subjects but citizens, with no man above the law, each safe in his place of worship, or at his fireside; each secure to walk the earth in God's sunlight, or wrapped in the mantle of the night, to watch with peace the glories of the sky.



Maumee and the Bridge from Ft. Meigs

ADDRESS

ON

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

BY

JUDGE THOMAS DUNLAP, DELIVERED AT FORT MEIGS.

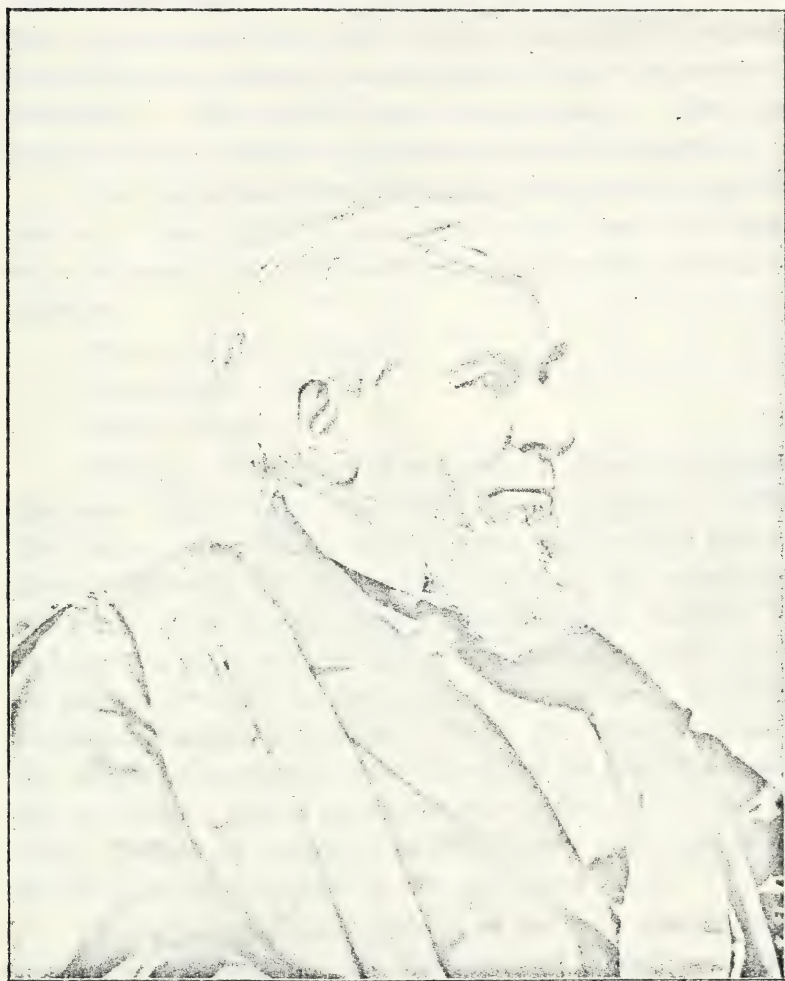
AUGUST 12TH, 1896.

I am here to say something to you about Chief Justice Waite. I am fortunate in being before you, the pioneers of Maumee Valley, of whose association he was so long an honored member, for the purpose of saying words which shall echo the pride and affection with which you cherish his memory.

To you, old settlers of the valley, who were familiar with his incoming and his outgoing, and who knew his daily walk and conversation while he dwelt among us for so many years, I need not say, to know him once was to love him always. If I fail to recall to your minds any prominent trait of his character, if I omit to portray any well-marked feature, I know there are scores of gray beards here before me who can fill out any hints or suggestions, and supply all my omissions with material enough to furnish his full length portrait in his very habit as he lived.

How friendly he was. Not with show and form and parade, but ever homelike, kindly, constant. His grasp of the hand was not the eager grip of the politician seeking to beguile you of a vote. It was not the ambiguous fast and loose clasp of polite society, to be cast off like a slip-knot, or tightened like a clove hitch, according as your fortunes went up or down. With the touch of his hand he drew men near to him, and secured them for life in the bonds of a familiar friendship, sweet and pleasant as that which sanctifies the story of David and Jonathan.

More than any one I ever knew he had the faculty of making and retaining friends. In social life you always found him at ease, neither greater nor less than the demand of the hour. Just so in business, he was self-pos-



MORRISON R. WAITE.

sessed and easily master of the situation, and did the best practical thing, when and where it ought to be done. Many of you retain in mind the time and occasion when

you exchanged with him a kindly greeting for the last time, neither knowing it to be the last. It may be, some of you who met him at Fort Meigs one sunny afternoon a couple of years ago, have never seen him since. When I recall in incidents of that gathering how pleasant it seems. How one friend now gone on that journey from whence he shall return no more, was there with us, the center of attraction. How cordial was his greeting. How eyes brightened up and faces lightened up at his approach.

How he passed from group to group of old acquaintances. How their eyes followed him, and his cheery voice warmed them all into a glow of satisfaction at the meeting.

"How are you, Tom?"

"Come here, John!"

"Hello, Peter!"

"Billings, I am glad to see you!" You saw, indeed, the same Mott Waite, unspoiled by the dignity of office. The same pure, fresh, manly spirit lived within him and looked joyously out at you from his eyes, the windows of his soul. His strong, clear, commonsense enabled him to keep his pois, without being made dizzy by the elevated station to which he had grown by a process of natural development and selection. Does the thought arise in the minds of someone, that the recital of the little emenities of manner which advanced the social life of the late Chief Justice is unsuited to the dignity of the great part he filled in the tribunals of the state and nation.

In my judgment no portrait of the man can be made lifelike which has not its background toned and tinted with the color of his genial manners. There is yet another purpose in my allusion to his taking ways with people.

The hold he had upon us was such that we thought most of him as our friend. As such we were proud of

him, and we held a sort of property in him as if he were a family relative. And accordingly we did not realize the space he occupied in the nation outside of the Maumee Valley, outside of Ohio, among the millions that are counted and have their homes under the flag of our nation. Our home lawyers were proud to think of him as their big brother. Our pioneers knew him as their great friend. On the day the dispatch came announcing his death, there came also to many of us a revelation of his importance as a public man that had not been seen so clearly before. His familiar life among us had made us unconscious spectators of his vigorous growth. His rise had been so natural and easy. His fulfillment of the great trusts committed to him from time to time had been so perfect, and the light of his friendship had always beamed so steadily upon us.

Following that dispatch there came to us with a sound as of many waters the voices of the pulpit and of the press, of the bench and of the bar swelling in unison the loud acclaim, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy rest." From the North and from the South, from the East and from the West of our national boundaries, and from across the wide Atlantic came the tide of his praises rising to the full measure of the united voice of the English speaking nations of the earth. Such tribute and such acclamation of praise may well cause us to enlarge our estimate his stature among the great historical figures of our day and generation. The story of his life presents no startling contrasts, no dramatic surprises. It is familiar to you all. Yet to me who has known him so long, to you who have seen before your eyes his steady growth and successful progress, a brief review of it, at this time may not be without interest. I invite you to go over it again with me rapidly and lovingly.

Passing by without dwelling on his parentage of

puritan stock and his early training in the land of steady habits, we note a friendship of his youth which later on had its influence in opening for him the path which led to national distinction. Among his classmates at college there were an unusual number who became men of marked reputation. William M. Evarts, whose name is part of the nation's history, was one of these; he was, perhaps, the most serviceable friend Wait ever had. For after years whose story was all unknown and unforeseen to those young college mates, had passed, and after their lots in life had been cast in parts of our broad lands, removed from each other as far as the East is from the West, we find the spell of old friendship between these two still unbroken, and we recognize the thought of one reaching out from the East and beckoning to his old college chum in the West.

In 1835 M. R. Waite, the possessor of a diploma, and some business experience in the law office of his father, came to the ferry at the crossing of the Maumee River from the south to the north bank, near Maumee City. He was full of life and anxious to try his fortune. The river was to him the Rubicon of his destiny. He crossed and it began to grow in favor with God and man the moment he stepped on its northern shore. Like Grant he was modest. Like Grant he patiently abided his time. Like Washington the elevation of character he brought with him to the highest station had its foundation in the integrity of a mind always obedient to his consciousness to what was right.

The popularity of his manners would have readily opened to him the door to political refinement. But he was first and last and all the time a lawyer. A term in the State legislature heartily disgusted him with politics. Later on a canvass for Congress undertaken against his wish, without any desire or request on his part, finished the chapter of baptism in the muddy pool of politics.

Which chapter a famous politician, then a Senator in Congress, made a text of a two hour's speech in the United States senate at the time of his nomination to the office of Chief Justice was under consideration. The speech no doubt displayed a superfluity of zeal and of words; for right after it was ended, the vote taken for confirmation was unanimous, the Senator from Massachusetts alone declining to vote.

In his chosen profession Mr. Waite was easily first in Lucas County. Thence his reputation spread over the Northwest soon expanding beyond the limits of the State, it became known in the courts of the national government.

When he crossed the ferry to Maumee City he found a frontier town largely on paper. The paper indeed showed broad avenues and bewitching corner lots. The boom of 1836 was preparing to be launched. Conant street led up the hill from the landing northerly to the woods skirting the town plat, when the canal was about to be built but as yet appeared best on the map. The highway turning to the west went on through the almost unbroken forest. The same trees were there, under whose shadow the British and Indians, 22 years before his coming, had marched to the siege of Fort Meigs. The same forest still shadowed the path of an occasional Indian wandering aimlessly with his face turned toward the west rather by fate than by choice. The thicket of the same forest still harbored the timid doe and the spotted fawn, who found shelter and a home therein. Wolf and bear scalps were still taken in those very woods. The coon and the wild turkey still lived there.

On Conant street, at the left hand as you come up from the river, on the crest of high ground, there stood the unpretentious building in which as a law student young Waite began work. It was a frame house, clap-boarded and shingled. It had glass windows, without blinds and panel doors. It had a thin coat of dingy white

paint, which gave it a neglected look. Its style of architecture represented the next remove above the two story log cabin. There were not wanting at that time sturdy log cabins on that town plat which were solid and comfortable. Notably and near by was the log cabin where lived the Nelson family.

Horatio Conant, one of the founders of the town, who was a physician and also a justice of the peace, dispensed medicine and justice in the lower part of the building. Its upper rooms were the law office of Samuel M. Young with whom Waite entered as a law student.

The plain, not to say ordinary looking building wherein was began the career which ended on the Supreme bench at Washington, was sufficiently uninteresting and commonplace in appearance to make a first-class illustration for a page of biography in a popular magazine. You, my friends, have the picture in your minds without the aid of graver's art.

You remember well the good doctor, his mild way, his high, broad forehead and intelligent face. Some of you have been patients of his, or suitors in his court mayhap. The doctor was college-bred, of more than average culture, and much reserved for his sterling integrity, his soeratic simplicity of manner, and his calm, steady, Christian philosophy of life.

Mr. Young was the leading lawyer and business man of the settlement. After Mr. Waite was admitted to the bar, the firm became known as Young & Waite.

For some years the county courts of Lucas County were held at Maumee City, and there in the then new brick court house, Mr. Waite began his regular practice, which, however, was now confined to Lucas County. It was the custom then for the lawyers to ride to neighboring counties, very much in the same way as the early circuit preachers rode their circuits, namely, on horseback, with saddle-bags, and their legs well protected by

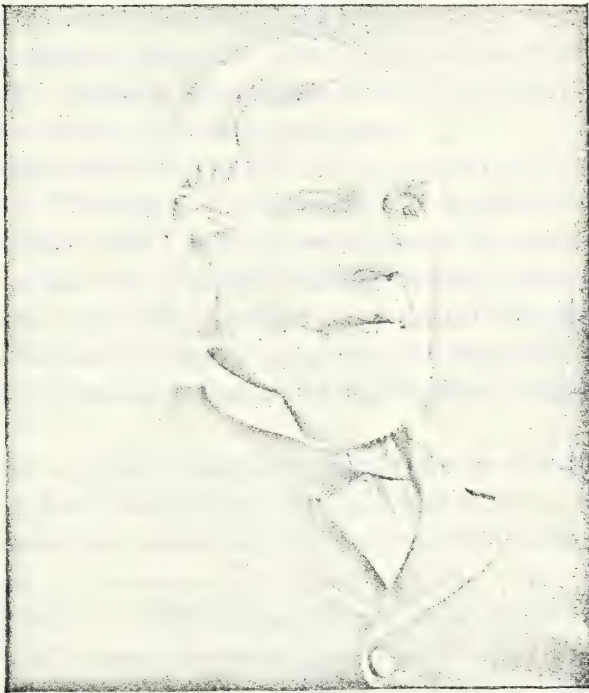
spatterdashes of coarse cloth to keep off the briars and the mud. Thus it often happened, the old court room in Maumee City would be the meeting place of the lawyers, young and old, from other counties far and near, among whom, two young men were sometimes seen together there, one from Sandusky County, and one from Lucas County. They were on their way to the two highest offices in the nation. No one then thought that Morrison R. Waite would one day in years to come as Chief Justice, administer the oath of office to Rutherford B. Hayes, as President of the nation. The current of events which were to carry them so far in advance of their several starting points had, however, already set in. The future head of judiciary had begun to master the law. His natural aptitude for his profession developed more and more the character and strength of his mind.

Like those men who not only get, but keep money, he never lost a point of law once gained, and his accumulations of legal lore, like the stores of a rich man's money, were always ready at command, and always drawing interest. He was always making the mass of his learning larger and more effective, as the banker does with his ever increasing millions. The robust character of his intellect is shown by the readiness with which he acquired and used legal knowledge, and the firm grip with which he kept it at his command. He was the most ready and rapid, and also the most accurate man of his time in the conduct of the routine of business.

The trial and preparation of cases, the inspection of books of account, the arrangement of details, the technicalities of pleadings, the examination of witnesses, the forcible presentation of the points in controversy to a jury or to a Court—all were handled by him as they came with the ease of an athlete handling a weight which seemed much lighter than the full capacity of his strength. It is not strange when you think of it all over, that conscious

as he was of his strength as a lawyer, he should turn away from the lure of politics, and adhere but more firmly to the law.

So it followed, that after the old firm of Young & Waite had given place to the new firm of M. R. & R. Waite, and after he had become established with his brother Richard in Toledo in a large practice reaching in-



SAMUEL M. YOUNG.

to the highest federal courts ; when he was in the maturity of his powers, equipped with a perfect panoply of legal accomplishments, the vision of his old college friend appeared to him in the East, beckoning him to a larger field, asking him to put his shoulder to the wheel in a national cause of the greatest magnitude, before a tribunal which has had no parallel in dignity and importance so

far in the history of nations. The story of the Geneva arbitration is the opening of a new chapter in the law of nations. The meeting of that tribunal marks the beginning of a new era in which steps shall be taken toward that good time coming when nations shall not learn war any more. From the time of entering on the duties of assistant counsel to the American commission at Geneva, our friend who crossed the ferry in 1835 so modestly, began to be national property, and appear as a representative of the nation, honored with high official trust. The result of the Geneva arbitration shows how ably he advanced the cause of his country there.

I make only this point in taking leave of this part of the subject. The labors he performed there were not only of great national value, but his experience of those labors inspired in him the thoughts which not long after were put by him into words fitly spoken on a festal occasion, and which proved to be words of power to open to him the way to the permanent honors of the highest office in the nation.

Returning from Geneva to his home in the Maumee Valley, he was elected on a non-partisan ticket, a member of the convention to revise the State Constitution.

When it convened at Cincinnati, he was made its presiding officer. His advancement now moved rapidly on. You all know the rest; but I want you to admire with me the grand rhythm of the movement of this man's life on his way to greatness; this man who was our familiar friend, who grew to greatness at our firesides.

When the Army of the Tennessee held their annual reunion at Toledo, Gen. Grant, then President, came to meet his old comrades. At a public reception, where all the notables were present, and Mr. Waite being called on, responded so aptly and forcibly, rising to the culmination of his theme in the words, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war," then it was that Gen.

Grant stepped round to the speaker's seat to congratulate him. Then was the impression made on Grant's mind, which not many months after made him turn to Waite as a fit man for Chief Justice.

The appointment came while he was presiding over the convention at Cincinnati, and in due time he entered on the high office he filled so ably for fourteen years of untiring labor. Forty volumes of reported decisions attest his industry and learning. 1648412

There remains one thing more to mention, which shows most strikingly the grandness of his character, and makes a claim to him for our reverence as a follower of the example of Washington.

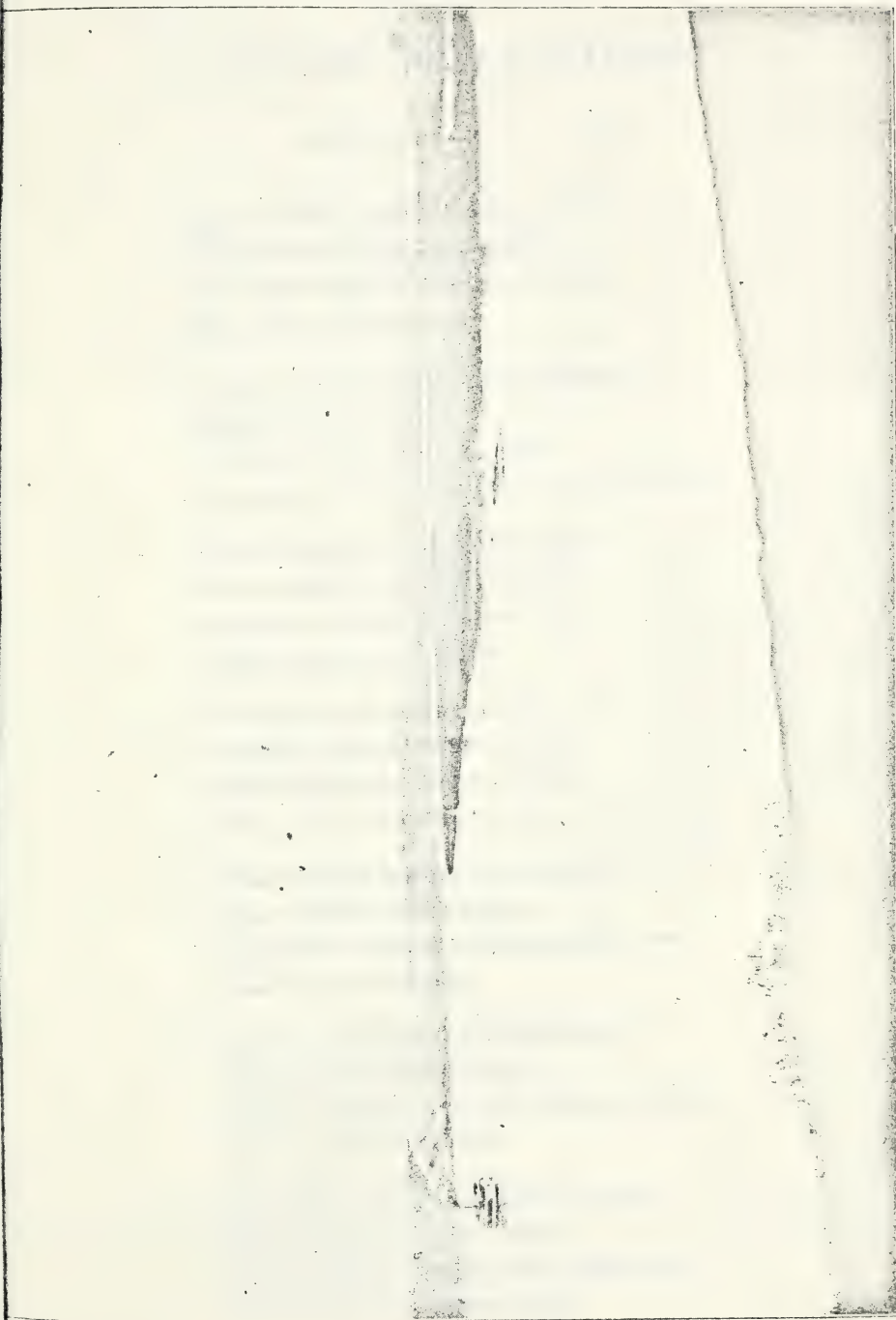
Unwise friends had suggested to him an effort to reach the presidency of the nation. His letter declining all movements in that direction deserves to be printed in letters of gold. His conduct on this occasion is as valuable an example of virtue in high places as that of Washington himself, which it resembles in principle, and to which it adds cogency and force.

The emphasis by which the close of that letter is marked, leaves no room for ambiguity or for doubt of the steadiness of purpose, or of the greatness of soul of the writer.

But this rich, fruitful, valuable, noble, friendly life, so full of honor and so marked by the victories of peace, has run its appointed course, and he is at rest from his labors. It seems but yesterday the great men of the nation came to lay his body in the earth on the north bank of the river, crossed by him unheralded and alone in the spring-tide of his early manhood.

As we turn back fifty-three years and consider the difference between the stripling, as we once knew him, and the Chief Justice, as the nation and the English-speaking races have learned to know him, we see there was a growth here from that germ. On the page of

national history, in the front rank of those who have lived noble lives, a place is reserved from henceforth and for all time for the figure of him we seek this day to honor ; for the figure of him who was diligent in business, wise in counsel, persuasive in speech, a sound lawyer, of unblemished purity of life, untainted by unworthy ambition; of one who sustained the dignity of his high station by the self-poise of his own rectitude; of one whose friendly manners made the robes of office fit him most becomingly ; of one who was not in the account of the money-changers, but rich in his stores of learning, rich in his labors, rich in his many friends, rich in the arts of peace, rich in the opportunities for greatness, and rich in the abilities of mind and soul, whereby he seemed to meet these opportunities as if he had all along been expecting them, and whereby he seemed to gather strength to enter upon each new domain of honor and trust as each was opened to him in the fullness of time, much in the same way the rightful come to his inheritance.



River Scene. Fort Meigs in the Distance. Taken from Fort Miami.

"THE MAUMEE."

POEM BY DR. N. B. C. LOVE.

ALL HAIL, historic stream of fame,
A Men shall long sing of thee,
And ne'er forget thy old time name
The lovely "Mee-a-mee."

Long, long ago south thou didst flow
Meandering to the sea.
A force of which we little know
Then said, "Thy source thy mouth shall be."

Thus changed in the distant past
Thou wearest thy bright crown—
A queenly stream shall ever last
Full of might and renown.

Flowing onward swift and free
Through tangled forests gloom,
Many sought and found on thee
Sweet rest midst lillies' bloom.

When written history was unknown,
Men near thee altars built,
And offered there with prayers their own
Sons to atone for guilt.

On these there came a savage race
From o'er the western sea
Which lived by war and wildwood chase
By thee, O fair Maumee.

By many a murmuring hillside spring
The wigwams nestling stood,
And childhood's laugh made valleys ring,
And men were a brotherhood.

O Maumee, with thy creeks and rills,
Thy fields of waving maize,
Thy valleys, plains and wooded hills,
What wonder men should praise ?

What wonder that 'round evening fires
Warriors should dance and sing,
And feel the joy that home inspires
Where each man is a king.

When on thy banks from source to bay
Thy sons in grossest darkness lay,
There came from far beyond the sea
LaSalle to bring the light to thee.

He reared aloft the Holy Cross
And said, "If thou would not be lost,
Then worship Christ who on it died—
God's only son the crucified."

This feeble ray of gospel light
Could not drive back the heathen night.
A hundred summers came and went,
A hundred years in darkness spent.

Then came sweet Peace, heaven's strong ally,
And with her those who raised the cry,
"Repent, believe, and Christ can save;
Have life here, and beyond the grave."

Some heard who ne'er before had heard.
Some feared who ne'er before had feared,
And all together praised the Lord,
Abiding in his saving word.

O calm, O gentle moving stream,
O fair "Miami" of the Lake,
Is human kindness all a dream ?
Is there no balm for hearts that ache ?

O deep and wide and rapid river,
O rough and dark and icy stream,
Who filled with death the redman's quiver?
Who bade his deadly arrow gleam?

Thy face has known a crimson blush,
Thy spray a bloody rain;
Thy waves have heaved with death's mad rush,
Thy depths been gorged with slain.

Say not that those who chased the game
O'er hillsides and o'er plains
For border wars were alone to blame,
And white hands free from stains.

O River, weird, historic water,
What tales of bloody human slaughter,
What scenes of hate, and tragic acts,
What woeful pictures, solemn facts,
Thou couldst before the world portray!
What greed and hate and wrong betray!

O speak not, but thy secrets keep.
Wake not the slaughtered ones who sleep
Along the sunny, verdant banks
In nameless and unnumbered ranks.

Thy freshets bathe their resting place;
Thy summer ebb reveals the trace
On slippery rocks on which they fell
Before the white man's grape and shell.

Swift arrows fly and whirring balls.
An Indian chieftain loudly calls
Unto his braves: "Stand firm, ne'er yield,
And once again we'll gain the field."

A fire with valor, not love of fame,
Mad Anthony in fierce charge came,
As comes the deadly hurricane
Or cyclone sweeping o'er the plain.

Not seige, nor shot, nor bursting shell,
Nor ambuscade, nor savage yell,
Could frighten Harrison or his men,
More than a lion in his den.

So war raged on thy wooded banks,
Until with thinned and broken ranks,
Our fathers gained the bloody day,
And allied foes fled far away.

All thy dear sleep in unknown graves,
Requiems are chanted by thy waves ;
Masses droned by thy water falls,
While high spring tide for justice calls.

By artist's brush and poet's pen
The patriotic backwoods men
Have oft appeared, with honor crowned,
On many a smoky battle ground.

Orators, with each passing year,
Have made the multitudes to hear
The glorious valor of thy dead—
Patriots who for their hearthstones bled.

The historian has told us well
What he has heard the veterans tell
Of times when men were brave and strong,
And pay was small and campaigns long.

Tell me where on thy battle-fields
There is a single stone that shields
The glory of the men who could
For freedom shed their own life-blood ?

Is 't Miami or Presque Isle,
Where English red coats had to feel
That an injured nation still was brave,
And would her highest honor save ?

Why should thy well-loved dead, Maumee,
Forgotten lie, by all but thee,
When monuments in splendor stand
To other heroes of our land ?

Why Bunker Hill exalted high,
And old Ft. Meigs unhonored lie ?
Why Chicamauga's parks so fine,
And Maumee, not a cent for thine ?

Above thy dead the wild flower bloom,
To decorate their lowly tomb ;
Above thy dead the thrush and wren
Sing in each leafy dell and glen.

Honor the names, now household words,
Whose flint-locks and whose trusty swords
Brought to our land a lasting rest
From all its foes in the Northwest.

All honor and a nation's thanks
To the heroes resting on thy banks.
Soon may the grandest column rise
To commemorate their sacrifice.

They triumphed over kingly power
And savage hatred. To this hour
Fair Liberty, the Goddess, stands
And stretches out protecting hands.

As Pharaoh and all his host
Beneath the rising waves were lost,
So each opposing hostile band
Was struck down by an unseen hand.

Soon ends this century the opening page,
The beginning of a progressive age,
But the footfalls of the coming crowd,
Inspired by love, are sounding loud.

They come to the city's busy mart
And bring for use hands, head and heart;
They work for the improvement of the race
And give to duty a favored place.

As morning comes, when silver light
Swift follows on the heels of night;
When crimson mists like hosts appear—
The signal that the day is near—
So dawns the coming century's light,
So flees the ending century's night.

'Tis now a better day than when
Fierce beasts roamed over moor and fen,
And wild men dressed in skins of beasts
And danced at horrid midnight feasts.

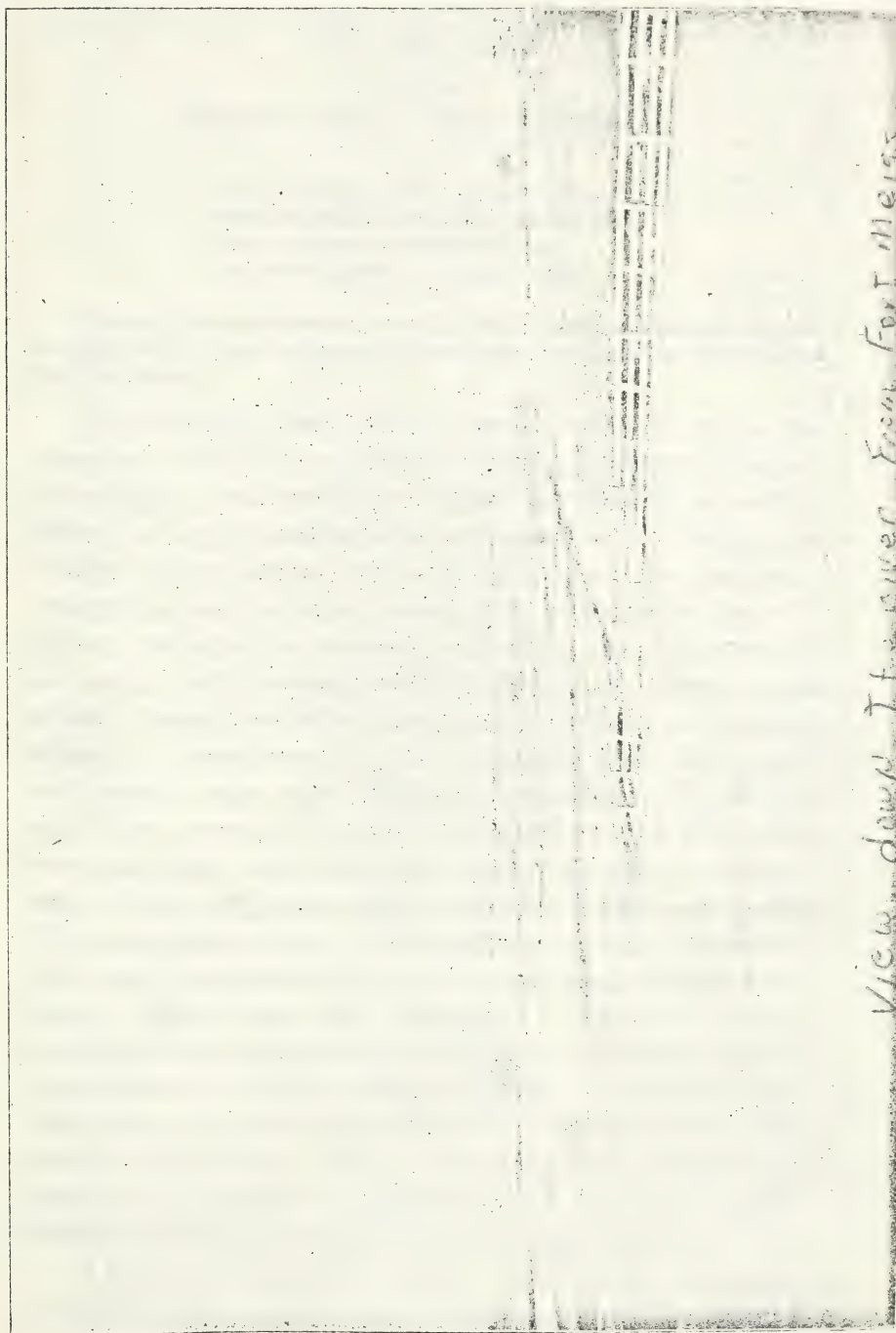
A better day than when our sire
Wore primitive and coarse attire,
When all that makes this life so prized,
Cultured, refined and civilized.

Was unknown, and men wrung by toil
A frugal living from the soil—
Than when the wild deer used to drink
Upon thy limpid water's brink.

Thy towns' and cities' stately spires
With pious, holy thought inspire
The old and young from hills and dells
To heed the chiming evening bells;

Where silence reigned at thy feet,
O Maumee, where thy waters meet
With broad Lake Erie's raging tide
There stands a city in her pride.

Her tasteful homes of comfort sweet
Crowd many a clean and well-kept street;
Great engines drive the wheels of trade,
Blessing men of every grade.



View down the river from Fort Meigs

PAPER

READ BY

DENISON B. SMITH, AT GRAND RAPIDS, OHIO.

"The god of love, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each passing year,
Our scanty span doth still prolong
And wakes anew our annual song."

Ill fares it with any people, whatever their immediate prosperity, who are dead to their past—to the deeds done and the hardships endured by their forefathers.

It is nothing that the men and women of 50 or 60 years ago, left pleasant healthy vicinages—Eastern farms and villages—and exchanged them for the wild, unbroken West; to begin anew all the preparations for living; to subdue dense forests into smiling farms; to compact, strengthen and build up straggling settlements into villages; to encounter inevitable sickness, the destroyer of all energy and industry and life itself; to choose and adopt a country without schools or churches, and almost without a government? Is it nothing that these men and women were wise in their generation? By all the tests I have named, it would be natural to say, No, they were not wise; but I say they were. It was the beginning of the emigrating age, and the broad and fertile West was before them. Newspapers were less numerous then, and information did not cover all the possible hardships. What have they wrought? They laid, strong and deep, the foundations of schools and churches, and a government of liberty without license. I tell you that early men of any city or country leave upon it forever the stamp of their lives. Such unwavering love and devotion deserves our grateful recognition, and may we forever cherish and affectionately remember their services.

I hope my interest in the past and in the character, experience and results of our Pioneers will not be gauged

by the fact that heretofore I have been conspicuous in their annual councils, only by my absence. I have been a busy man, and not always in command of my time. To-day I recall and renew my acquaintance with the old and new Pioneers, with especial pleasure, and heartily adopt the expression of Dickens's Tiny Tim, "God bless you, every one."

I am not an early settler compared with many, but if I had fully realized, before I commenced this paper, how much I had forgotten of early life on the Maumee, I should have been in one of the seats before me, instead of on the stand. A weak memory is a great loss of intellectual force. If the events of our lives could be carefully preserved in the archives of a sound memory, together with the precedents and conclusions that have been formed upon them, such a record would advance the intellectual standard of all men.

The times of 54 or 55 years ago and later, have been ably reviewed in papers read before you. If I can make any additions to what has been said, it may be by reproducing some events from business and commercial life, and of business and professional men, the greatest number of whom have removed to that great city of the dead, which so vastly outnumbers living cities.

I came upon the river at the flood tide of the speculative boom in 1836, arriving at Perrysburg, April 15. I had left Syracuse in the latter part of March and traveled by stage to Cleveland, where I met the steamer Commodore Perry, Captain David Wilkinson. The Perry went first to Detroit, and coming across from the mouth of the Detroit river, we had a gale of wind up the lake, which gave me my first lesson in sea sickness. I am inclined to think the Hon. Henry Wetmore was an officer on the Perry on that trip. We were all greatly elated with the Perry and boats of her class. It was a long stride in the march of improvement, but compared with present models

and size of marine architecture, the Perry was a veritable tub.

The impression stamped upon my mind by the beautiful scenery of the river above Toledo on that April morning, will never be effaced, and when the view of the two villages, with their lofty banks, Fort Miami and Fort Meigs, encircling the grand amphitheater, broke upon me on the Perry's deck, I could not withhold an exclamation of surprise and joy. True, nature had not begun her Easter of springing grass and flowers and foliage, but I thought I could imagine that, but later, when all that loveliness came and clothed the scene with its added beauty, I was thoroughly enchanted, and I believe our people to-day do not half appreciate the lovely scenery of their river, so near their homes.

I confess it is a wide departure in all respects, but I want to name here another impression of that April day, and that was John Clark's French fishermen at the foot of the big island, with their great row boats and their French songs. It was very new to me, and many a day the resounding oars, in rhythm with the song, could be heard above the rattle of streets and "broke upon the midnight air." It was labor wrought into song.

My brothers, John W. and Frank, the former an older and the latter a younger brother, had emigrated here in 1834. John W.'s home was my home for a while, and there also was Mr. J. Austin Scott, now of Ann Arbor, Mich., and Mr. McBride, who was then publishing the newspaper called the *Miami of the Lake*. Mr. Scott is now 86 and in good health. It is believed Mr. McBride is not living.

I entered the employ for one or two months of Jos. J. Bingham, who had been sent here as the agent of W. W. Mumford, of Rochester, N. Y., and was building docks and warehouses at Miami. The filling of that dock, the lower one, was the first encroachment on the banks of

old Fort Miami. On those docks, and above, were erected three substantial warehouses. There were 500 feet of dock on that side of the river, and finally nearly all the commercial business at the foot of the rapids came to be transacted there. There is nothing left to mark the scene of this business. "Decay's effacing fingers," and the sweeping ice in the spring-time, have left no token of it.

In May, I was sent to Detroit for money to pay off the laborers, and which money I obtained of the old Bank of Michigan, which was organized out of the assets of the branch of the United States Bank, after General Jackson had put his foot upon it. On my way out to Detroit on the old steamer Niagara, she made a long stop at Manhattan, below Toledo. I went up town, and found a good hotel of three stories, full of New York, Pennsylvania and New England gentlemen, who were looking for land investments. The hotel was kept by Mr. Cornwell, who was the father of Mrs. R. N. Lawton, and her twin sister, Mrs. Mix. Mr. Cornwell has been dead a long time, but the widow is yet living, an inmate of the "Home for Old Ladies" in Toledo. Mrs. Lawton is living in California.

We stopped at La Plaisance bay, Monroe. In the warehouse there was a small quantity of white wheat from the crop of an adjacent farm the previous year. It was the most beautiful wheat I ever saw, and I want to say in this connection that, in my judgment, Western wheat has greatly deteriorated, and will not be restored to what it should be until farmers interest themselves in more frequent renewals of seed from more distant vicinages. In nature, as well as in animals and man, if we would improve, we must do so by introducing the elements of a higher and better and stronger life. In Monroe County, Michigan, the third crop of Minnesota No. 1 hard spring wheat is growing. The two crops already produced equaled 25 bushels to the acre. I have a return from one

farm this spring of 28 bushels. It outsells winter wheat at the mills. It will do well in Lucas, Wood and Henry counties. Seed can be procured at Toledo, if early application is made. Try it on a limited scale next spring.

To return to Manhattan. That aggregation of traveling real estate seekers at the hotel is a fair illustration of the prevailing rage for investment in this valley at that date. The Maumee valley had attracted the attention of thinkers and investors all over the East. Let us look into the reasons for a moment. At that date the only instrumentality known to commerce was water. Railroads were not thought of as a means of commercial transit, and water, it was believed, would forever be the great commercial power. On the basis of water transportation, it was expected that somewhere near the mouth of the Maumee would grow up a great city. The canals from Cincinnati and Lafayette had been projected and were being constructed. The Erie canal had been completed years before, and these canals from the West to Lake Erie were to be a part of a great water highway that was to concentrate the trade of a large extent of productive country and become the pathway of an immense commerce. Each investor of land on the Maumee expected to locate the great city on his own tract, and the result was a projected city every three or four miles. Manhattan had nearly as good a start as any of the cities. A Buffalo company had commenced building docks and warehouses there to meet the business of the canal. Long docks were built out to the channel of the river, and three good warehouses were erected upon them. Another small city was projected out on the bay, and called Havre. Opposite Toledo was Oregon. At Delaware Creek a feeble effort was made. At Rock Bar, Marengo, was the pretentious name of a city without foundation, and last, but by no means least, Maumee and Perrysburg. Great investments were made from Manhattan to the foot of the

rapids in land and lots. Prices advanced enormously. In Maumee and Perrysburg lots were sold at prices many times beyond the value to-day. I do not believe there is a foot of property in Toledo, the value of which equals cost, 6 per cent. interest invested, and the taxes. These periodical speculative fevers are most pernicious. They sap the foundations of industry and character. Toil and labor is the heritage of humanity. Labor is the only true basis of wealth. Look around you, and see what labor has wrought, applied to the twin sisters, agriculture and mining. A better writer than I am says, "Both agriculture and mining gather the treasures of earth. One by the chemistry of sun-light, the resurrection of dead organism and the sweat of the brow; the other, with much labor brings desiccated sunbeams to the surface, to light and heat and move the world. One furnishes the food for man; both give him materials for manufacture, add to his comfort and increase his wealth."

Let me say to my agricultural friends, who through good judgment have purchased and retained good farms, do not be fascinated by inducements to sell and locate elsewhere—unless you have gas or oil farms. While purchases of prairie farms at one period presented great attractions, we have overdone the business, and the reflex current has set in. Prairie farms are liable to greater extremes of drouth and tempest, and great wide vicinities are lacking in the elements that compact society and give intelligence and worth of character to your families. As I have said, labor in agriculture and mining is the great product of values.

Again, while farming lands in all the counties of Ohio have declined 10 to 12½ per cent. an acre, Northwestern Ohio has gained in values.

To the young settlers, I want to offer my admonition and protest against the prevailing desire to leave the farm for city. Every consideration is against it. It is too often

the inspiration of idleness, or impatience of tardy results. But what is the reverse picture? Our cities are full of unemployed young men and women. Only a few find employment, and those are selected from the most competent, and none of those succeed but the most tireless devotees of toil of head and hand. The remainder are first loungers, and next they rot in saloons. If a young man develops a taste for machinery, with devout interest and determination, and economical and sober habits, the city is the place for him. To seek the attractions of a town or city for its fancied easy life and pleasure, is the road to death.

In my judgment, there is no vicinity of its extent that is so promising as Northwest Ohio. Of course it will not do for all to become agriculturists, for while the farmer feeds all, if all are farmers, he only feeds himself. But in this vicinity the agricultural industry can never be overdone. We are in the midst of an area that promises to develop into a very great manufacturing center, and no more advantageous conditions can be imagined than the close proximity of manufacturing with agricultural interests. Forty-five years ago, and more, Horace Greely's paper daily pointed the bright hopes of its author to such a consummation for all America. It insures a ready market for all the products of the farm, and then the soil of this vicinage, its timber, its climatic conditions, its healthfulness, and its mineral oil and gas furnish an incomparable basis of wealth. The emigrating spirit has passed by all this wealth, but the time has come for a more reasonable and just appreciation of the advantages. I again assert that Northwestern Ohio presents the fairest prospect for future wealth of any similar section of our country. We seldom realize our brightest and best hopes suddenly. But time and conditions have arrived that justify us in expecting a rapid growth, and fruition of long deferred anticipations.

It may not be interesting to many of the older persons here if I attempt to reproduce the names of as many as I can recollect of the highly worthy men who were business and professional residents of Perrysburg 54 years ago. I can do no more than remember those who were most prominent. I was too young to know, and so I can not now recall all of them; but it can not be unfair to say that John Hollister was the leading spirit of the village, not perhaps because he was the most worthy or most able citizen, although in both these respects he would have taken high rank in any community, but the accident of early immigration hither, close association with the element of prosperity, and a large ownership in the village, gave him most naturally the distinction I have named. Besides all this was his leadership in merchant marine construction and the commerce of the river. Before the days of steamboats, before the steamers "Walk in the Water" and "Enterprise," in the days of small schooners, John Hollister received the goods of the Indian traders, sent them forward by team to Providence, from whence they were taken by keel boats or perogues to Fort Wayne, hauled across the nine mile portage to the head waters of Little river, and from thence down the Wabash. This system of transportation was continued until relieved by the canal. In the aggregate there was a good deal of commercial traffic at Perrysburg in 1836, including lumber, salt and furnishing provisions to the contractors on the canal. I was sent down the Ohio canal for the purchase of corn. I went in a canal boat from Cleveland—laid a week at a brake awfully sick with the ague—but I got there. I bought 4,000 bushels of corn which was brought to Perrysburg from Cleveland by the schooner Caroline. John Hollister was a worthy representative of his race everywhere. He was the moving inspiration in the building of the steamer Com. Perry, and later in association

with John W. Smith, of a list of sail vessels and steamers including the Gen. Wayne, in 1837.

B. F. Hollister was also a man of mark in the new country of 1836, in a somewhat different line. The Hollisters were large dealers in furs and peltries, and Frank was the manager of purchases in a wide scope of the West. When in the spring, the collections of the winter were ready for market, John negotiated the sale, sometimes to the American Fur Company, and sometimes to the Hottenguers, of Germany. That firm, by name, is yet in existence. The fur trade at Perrysburg was some times—not always—a profitable one.

Associated with John Hollister, in 1836, was John W. Smith. He came here from Syracuse after a short residence at Cleveland. He embarked a small fortune in the shipping and in a long dock below the old warehouse. The dock was built in the common expectation of, and in preparation for, the commerce to come by the canal. Of course it was a dead loss, and the shipping, with exception of the Perry and Wayne, was likewise unprofitable. It was like everything else, begun too early. A first-rate merchant was spoiled when Mr. Smith entered the premature field of a western operator. Subsequently, he opened a large stock farm at lower Miami, but *that* was premature also. No one could pay for blooded stock. Everything but the land was lost. I believe that is there yet.

And now I come to a man who won a reputation around the whole chain of lakes. Capt. David Wilkinson was a man of much more than average intellectual capability. Stern of manner on deck,—rather from saltwater precedents than from desire,—but with the heart of a woman. Industrious, scrupulously honest in his business relations, dauntless in the performance of his duty. That is the epitaph I write for the brave captain. At his home in the winters no Perrysburg citizens were more hospitable.

able than Capt. Wilkinson and his most estimable wife. I remember those hearty entertainments as the pleasantest of my life. He acquired considerable wealth, but according to a universal result of those changing times, lost it, and died the keeper of a range-light in Maumee bay.

John C. Spink was a bright, capable and successful lawyer. Undoubtedly he was the leader of the bar at the foot of the Rapids in 1836. I say this without desire or intention to belittle the standing of other worthy gentlemen of his profession. There may have been stronger men there, but the *opportunity* had previously come to Spink, and he had seized it. Besides the elements of a good lawyer, Spink possessed genial, magnetic traits that endeared him to people outside of his profession. He was the life and light of the social, convivial gatherings of that day, and while he was much older than myself, I have a joyful recollection of his sparkling and entertaining manner.

But elements of popularity are sometimes possessed of a reactionary force. Some times conviviality leads away from the dry and tedious details of law business.

While Capt. Wilkinson sailed the schooner Eagle, he landed at Perrysburg a cask of gin. It had no mark of ownership, and remained in store for years. In the winter of 1837 it was tapped, and a pitcher of it was to be found every morning on the table of the office. It became the "smiling" place of a great number of village worthies. Let us go down and get a little "Old Eagle" was the common expression. It was the habit of the times. The captain and Spink always played a good hand at it. They were both lame, but were never so lame as when they went home from that office. But the men who met there were all excellent, capable, high-minded gentlemen, and there was not a headache in a gallon of that curious old gin.

Willard V. Way presented a character in strong con-

trast to that we have just given. Not less strong intellectually, and possibly not less fully equipped in the learning of the law, and perhaps a better scholar, his mind brought forth result by a slower process and a deeper study. He was less ready to observe and attack the weak points of his adversary, but in another field of practice, a successful lawyer. Mr. Way maintained a most estimable character, and at the end of his career bequeathed to the village, where he had spent a long and useful life, a monument that will long and usefully commemorate his worth. His works follow him.

There was a law firm at Perrysburg in 1836 consisting of Henry Bennett, Samuel B. B. Campbell and Henry Reed, Jr., under firm name of Bennett, Campbell & Co., but I do not remember that the firm occupied a conspicuous position in the business of the law. Henry Bennett soon went to Toledo, and later was a partner of C. W. Hill. Mr. Campbell soon left the river. Both are dead. Mr. Reed devoted himself to journalism and has occupied the highest positions. He is living in California.

Another law firm I remember, that of Stowell & Brown, but both these gentlemen soon left us. Mr. Stowell afterwards became an Episcopal clergyman, and has died within recent years. I remember also, Mr. Stetson, who married the eldest daughter of Henry Reed, of Waterville. His widow is still living.

In 1836 there were the Spaffords. I knew the elder Amos, Jarvis, James and the younger Amos. The first was a thriving, industrious and worthy farmer, as such I had but scanty opportunity of knowing him well except by his high reputation as an esteemed citizen. Everybody knew Jarvis Spafford, the keeper of the Exchange, and excepting a little austerity—possibly natural to some hotel keepers—he kept the best and leading hotel on the river. It was the sensation of the village to witness the arrival of Niel, Moore & Co's stage coaches, traversing the

streets on the jump, after miles and miles at a moping gait, and with the driver's horn ringing in the air. The dining room was the ball room. It had a solid puncheon floor, I remember that, but all the same, the heels and toes of men and women kept time on it to jolly music. Amos became a stage proprietor. James lives in South America, I think, and has been here within recent years. All the others have passed away.

Shibnah Spink, a brother of John, was a genial whole-souled gentleman. Knew everybody, and was full of interest and sympathy for everybody's troubles. Wherever sickness or death invaded the village, there was Spink. He was a general favorite.

John Bates was a worthy treasurer of the county.

Besides the business and professional men, elsewhere named, there was Elijah Huntington, a magistrate, and of the highest character in all respects. All the old settlers remember that a Kentuckian came to Perrysburg and captured a fugitive slave. He was taken before Esquire Huntington. His attorney succeeded in finding a flaw in the papers, and new ones must be made out. The friends of the hunted fugitive had a good horse at the door, and as the young man swung himself over the saddle, he exclaimed: "Here's a dead horse or a free nigger."

There was John Webb, a pattern of a public officer, patient, accurate, obliging and competent. M. P. Reznor, Judge Rice, Judge Ladd, Geo. Powers. I remember Ladd as a real estate man of great intelligence; Powers was a successful merchant of long standing; Joseph Creps was the hotel keeper, but I do not remember the man; Frank Parmelee was a merchant, but soon left, and was afterwards and ever since the proprietor of the omnibus line in Chicago; Doctors E. D. Peck and Dustin. The latter I knew but little, but Dr. Peck's history is the history of the village and of this portion of Ohio from his

advent hither to the close of his career. He was as kindly a natured man as I have known. From the commencement he was the physician and friend of the poor as of everybody else, and was ready at all times to serve them. Exceedingly skillful and successful as a physician, yet his high attainment in the line of his profession were, if possible, excelled by his enterprise as a citizen. I shall never forget a little occurrence which was of lasting service to me. I was a thin, stoop-shouldered chap of 18 years. I was walking the street one day, with my hands in my pockets, and half doubled up like a jack-knife, as usual, when the doctor approached me, seized me by both shoulders, pulled them back, and said, "Straighten up—take your hands out of your pockets and walk with them behind you. If you don't, you'll be a consumptive in five years." It was enough, and I never repeated the habit, but for years walked with my hands joined behind me. It is good advice to any man or woman, old or young.

Augustus Thompson was an enterprising merchant. Jonathan Perrin was a builder, and a wise, prudent and careful one.

Gilbert and Schuyler Beach, I only remember the former as a careful, upright, and successful merchant. He is with us yet at a ripe old age in the enjoyment of his faculties. There was Joseph Utley and a younger brother. Joseph was a good writer on the topics of the times. James A. Hall was another successful merchant, and there was Dan Wheeler, Walt Wheelock. The Wilsons, Eber and Sam; the Ewings, William and Henry; the McKnights. The Wetmores, who are yet distinguished citizens on the river. Mr. Cook and his sons I did not so well know. Peter Cranker, the Doans, the Blinns and Jesup W. Scott and his three sons. I knew but little of Mr. Scott at that date, but he occupied a high position as a writer and a leader in enterprises for the

development of the growth of the river towns, and maintained that position at a later period at Toledo until his death.

Addison Smith was the most unassuming of men, but he was more than ordinarily intellectual. He was a natural inventor. His performances in this line, at a later period were conspicuous. I have no doubt that he was the inventor of the pneumatic gun. During our last war he informed Secretary Stanton that he could make a gun that would bombard Fort Sumpter at a distance of twelve miles, but want of faith in the Secretary, prevented its adoption. I am very confident he was the inventor of the steam gauge. He originated the little brass fastener now in use for fastening together numerous papers.

Sidney C. Sloan was county auditor. Charles Denison is yet living at Toledo.

Mr. Shepler was the hotel keeper at the end of the Black Swamp road. He has a son in Toledo in a large prosperous business. Mr. Darling I did not much know, but young as I was I escorted his daughter to Toledo in the winter. It was a private sleigh ride, and coming home we lost our way in a snow storm which was not creditable to my knowledge of obscure roads. I think Miss Darling married another Mr. Smith, who was more satisfactory to her. Mr. Kellogg lived in a house yet standing a little above Spafford's Exchange. Mr. Loomis Brigham was a leading builder and contractor, and afterwards built some brick blocks at Toledo. Deacon Hall kept a hotel near John Hollister's residence. Mr. Lock was afterwards a steamboat man on the route from Perryburg to Toledo. I knew Mr. Ross very well, the father of the present vice-president of a National bank at Toledo. Joshua Campbell was afterwards sheriff of the county and a jolly, true-hearted citizen. Doubtless there are others whose names I ought to mention, but, as I said at the beginning of my paper, I was too young to know them all,

and now I am too old to recall some of whom I did know.

These notices of the lives of some of our early business and professional men, are much too brief. I hope some one more capable will more suitably extend them, and include the early dealers at Maumee and Toledo. Some of them have a place in Mr. Waggoner's book, but only those who could afford an engraving of their likeness. The history of all the early pioneers should be printed. Only a few remain who can recall the events of their lives. The years are flying, and very soon, we, the older members will have passed away. Let us strive and hope, that those who have been touched by our influence have been better men and women in consequence of it.

“Yes, the new days come, and the old days go,
And I the while rejoice:
For now 'tis the rose, and now 'tis the snow,
And now a sweet bird's voice;
And now 'tis the heart of all that is sweet,
And then the shade of care;
And then 'tis a pain like the lightening fleet,
And then God's glory there.”

MEMORIAL ACCOUNT

—OF—

BENJAMIN ATKINSON, OF PROVIDENCE, LUCAS COUNTY.

Benjamin Atkinson was born at Lancaster, Penn., in 1792. He came with his parents to Holmes County, Ohio, when a boy, and removed, with his wife and five children, to the Maumee Valley in 1834, settling at Gilead, Wood County. They endured all the hardships of a pioneer life. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was known in his later days as "Colonel Ben." He was with Gen. Harrison and helped to erect Fort Meigs, and was also one of the gallant and victorious defenders of Fort Meigs and Fort Stephenson and at the battle of the Thames in which he was slightly wounded.

He was known as a brave man, a pioneer soldier, an early, influential and intelligent citizen of the Valley, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens; was honored by them with positions of prominence and trust.

He died August 2nd, 1858, and was buried at Gilead with military honors. But two of his children survive him, William Atkinson, of White House, Lucas County, and Mrs. Louise Arbagan, of Napoleon, Henry County.

A PIONEER.

MEMORIAL

— OF —

HON. ABNER L. BACKUS, OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

PREPARED BY THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

Mr. Backus was born at Columbus, in this State, in June, 1818, and had arrived at the ripe age of 77 years. His family were descended from the Marietta settlers of the State.

He came to Maumee City in 1838 as a civil engineer, and occupied a prominent and responsible position in the construction of the Wabash and the Miami and Erie canals. Upon the completion of the Wabash Canal, Mr. Backus was the first collector of tolls at Toledo. Soon after this, in 1844, he commenced the mercantile business at Maumee. During his residence at Maumee he was nominated and elected a member of the State Board of Public Works in a canvass that resulted generally in favor of the Whigs. Mr. Backus came to Toledo in 1863 in partnership with Samuel M. Young, Esq., and embarked with that gentleman in the grain commission and storage business. Later the firm of A. L. Backus & Son was formed. Our friend has also been conspicuously connected, as a citizen, with the interests of Toledo. With Mr. Young and the late Horace S. Walbridge, he was prominent in the conception and organization of the Columbus & Toledo railway, now one of the large contributors to our commerce.

With an easy, tolerant and yet trenchant pen, we are indebted to him as a liberal and instructive contributor to the press upon commercial and engineering topics.

Mr. Backus was endowed with intellectual equip-

ments beyond the average. With clear perceptions, sound judgment and unswerving integrity, he had a courage equal to his strong and earnest convictions in originating and completing whatever enterprise commended itself to his judgment. He was a true and loyal friend to those with whom he came in close contact, and no man was more loving and more beloved and respected by his family.

His health had been broken for a year, and in the last four months of his life he fought his way down the dark passage inch by inch with great suffering, but finally passed through the gate which must open to all of us.

As we recall the manly and kindly traits of our brother, let us be thankful for his example with an abiding trust, that, having finished his course on earth he has entered into rest eternal.

MEMORIAL ACCOUNT

— OF —

MR. CHESTER BLINN, OF PERRYSBURG, O.

—

Chester Blinn was born at Cleveland, Ohio, May 15th, 1817, and was borne into the higher life with the birth of the Sabbath morning, April 19th, 1896, aged 78 years, 11 months and three days. He was one of a family of seven children, the only survival, a sister residing in Toledo being present at the funeral which was held from the Universalist church, Tuesday at 2:00 p. m.

He was married to Miss Maria Boyden, whose birthplace was at Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., at Medina, Mich., August 25th, 1847, and with her united with the Universalist church under the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Rice. Their only son died in infancy, and of their three surviving daughters, Mrs. Ella Beatty was detained at home by serious illness.

At the early age of 18 Mr. Blinn was engaged in the fur trade in the employ of Hollister Bros., of Perrysburg. In 1849 in partnership with William Letcher he commenced business at West Unity. Mr. Blinn built the first frame business building in Stryker on the site of the old burned hotel. In 1853, the firm took a contract for grading on the Air Line R. R. now L. S. & M. S. R'y., subsequent to which he became associated with C. C. Douglas as dealers in general merchandise, grain and stock, which continued without interruption during the greater part of his active business career. Though as a business man he has experienced the vicissitudes of trade, his personal integrity has never been sacrificed, his domestic life has made him beloved and cherished in his

home, and from his helpful and sterling integrity, many have received help and comfort.

His decline, covering a period of five years, has been lengthened by much suffering, which has been borne with great patience. Ministered unto with the most constant and loving fidelity of the affectionate and devoted wife and daughters who through every ordeal have consecrated their strength to soothe and ameliorate his suffering.

REV. E. D. JACOBS.

MEMORIAL ACCOUNT

— OF —

DEACON SALMON CROSS, OF WATERVILLE, O.

Among the earlier pioneers of our country we think that the tall, magnificent and stately form, the upright manly bearing and noble Christian character of Deacon Salmon Cross will be well remembered. Mr. Cross was a grandson of David Cross, Sr., and a son of David, Jr. He was a native of the vicinity of Lake Champlain, near the famous grounds of Fort Ticondarago and Crown Point. He was born August 29th, 1786. His early life was enlisted in the development of the then quiet new country.

On the 22nd day of March, 1810, he married Miss Moriah Wilcox at Bridgeport, Vermont. Although his youth seemed to be on the Green Mountain side of the lake, later we find him in his furniture shop in Essex County, just over on the west shore.

During our border troubles in 1814 we find Mr. Cross a lieutenant in the N. Y. State militia and in charge of a company striving to repell the invasion of His Majesty's troops at Plattsburg in 1814. The government record at Washington states that he was a lieutenant in Col. Joiner's regiment, the 9th N. Y. Militia at that time. While endeavoring to enjoy the peace that crowned the American arms, affliction fell upon his family, and on the 11th of March, 1817, his faithful wife Moriah was taken away by disease, and he was left with four small children,

David, Salmon, Lucina and Wilson, the younger being only 22 days old. David and Wilson followed their mother in childhood, but Salmon and Lucina lived to buffet with life many years.

Leaving his children with his relatives he came to Ohio, where better opportunities seemed to present themselves. On the 28th of April, 1819, by the administration of Esq. Seneca Allen he was married to Mrs. Betsey Sawyer, who was a daughter of James C. and Jane Adams. Mr. Cross devoted himself then to bringing his children to Ohio, and they joined his family at Waterville. He applied his hands diligently to the manufacture of furniture, and many of the families of the community were the constant users of his handiwork. Bureaus, tables, dressers, desks, etc., can yet be found among the early families of the Maumee Valley that were made entirely by hand at Deacon Cross' cabinet shop near Waterville. While Mr. Cross was so well liked for his good samples of skill and industry, he was much loved for his noble Christian character. While his hands were toiling in the construction of so many useful articles, his mind was laboring for a higher and a better condition for his fellow man. And at the time of his death, which took place at his home near Waterville, March 2nd, 1831, a universal feeling of deep grief was felt throughout the vicinity. Even those who did not share in his labor and Christian hope said that "we cannot afford to lose such a good man."

He was a Deacon in the Presbyterian church, and his walk in life seemed in beautiful harmony with his profession. He died at the age of forty-five in the midst of a career of great usefulness. As the fruit of his second marriage he was blessed with two children: James, who grew to manhood at Waterville and went South and died during the sickly season. And also a daughter, Jane Rebecca, now Mrs. Wm. Van Fleet of Waterville. His

son Salmon lived near Waterville and later in Henry County, where he died January 14, 1848, leaving a widow with two sons and a daughter.

His daughter Lucina became the wife of John L. Pray in 1832, and later she married Whitcomb Haskins. She died April 14, 1892.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

MR. JOEL FOOTE, OF TONTOCANY, O.

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One of the most faithful, earnest and devoted friends of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association is not with us to-day. He is now with the silent majority. His absence is the more keenly felt and causes a greater sadness because, hitherto he was always in attendance at every regular and every special meeting of this, as well as the Maumee Valley Monumental Association. He was one of the original members of both societies, an officer in each, and cheerfully and promptly performed the duties thereof. He took a laudable interest in the growth, prosperity and continuation of both societies, and rendered material aid in that behalf. He was a member of the Memorial Committee at the time of his death.

Joel Foote came to this Valley with his parents when a little over thirteen years old, and resided herein near or quite sixty-seven years and is prominently identified with its history. He was a pioneer of the pioneers, and one of our most honored and beloved brothers, always greeting us cordially, and ever ready and willing to aid us in our good work. He was with us at our last annual meeting, showing somewhat the infirmities of age, otherwise apparently in good health. We shall see him no more, but he will be long remembered.

Joel Foote was not permitted to start upon his long and silent journey in the Maumee Valley in which he had

so long lived and which he so much loved, but while away from home on a visit to a son in the State of Indiana, he was suddenly called by that dread summons which none can resist or evade, to pass through that other valley—the untried valley across the dark river into the great Beyond from which there is no return and upon which we sometimes look with a dread uncertainty.

Joel Foote lived to be nearly eighty-one years of age. He was born in Salem in the State of Massachusetts, on the twenty-sixth day of July, 1815. When a small boy his parents moved to Oneida County in the State of New York, residing there but a short time when they went to Genesee County in the same State, and in 1824, they moved to Lockport, New York. Not satisfied with that location, Joel's father came West to look for a place more to his liking, and found one on the Maumee River in Wood County, and in April, 1829, started with his family for his new home, then a dense forest in which wild and dangerous animals roamed at large unmolested and which was inhabited mostly by the savage red man. Of course he like all new comers into a new country, endured the hardships of pioneer life, not the least of which was malarial fevers and the dreadful and provoking periodical shaking ague with which nearly all suffered, and still some now living have a vivid recollection thereof. In those days calomel and quinine were the only remedies then known to check the daily calls of such and kindred complaints. But many a poor pioneer had not got the means to procure the proper specific and had to "shake it out."

Joel Foote was twice married, and three of his first wife's children are living. They are Mrs. F. A. Baldwin, wife of the Hon. F. A. Baldwin of Bowling Green, one of the leading attorneys of Wood County, Albert D. Foote of Tontogany, and Mrs. Geo. E. Bliss of Kendallville, Ind., and also three of his second wife's. They are Fred., Frank and Joel W. I read a long obituary notice of the

decedent, published in the Wood County Democrat, and to which I am indebted for its aid in preparing this brief sketch. In the death of Joel Foote, Wood County has lost one of its oldest and best citizens, and this Association one of its most honored and valued members.

J. H. TYLER,
OF MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

REV. ELNATHAN CARRINGTON GAVITT, D. D.,

OF TOLEDO, OHIO,

BY N. B. C. LOVE, D. D.

Very few of those born during the first decade of the century are living. They have nearly all passed with the century into the historic past. Dr. Gavitt was one of the number passing his nintieth birthday to pass over to the silent majority.

It is not our purpose to speak of this venerable pioneer as a minister and member of a denomination of Christians alone, but of him as a citizen of the great and historic Maumee Valley. Most of his active life was spent in it. His name in the older homes was a familiar one. For forty years a member of Central Ohio Conference, and then for many years in the same territory a member of the Michigan Conference, which in pioneer days had three presiding Elders' Districts in this part of Ohio. His continuance in this area was more on account of conference lines changing than his moving from one part of the State to another.

The Michigan Conference Districts in Ohio territory were the Norwalk, Tiffin and Maumee.

1828 he supplied Oakland circuit, Detroit district.

1829 he supplied Holmes circuit.

1830, received into the Ohio Conference.

1832, ordained Deacon by Bishop Emery at Dayton, Ohio.

1834, ordained Elder by Bishop Soule at Cincinnati, Ohio.

He took a location in 1836 and went West, with the sanction of Bishop Soule and labored among the Indians and whites near Rock Island on the Mississippi and Davenport, Iowa. He came back in a year and entered upon his life work with great zeal, that of preaching the gospel.

To follow him through life as a missionary, pastor, presiding elder and agent of educational, reformatory and benevolent organizations, would, if we only narrated a few things connected with each department of his work, fill a large volume. He was in the pastorate twenty-four years; thirteen years presiding elder, six years college agent, six years chaplain of the North-western asylum, one year supernumerary, two years located and nine years superannuated. When he was twenty-three years old he was a missionary at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, among the Wyandots, where he labored one year successfully. He was honored in 1860 with election to the General Conference, and a few years since received the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1884 he published personal reminiscences, under the title of "Crumbs from my Saddle-bags, a Pioneer Life." The work is full of incidents and pleasing narrations. He that writes the events of a long public life faithfully, is worthy of all praise. The coming generations will be more interested in the heroic days of our Valley than we are who in our childhood knew something of them, but only as children could know. He was born in Granville, Ohio, December 16, 1808, and was the youngest son of twelve children. He was the only one born in Ohio. His parents came from Massachusetts with the Licking Company in 1805.

His father and mother were Congregationalists. His father's house, a stopping place for such pioneer preachers

as J. B. Finley, Bishops Asbury and McKendre. Dr. Gavitt was first a licentiate in the Congregational church, but afterwards joined the Methodist.

He was married to Miss Sophia I. Halsey, of North Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio, June 20, 1833. There were born to them seven children, three of whom are dead. The living are Mrs. Lucy G. Shaffer, William H., attorney, Rev. Halsey G. and George S. Mrs. Gavitt died in Delaware, Ohio, May 9, 1869. Dr. Gavitt was afterwards married to Miss E. M. Roys, M. D., a graduate of the Female Medical College, Philadelphia, and a successful practitioner in Toledo, Ohio. Dr. Gavitt died of old age, March 15, 1896, at Toledo, Ohio, and is buried in Delaware, Ohio.

Dr. Gavitt was small of stature but of manly appearance. In his early days was active in movement and had a fine form and a pleasing countenance. His features were well formed and his dark eyes always were lighted up with good cheer. He was excellent company, a superior conversationalist and charming story teller. None could be sad when in his company in some primitive home or in the pioneer social circle. The writer at the commencement of his ministry was often in his company, and remembers many pleasing pioneer stories told by him.

He was an entertaining preacher; while not scholarly he was correct in language and consecutive in thought, and there were times when all hearts would be moved with emotion and all eyes suffused tears. In revival and evangelistic work he excelled. Many extensive revivals occurred on his circuits. We are told this by his early co-laborers and by his autobiography.

He lived a good life, was a man of strict integrity, and was an old time gentleman, always dressing well and appearing to good advantage.

Promptness, neatness and industry were among his leading characteristics. Loyal to his church, true to his

friends and forgiveness to the erring. When the century ends all of the coadjutors of Dr. Gavitt, men and women born during its first decade shall, in all probability, be no more, but they shall with others already gone over, speak to us words of hope and encouragement from the other shore. The voices of the past ever keep on echoing along the valley of time.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

HON. LEWIS S. GORDON.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ARGUS OF NOV. 15, 1894.

This whole community was inexpressibly shocked and grieved to learn on Tuesday morning of the sudden death of Hon. Lewis S. Gordon, which occurred on Monday night, Nov. 12th, 1894, at about 10 o'clock; but was known to only a few until the next morning.

Mr. Gordon had been down to his office during the evening, and had been in unusual good spirits, and apparently in the best of health. He had returned home after chatting awhile, had prepared for his usual bath before going to bed. He had started to the bath room, when Mrs. Gordon, who had but a moment before retired to her room, heard him fall. She at once rushed to his assistance and found him lying on the floor, apparently conscious but unable to speak. She sprinkled some water in his face, placed a pillow under his head, and rushing to the door gave the alarm. When she got back to him life had fled. People passing heard her agonized cries, and came to her assistance, and messengers were at once dispatched for a physician, and for Mr. Harry Gordon, Mrs. H. B. Fergusson, and other relatives. But as above stated death had claimed him before any of them reached his side.

When the sad news became generally known Tuesday morning there was universal and sincere mourning throughout the whole community, each individual seeming to feel his death as a personal loss; and the people stood

about in saddened groups discussing the event softly as though death had entered their own households. Women wept and strong men bowed their heads in sorrow, for all realized that they had lost a friend who was ever willing to listen to their sorrows and troubles, and to aid with wise counsel and ready hand. Truly, we are a community stricken with sorrow, for the world can mourn a good man gone.

And the grief at the death of Mr. Gordon is not only local. He was known throughout the county, the district and the State, and beloved and esteemed by all, and his demise is everywhere deplored.

In this immediate community his death leaves a void that will be hard to fill. He was ever foremost in all good works, ever ready to lend aid in every public improvement for the betterment of the people, and no public or private charity ever lacked wise counsel or help from his ready heart and open hand. The writer and many other struggling young business men of the town mourn him as a benefactor gone, a true friend lost.

Mr. Gordon was 59 years, 7 months and 5 days old, and of robust physique, and although his health for years had not been of the best, he apparently had, in the course of nature, many years of usefulness yet before him when the sudden summons came.

His death was from heart disease.

The funeral will be held from the family residence to-day, Thursday, November 15th, at 1:30 p. m. and the remains laid to rest in the family burial plat in beautiful Riverside cemetery, beside his father and mother. Rev. J. W. McClusky, of Delta, former Presbyterian minister of the church here, of which organization Mr. Gordon was a leading and consistent member, will officiate.

He leaves a wife and several brothers and sisters to mourn his loss, and in their sad hour of affliction they have the sincere sympathy of the entire people.

The following sketch of his life we find in the Paulding County Atlas, published in 1892:

"Lewis S. Gordon, of the firm of Gordon Bros. & Co., and also a member of the Antwerp Hub & Spoke Co., is one of the popular and enterprising citizens of Carryall township. He was born in Orange County, New York, April 7, 1835, the second son of Thomas and Sarah J. Gordon, both natives of New York, and of Scotch-Irish parentage, members of the family being prominent in Colonial times.

L. S. Gordon, the immediate subject of this sketch, was educated in the common schools and at the Never-sink seminary of New York. He began his business career as a clerk in a hardware store, and here he remained for two years. In 1855 he came West, and for one year acted as clerk in the county offices of Paulding. In the fall of 1856 he commenced teaching a common school, and he taught successfully for three years, and was then nominated on the Republican ticket for County Recorder. He was elected and took charge of the office January 1, 1860, being re-elected in 1862. In October, 1865, Mr. Gordon was elected to the office of county treasurer, and re-elected in 1867, resigning the position in 1869 to make the race for county auditor. He was defeated by 13 votes. On April 8th, 1870, he was commissioned probate judge to fill a vacancy of seven months. Subsequently, in February, 1871, Mr. Gordon moved to Antwerp to take charge of a hardware store, which he had previously started in connection with his brother, Harry H. Gordon. Since then these gentlemen have been successfully engaged in business for a period of over 21 years. In July, 1859, Mr. Gordon having read law for two years under the supervision of Col. John S. Snook, was admitted to the bar by Judge Sutliff. He practiced but little while engaged in the official duties of Paulding county, and since locating in Antwerp has acted as counselor on

various occasions, though not being actively engaged in the work of his profession. He has held a notary's commission since the year 1861. Mr. Gordon takes a lively interest in all that tends toward the improvement of his town and county, and is liberal with his means. He is an ardent advocate of the public school system whereby the masses may be educated. Mr. Gordon was nominated by the Republican party as the representative of Defiance and Paulding counties, in 1881, and overcame a Democratic majority of 1,350 by 349. He did active service for his constituents and acquitted himself with honor. His first vote for president was cast for John C. Fremont in 1856, and since that date he has always supported the Republican ticket.

Mr. Gordon was married February 9th, 1860, to Miss Margaret Voreis, a native of Crawford county, born in July, 1842. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are widely and favorably known, and are now enjoying the fruits of a well spent life.

In 1888 Mr. Gordon was elected as presidential elector from the 6th Congressional district, and was formerly instrumental in forming the new district, being appointed on the re-districting committee in the 65th general assembly of Ohio. He has long been one of the influential and prominent citizens of Paulding county, and enjoys the confidence and esteem of all who know him.

TRIBUTE BY AN OLD FRIEND.

ANTWERP, NOV. 13, 1894.

Hon. L. S. Gordon died last night very suddenly with heart trouble, and to-day the people of Paulding county are bereft of one of its most respected citizens, who from an early day has held a prominent place in the county; and as a lawyer and business man has since held

the respect and esteem of every one. He and Lt. Col. John S. Snook entered into partnership in the practice of law just before the war broke out. Mr. Snook was killed in the army. Mr. Gordon has since been a friend and adviser to me, and to-day I mourn his death as a friend and brother.

MRS. A. D. SNOOK.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

MRS. LUCINA HASKINS, OF WATERVILLE, O.

Among the late removals of our pioneer friends is Mrs. Lucina Haskins, formerly of Waterville. She died at the residence of her daughter at 630 Walnut street, Toledo, April 14th, last, and was buried at the family burial lot at the cemetery at Waterville.

Mrs. Haskins was a native of Essex county, N. Y. Was born July 26th, 1814. Her mother died when Lucina was three years old. She remained in the family of friends in New York and Vermont until she was ten years of age. In 1826 she was moved to Detroit, Michigan, and in the month of February, 1827, she was brought by her father to Ohio, where she has lived since.

Her father was Salmon Cross, known among his neighbors as Deacon Cross—a Christian gentleman of puritan habits. He died near Waterville. Lucina remained in the family with her step-mother, Mrs. Cross, afterwards Mrs. Hutchinson, until her marriage with John L. Pray, first son of John Pray, Esq., one of the first settlers of the valley. Her union with Mr. Pray was truly at the pioneer time of the settlement of the Maumee Valley, when roads were made from Indian trails and farms from unbroken forests.

In the bloom of his manhood and in the prime of his usefulness, her husband was stricken with disease, and she was left to continue the severe undertakings of a pioneer life with her little family alone. Passing through ordeals not wholly uncommon to the people of the day,

she reared her two children, now Mrs. Mary C. Wagner, of Toledo, and J. L. Pray, of White House. In her early life she manifested a deep interest in a Christian faith and practice which remained with her through life. She was a communicant of the Methodist Episcopal church for nearly sixty years. The church and benevolent work was her chief desire. She was the treasurer of the Lucas County W. C. T. U. for two years, and an active member from its earliest days in the county.

Her marriage with Whitcomb Haskins took place at Maumee, March 14th, 1872. After an enjoyable term of over eleven years she again became a widow by the death of Mr. Haskins. They were then living at Waterville.

Her later years were spent in the families of her children, where her usefulness and good Christian character were daily exemplified. She greatly enjoyed her pioneer associations. Her reminiscences of early pioneer life were many and interesting; her memory was replete with cherished events which made it indeed a garland of sweet roses. Her presence was a cheerful center from which radiated a joyous atmosphere until the very time of her decease, which was almost a translation. And so, one by one, the tenements of clay are shuffled off and the soul wings its way to immortal joys and eternal rest.

Liberty Center, O., August 18, 1892.

MEMORIAL ACCOUNT

—OF—

GEORGE W. HOOBLER, HULL PRAIRIE, WOOD COUNTY, O.

BY MRS. LOUISE ATKINSON.

George W. Hoobler was born at Harrisburg, Penn., June 15th, 1798, and came with his parents to Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, in 1816. He came to Stark County, O., in 1820 and married Miss Mary Bash, April 5th, 1824, and removed with his wife the same month to Perrysburg, traveling in a one-horse wagon. He purchased a lot in Perrysburg and erected a frame house and a cooper shop, and commenced making barrels for the fishermen, working at his trade during the winter, and farming in the summer. At one time he had a large crop of corn he raised and cribbed on what was known as the Big Island, waiting for navigation to open in the spring, but when the ice broke up in the spring, the water and ice from up river came with such a force that it swept away the entire crop, and the huts of the fishermen along the river were also swept away, causing great destruction and loss to them, and many had to flee for their lives. He was among the first settlers of Perrysburg, and helped to raise some of the first houses there, and when the first houses were built in Bowling Green and Portage, Wood County, he was one of the men who helped to raise them. In 1834 he removed with his wife and three children to Middleton Township, Wood County, and settled on a heavily timbered farm he had purchased, getting it of a man by the name of Joseph Wade, who had got it of the government. A small log cabin and land enough cleared for a small gar-

den and a potato patch, were all the improvements that had been made on it. He worked at his trade (coopering) in the winter and the remaining part of the year worked on the farm, clearing off the timber and putting out fruit trees. Apples were long coming, but they soon had peaches and small fruit. Previous to that the fruit consisted of wild strawberries, gooseberries, blackberries, wild plums and crab apples. He purchased some cows, a yoke of oxen, one horse and some sheep, the latter not proving very profitable, for the wolves would come and kill them. They were numerous and would come near the house. He made a trap a little distance from the house in which he caught several, that frightened others so they were not so bold, but previous to that they would come and scratch on the door at night. At one time the writer remembers that he shot two near the house one morning, killing one and wounding the other; they were devouring the sheep they had killed the previous night.

During the summer the stock would get their living in the woods. The hay for winter was made of wild grass that grew plentiful on Hull's Prairie. He would take his ox team and his dinner, and, with one of his little girls go to the prairie, and with a scythe mow grass all day while the girl would watch the oxen, and in the evening they would ride home on a load of hay. So time wore on and others came, and as soon as there were children enough to form a class, he was the first to agitate the cause of education. Being a school teacher in his younger days, he felt the necessity of others as well as his own having a school nearer their home. They had been attending school at the old Missionary station two miles away. So he, with another man, rented an old log house that had been abandoned by the owner, and hired a man to teach a three months' term in the winter, it being the first school taught in District No. 1 in Middleton township. After that, he being one of the school directors,

term after term during winter, were continued, until there came enough to support a school in summer as well as winter. He served as Justice of the Peace and township trustee for several terms, as well as minor offices. He remained on the farm until his death which occurred April 30th, 1850.

A PIONEER.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

MRS. MARY BASH HOOBLER, OF HULL PRAIRIE, O.

BY MRS. L. ATKINSON.

Mrs. Mary Bash Hoobler was born at Cumberland, State of Maryland, August 4, 1803, and moved with her parents to Stark County, Ohio, in 1812. She was married to George W. Hoobler April 5, 1824, and removed with her husband to the Maumee Valley, settling in Perrysburg the latter part of April, 1824. They traveled in a one-horse wagon and were several days coming through the Black Swamp, meeting many Indians on their way, which was a terror to her as she had never seen any before, but had heard many stories of their hatred to the whites and their murdering so many women and children. But her fears wore off after meeting other white people. An elderly lady known as "Granny Pratt" used to visit her often, sometimes remaining a week at a time. She was acquainted with the habits of the Indians, and could talk their language, and she did much toward abating her fears of them. One evening an Indian came to their house so much under the influence of whiskey he could not walk straight. He was on the point of entering the door when "Granny" (for she was there) told him he could not come in, when he said, "Me get more Injun and come bye and bye and kill you," which frightened Mrs. Hoobler very much, but "Granny" shook her fist at him and told him in his language to go away. She then said, "don't be afraid for he is too drunk to know where he is." Her husband was a cooper and worked in his shop evenings. When he came in they related the circumstances to

him, and they watched for the Indian but he did not return.

At another time an Indian brought some whortleberries to trade for bread and meat which she gave him, and he went away apparently satisfied, but returned in a short time and wanted the berries; she being alone, was so afraid of him that she gave them all back to him. After that she was told that whatever she bought of the Indians she must put out of their sight, for they frequently came back, and if they saw it they would want it.

There were but few houses in Perrysburg at that time, and among the inhabitants may be mentioned the names of Spafford, Crane, Wilkison, Pratt, McKnight and Johnathan Perrin. She lived in the latter's house until her husband built one of his own. After spending ten years in Perrysburg she removed with her husband and three little daughters to Middleton Township, Wood County, and settled on a new and heavily timbered farm. Then came hardships and trials; the farm being nearly all woods with a small log house with two small windows, a board door, a wooden latch, raised with a string, a fire-place, where a chimney was made of clay and sticks. enough land cleared for a garden and a potato patch. No roads, nothing but Indian trails. It was nothing strange to hear wolves howl near the house at night, or to awake in the morning and find several Indians lying on the floor with their feet to the fire fast asleep, who had come in quietly, for Indians step very lightly in their moccasins. They were friendly and would bring berries and maple sugar, and the squaws would bring some very pretty bead work to trade for bread and meat.

Here all inconveniences were experienced. No churches, no school houses. The nearest school being the old Missionary station, superintended by Rev. Isaac Van Tassel, two miles from her home. There her two eldest girls went to school, (one nine and the other seven years old), taught by a Miss Wright. Their way

was through a dense wood with no road, but the trees their father had blazed on two sides for their guide. Many hours were spent in anxiety for the safe return of the little girls, and often she would leave the little one to sleep in the cradle and go to meet them. Oftentimes in the evenings after the father came in and the children were all in bed, they sat and listened to the howling of the wolves, the hooting of the owls and hum of the mosquito, with the smoke of the smudge in front of the door (for screens were not known then) and talked of their future prospects.

She was well fitted by nature for pioneer life, always looking on the bright side, and was often heard to say, "Well, if we do hear those hideous noises at night, we are blessed with the sweet cooing of the prairie hen and the whistle of 'Bob White' in the morning." In the winter Hull's Prairie, (only three fourths of a mile away), was a sheet of ice, and in the spring a pond of water. But in the autumn it repaid for all that. It was beautiful to look at, being completely covered with tall yellow flowers, that sent their fragrance in all directions.

Here she toiled and strove with patience to assist her husband, doing such work as spinning flax and wool for their clothing, milking cows, making butter, which brought six cents per pound, taking store pay, calico at twenty-five cents per yard, and other things in proportion. One of the hardest trials was the sickly season which came annually, and often all the family were down at one time with ague and fever. And then came the greatest sorrow, her husband died leaving her with six children. By energy, perserverance and hard toil she succeeded in raising them to men and women. She was always kind in sickness, and to those less fortunate than herself, willing to bear as far as she could the burdens of others, benevolence being one of the marked features of her character. She experienced religion at the age of sixteen and remained

strong in faith ; was a member of the M. E. church at the time of her death, which occurred February 21, 1874. She was a resident of Wood County fifty years. Three sons and a daughter survive her, Geo. W. Hoobler, of Waterville; W. H. Hoobler, of Weston; Hon. S. R. Hoobler, of Bay City, Mich., and Mrs. Louise Atkinson, of White House, Lucas County, Ohio.

A PIONEER.

MEMORIAL

— OF —

HON. ALEXANDER SANKEY LATTY,

BY JUSTIN H. TYLER.

A well known landmark of Northwestern Ohio and the Maumee Valley was removed by death in May, 1895, and this memorial should have been prepared and read at our last annual meeting. No man in this part of the State had a wider, if as wide a circle of acquaintances and friends as the Hon. Alexander Sankey Latty.

Judge Latty was born in the County Leitrim, Ireland, June 30th, 1815. At the age of 17 he left his native isle, and settled in Canada where he remained four years, and when 21 years old he came to the Maumee Valley, and helped to survey the Miami and Erie canal, and subsequently he was a boss over a large gang of men in its construction. In the meantime he was reading law with James G. Haley, in Napoleon.

He was admitted to the bar in 1840, Chief Justice Waite being a member of the committee that examined him. He immediately thereafter located in Paulding county, then an almost unbroken forest, covered with heavy timber. He embarked in the newspaper business and ranked high among the editorial fraternity. He was an able and vigorous writer, and I used to see as many extracts from his paper as any one in this part of the State.

He was county auditor of Paulding county for two terms, and in 1856 was elected to the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and soon after removed from

Paulding county to Defiance. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for twenty years. He was an able jurist, a brave, fearless, honest and upright judge, and his decisions were characterized as among the ablest, always fortified by an abundance of authorities to which he could refer giving volume and page without looking at the authority, frequently quoting all the material rulings in the cases cited. He had a most wonderful memory, which gave him superior advantages over those less gifted in that respect. He was emphatically a book-worm, and his reading was not confined to law only, but books of general information were also his daily companions. He was industrious and seemed to enjoy preparing briefs and citing authorities on important law points.

He had the largest landed interest, so far as quantity of acres was concerned, of any man in Northwestern Ohio. At one time he was reputed to have owned over 20,000 acres of land in Paulding county alone, which for a long time was of no use to him, but an annoyance. After waiting and paying taxes and unjust ditch assessments for a long time, timber became valuable, and then a rich harvest was realized therefrom. He was twice married.

When Judge Latty came to Henry county in 1837, he hadn't money enough to buy a cake of shaving soap or a place for himself and wife to lay their heads. Judge Craig took them in and boarded them for quite a while, and for which he received the life-long gratitude of Judge Latty, who was a big-hearted, noble man of the good old Irish type, and he duly and sincerely appreciated the favors shown him in the days of his need and never forgot them.

A few years ago Judge Latty went to the State of Washington, and while there made a wise and judicious investment in real estate, the annual rents and profits of which, I am told, afford quite a revenue to his worthy widow and children.

Judge Latty most likely was the wealthiest man in this part of the State, and in his death Defiance lost one of her most intelligent and useful citizens, and the wife and children a devoted husband and father.

J. H. TYLER.

MEMORIAL ACCOUNT

—OF—

HON. EMERY DAVIS POTTER, OF TOLEDO, O.

BY LAW ASSOCIATION.

Emery Davis Potter was born in Providence county, R. I., on the 7th day of October, 1804, and died February 12th 1896, in the 92nd year of his age. He was of Puritan and Quaker stock, the son of Abram Potter and Johanna Davis. The family removed from the Providence plantations to Otsego county, N. Y., in 1806.

The father's circumstances were not such as to provide the son with more than very limited educational advantages in childhood. As the result of persistent effort, however, the latter ere long was encouraged to expect a collegiate course, in which he was disappointed, and was compelled, without such advantage, to enter upon preparation for the chosen profession of the law.

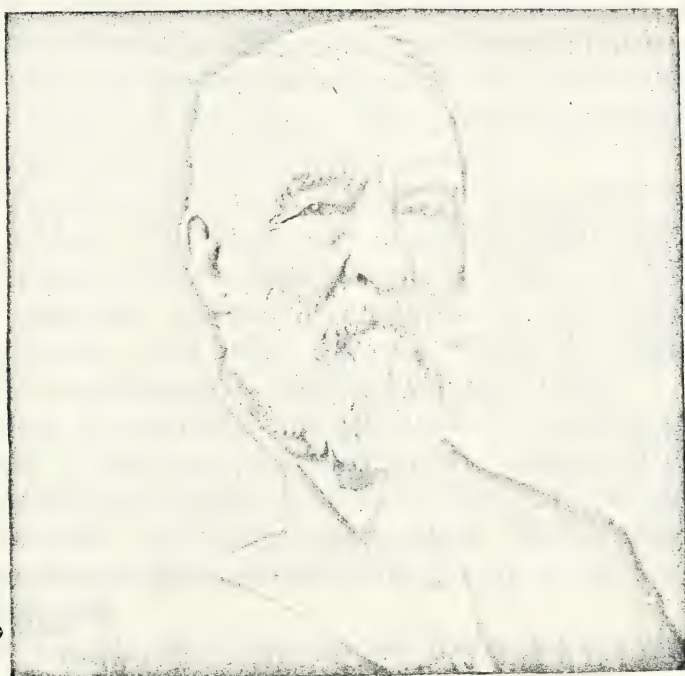
This he did in the office of John A. Dix and Abner Cook, Jr., two able lawyers of Cooperstown, N. Y., the former having subsequently been governor of New York, United States senator from that State, and secretary of Treasury.

Completing his studies, Mr. Potter was admitted to practice in New York, but soon decided to make his home in the West, he left for Toledo where he arrived in the winter of 1834-5.

He here found a field not the most inviting, in some respects, for an ambitious young man, but one which he was not long in turning to the best account. His qualities as a lawyer soon became known, while his active participation in public and political affairs gave him special

prominence and influence. In 1838 he was postmaster at Toledo, and in 1839 was elected by the legislature as president judge of the Common Pleas Court for the 13th Judicial district of Ohio, embracing ten counties and covering Northwestern Ohio entire.

Without public means of any sort for conveyance, he was compelled to travel from county to county wholly on horse-back, and largely through a dense wilderness, often



EMERY DAVIS POTTER.

in the absence of bridges, compelled to swim streams, and resort to methods of travel almost wholly unknown to the present generation in the same sections.

In 1843 he was nominated by the Democrats and elected to Congress from the district made up largely of the territory embraced within the judicial circuit. In Congress he at once took prominent position, serving

with John Quincy Adams on the select committee on the Smithson will, whose action led to the founding of the Smithsonian Institute.

In 1847 Judge Potter was elected as representative in the Ohio legislature, where he acted largely as leader of the Democratic side of the house. In October, 1848, he was elected to the 31st Congress, where he took a specially prominent part in the long struggle for Speaker, receiving at different times 78 votes, within three votes of being elected for that office. He was made chairman of the committee on Postoffices and post roads, and as such was the author of the bill of 1851 providing for cheap postage, and the coining of a three cent coin.

At the close of his term in Congress he resumed the practice of law. In 1857 he was appointed judge of the Federal Court of Utah, but declined the honor. In 1859 he was appointed collector of customs for the Toledo district, serving until 1861. He was elected as senator in the Ohio legislature in 1873, serving until 1875.

During that term he was influential in securing the enactment of the law providing, at the expense of the State, for the propagation of fishes in Ohio. To his personal attention and good management, the successful introduction and establishment of that policy by the State are largely due.

He was mayor of the city of Toledo for the years 1847-8; at times a member of the common council of the city of Toledo, and its city solicitor, also a member of the board of education.

In stature he was 6 feet, 2 inches, and was of a large and powerful frame. He was of a genial and happy disposition, easy of approach and "with malice towards none and charity for all."

His knowledge of affairs and men was most extensive. A companion of John Quincy Adams. He also enjoyed the acquaintance and fellowship of Calhoun,

Webster and Henry Clay. He sat at the bedside and held the hand of the great Kentuckian when his spirit took its flight.

He sat in judgment on the first case our fellow citizen, the late Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite tried and argued in court. He was a friend and companion of Rufus P. Ranney and Allen G. Thurman.

During the Rebellion he was a War Democrat, unflinching in his patriotism and devotion to the Union cause. His mental faculties remained vigorous and unimpaired to the last hours of his life. His last public appearance was the delivery of an address on the laying of the corner stone of the new court house.

Full of years and with many honors, still "to add greater honors to his age than man could give him, he died fearing God."

IN MEMORIAM.

1804.

1896.

At a meeting of the Toledo Bar Association, held on the 24th day of February, A. D. 1896, the following resolution, commemorating the life and character of the Hon. Emery Davis Potter, were adopted:

RESOLVED:—

1. That the foregoing brief Memorial be presented to the several Courts of Record of this county, and that they be requested to have the same entered upon their records as a just tribute to the life and character of the deceased, and as enduring evidence of what may be accomplished by the young men of this favored land without the aid of wealth or prominent family influence, and an incentive to worthy effort, high aim and honorable living.

2. That the clerks of the several courts be request-

ed to forward duly certified copies to his surviving children, Emery D. Potter, Jr., and Miss Claire Potter.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES PRATT,
LOUIS H. PIKE,
GEO. R. HAYNES,
L. W. MORRIS,
J. M. RITCHIE.

I, L. E. Clark, Clerk of the Common Pleas and Circuit Courts, of Lucas County, Ohio, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the Resolutions and Memorial filed in this Court, on the death of the late Hon. Emery Davis Potter.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix the seal of said Court, at Toledo, Ohio, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1896.

[SEAL.]

L. E. CLARK, Clerk.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

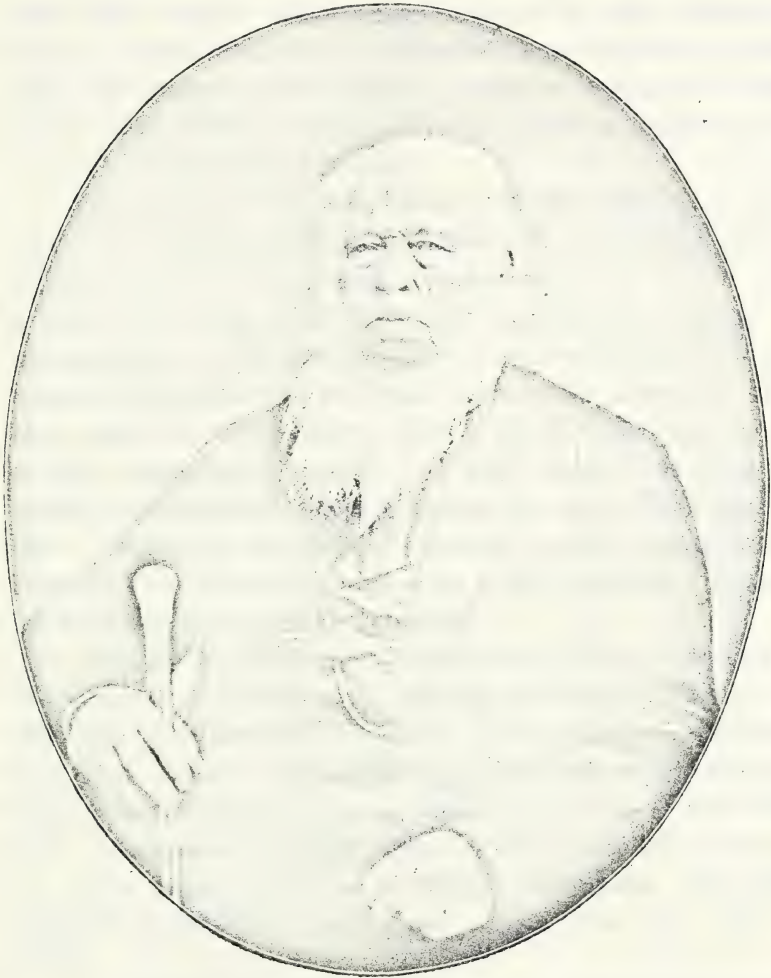
JOHN PRAY, ESQ.,

REPRODUCED FROM A PUBLISHED ACCOUNT AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

When we look out upon the landscape of the Maumee Valley and behold its populous cities, fine villages, well cultivated farms, and a land bespangled throughout with comfortable dwellings, churches and school-houses, and traversed by railroads and canals, a land that has within the range of one lifetime, risen from crudest nature to a refined state of cultivation, when in the place of the wigwam, the war-hoop and the screaming of wild beasts, we now have the advantages of moral and social enlightenment and the blessing of Christian prosperity, we realize a sense of gratitude and a sense of obligation to the early fathers who sowed the seeds of our land's prosperity; and when one of them folds up his tent and goes to his long home, it is becoming in us to hold in high respect that manly fortitude, constant perseverance and sagacious enterprise that characterized the pioneers of the Maumee Valley.

As the late John Pray, Esq., whose death took place on the morning of October 18, 1872, was one of the earliest settlers of the vicinity, it has been thought that a few items of his early life would be of interest. Esquire Pray was a descendant of Richard Pray, born in England in 1630, who came over with his three sons and settled in the western part of Rhode Island. His father and grandfather participated in the war of the Revolution, they being Lieutenant and Ensign of the Third Company of the Rhode Island Militia.

He was the second son of the Rev. John Pray, and was born October 6, 1813, on the western border of Rhode Island. At the age of twelve years, the family moved to Saratoga County, N. Y., and at twenty-one, John went



JOHN PRAY.

into the manufacture of potash in company with his elder brother James, who now (1872) lives near Mount Morris, Livingstone County, N. Y. After about three years of success in this enterprise, the brothers dissolved, and John

purchased a farm in Smithfield, Madison County. Here, in 1809, he was married to Miss Lucy Dunham, who now resides here, but has been an invalid for a number of years. During our troubles with England in 1812-14, while the frontier was being invaded by His Majesty's troops, we find Mr. Pray enlisted as a member of Captain Sickles' Company of Colonel Dodge's regiment of New York State Militia, and actively engaged in repelling the invasion at Socket's Harbor.

He remained on the farm until the Spring of 1817, when, in company with his brother James and five others, he set out on a prospecting tour through the West, with a view of making a selection and locating as a colony. In the early part of May, the party set out for Buffalo by stage, where they embarked on board a sloop for Detroit. Here they provided themselves with a pack-horse and a few articles requisite in pioneer life, and started on their pilgrimage southward, passing around the end of the lake, to the "Miami of the Lake," thence up the valley of this river to Fort Defiance, and were most favorably impressed with the nature of the country.

Finding but little or no evidence of the existence of the white man between Ft. Meigs and Ft. Defiance, the the only primitive trading posts at Perrysburg or Maumee City and Toledo not yet thought of, traversing through forests unblemished by the white man's axe, and filled with red-skinned aborigines and wild beasts, and hundreds of miles from home in a dense wilderness, the party seemed to cheerfully enter into pioneer life and enjoy it finely.

At Defiance they changed their course, and went south to Dayton, where they found something of a settlement. From Dayton they went to Cleveland, where it was determined by the party that Mr. John Pray should return, and review a portion of the ground passed over, and select a location for the colony, and six of the party

returned to their homes in New York. Accordingly Mr. Pray returned to the Maumee Valley, and after a more deliberate inspection of advantages here, the most important of which in his mind, was the great water power on the rapids of the river, consequently the vicinity of the site of the present village of Waterville, was settled upon, and he returned to Smithfield, expecting his friends would all join him for the West, the following Spring. But the reports of the adventurers were associated with too much inconvenience, privation and danger, to be at all acceptable to the people of Madison, and in view of the hazardous feature of the undertaking, and probable suffering, attending such an enterprise, six of the party were induced to abandon moving to the West, and the prospects of a colony were dissolved.

But Mr. John Pray's determinations were so firm that he sold his farm in Smithfield, and on the third of May, 1818, he set out with his family consisting of his wife and four children, together with an adopted child, a nephew, at that time about ten years of age. They moved in a wagon to Buffalo, where in company with Capt. Charter, they embarked on board a schooner of fifteen tons burden. Their voyage was extremely hazardous, as the vessel at best was too frail for such a trip, but was at this time sadly deficient in the requisite equipage for sailing, and the cloth belonging to the passengers was used for canvass. Fortunately, however, on the 24th of June, after a voyage of eight days, the party safely landed near Ft. Meigs, on the Maumee.

After resting one night at or near the landing, Mr. Pray moved his family up the river about four miles, and lodged in an unfinished cabin belonging to Mr. Adams. Mr. A. had established himself in the valley but a few months previous, and as all residents were anxious that neighbors should settle about them, every convenience within their reach was extended to the new comer, and

every cabin was an inn so far as their room would admit.

On Mr. Pray's arrival here this time he finds a few families have located since his visit the previous year, but all about there seems to be broad miles of unbroken forests inhabited with savages and wild beasts. No system of machinery has yet been used in the waters of the Maumee. The nearest flouring mill was at Monroe, Michigan, where the old French wind mill would grind for the people when the wind was fair. To this inconvenience was added the almost impassable country through which the people had to pass, and the indistinct lines of road between here and Monroe.

In 1821 Mr. Pray built the first grist mill in Northern Ohio; this was a source of great convenience to the people, and men came from Defiance, a distance of forty-five miles, to assist in raising. This mill was built on Granger's Island. Shortly after its completion there was added to the same power a carding machine, a hemp machine and a distillery. In 1831 he laid out the village of Waterville, and the following year he built the mills on the main land. In 1837 he built the Columbian House.

During the progress of these enterprises much of his time was taken up in visiting the land office, purchasing and locating lands, and at various times the extent of his lands embraced thousands of acres, lying in what is now Fulton, Lucas and Wood counties.

The associations of Mr. Pray's household were quite numerous, besides raising eleven children to adults his house was always the home of the traveling public.

We have noticed in the Bowling Green *Sentinel* a communication upon the early record of Wood county, in which it appears that Mr. Pray was one of the Board of County Commissioners from the organization of Wood county in 1820, until the formation of Lucas in 1835. He was Justice of the Peace about nine years. He establish-

ed the Waterville post office and managed it for several years.

Mr. Pray's educational advantages in early life did not enable him to take rank with distinguished legislators nor, did he aspire to eminence or distinction. In his active life he was charitable, lenient and sympathizing—jocular in conversation and honest in deal.

As he became advanced in years, he disposed of much of his landed property, and settled down in quiet retirement.

In 1840, during the successful labor of Rev. Mr. Bothman, he abandoned his profession of Universalism and united with his wife and many others with the Methodist Church. Since that time he has been devoted in Christian faith, and although in his last years he was deprived of his sight, and to a great extent his reason, his hold upon Christian hope remained with him, and his favorite expression was that he was "almost home."

Although he had kept closely to his bed for several months, no disease seemed to be at work other than old age, and on the morning of the 18th, he quietly passed away. He survived all his children but four, and after a lengthy companionship, he leaves a wife that has shared with him all the trials and triumphs and the comforts and sorrows common to the earliest settlers of the Maumee Valley. For over sixty-three years Mr. and Mrs. Pray traveled life's journey together, and have resided in the vicinity of Waterville for over fifty-four years. They have reared a large family, and have lived to enjoy the association of their great-great-grand-children.

October 26, 1872.

—L.

MEMORIAL ACCOUNT

— OF —

MR. HENRY PHILIPPS, OF TOLEDO, O.

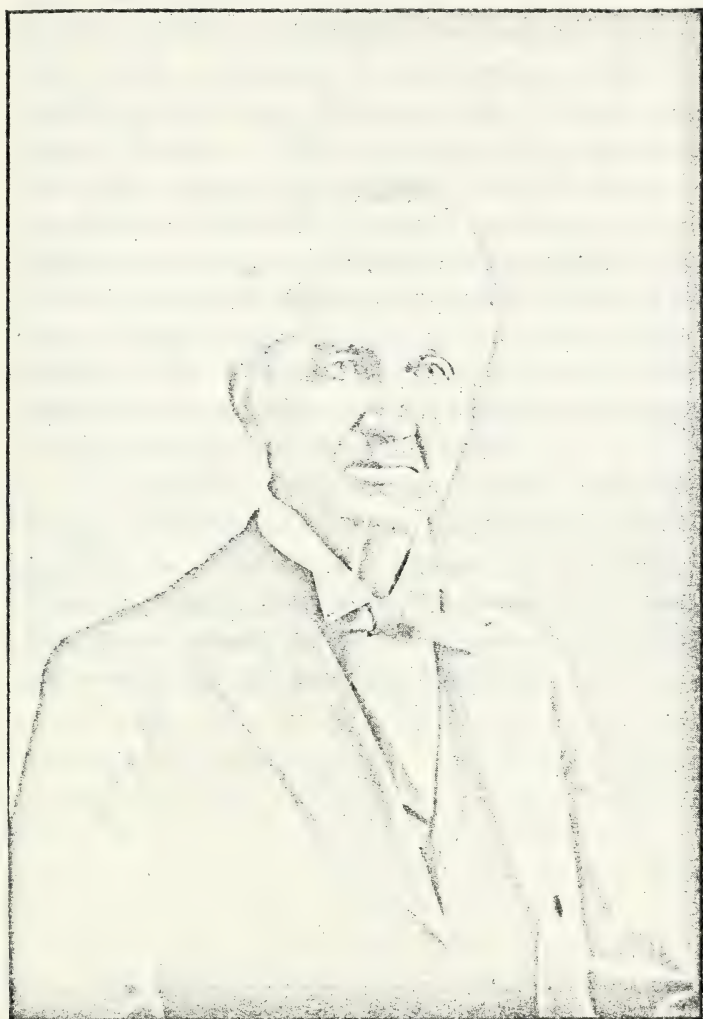
BY CLARK WAGGONER.

Few residents have been as prominently and honorably identified with trade in Toledo for the past fifty years as was Henry Philipps, who died there February 28th, 1896. He was born in Brunswick, Germany, May 3rd, 1828. At the age of 20 years, he left his native land for the country which so many of his fellow-citizens were then seeking, being one of a party which contributed largely in character and otherwise to the development and growth of the Western States. Toledo had then scarcely entered upon the course of prosperity which has placed it so prominently among the cities of this country.

Mr. Philipps began his business career in Toledo as clerk in a general store. In 1852, at the age of 24, he began business on his own account by dealing in farm implements and seeds, to which he subsequently added hardware. After 20 years of special success, he disposed of the business. In 1880 he resumed trade in the same line, in which he continued until his death. So successful was his business, that the trade of The Henry Philipps Seed and Implement Company came to hold prominent commercial relations with many parts of the world interested in horticulture, and especially Holland, Germany, France, Japan and China. Few establishments in the country have attained to equal success in that branch of trade.

For many years of his later activity, Mr. Philipps

had associated with him in business two sons—Henry J. and William T.—whose aptitude soon prepared them for successful management of the same upon his death, it now



HENRY PHILIPPS.

being in their hands, fully maintained in its long-established prosperity.

As a man and citizen, Mr. Philipps held positions

specially appreciated by his fellow-citizens. A cultured gentleman, he commended himself to the high appreciation of all. His active business enterprise, methodical ways and foresight were largely controlling, while in different ways he co-operated effectively for the public welfare, being prominent in development of St. Clair street, including the Boody House and the Wheeler opera house, corner Monroe. With two others, he constructed and for five years operated the Adams Street Railway. In 1863 he platted Columbia Heights, consisting of twenty-five acres, now one of the charming localities of the city. He served with special honor for two terms in the Toledo City Council, representing the seventh ward. On the death of Mr. Philipps the Toledo Produce Exchange, of which he was a member, bore testimony of special respect for his business and personal worth.

In 1858 Mr. Philipps was married with Miss Emma Seeger, of Baltimore. They had thirteen children—Henry J., Paul A., William T., Louise E., Caroline, Herman, Charles, Albert, Frederick, Ferdinand, Christian, Edward, Emma—of whom the nine first named, with their mother, are now living at Columbia Heights.

MEMORIAL

— OF —

STEPHEN MERRY.

— — —

Another pioneer of Wood County has passed away since our last annual meeting, leaving a vacancy in our ranks never to be filled, creating a sadness among his many friends to whom he was well known.

Stephen Merry, late of Perrysburg, died in that city on the twenty-first day of February, 1896, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, leaving a vacant chair at home and a seat in church which he had regularly occupied for so many long years. He is missed by many mourning friends as well as in the community in which he had spent the greater part of his life. Mr. Merry was an intelligent, upright, Christian gentlemen, the elements which so greatly contributed to his popularity which he so worthily deserved and so long retained. Mr. Merry was born on the twenty-first day of September, 1808, in Wheatland, Monroe County, in the State of New York, and was married on the 16th day of October, 1841, to Miss Araminta Earl who survives him. This worthy couple located in this valley in 1843, and in May, 1846, removed from the village of Miami to Perrysburg, where he died, leaving his beloved wife, who still resides there.

Six children were the fruits of this happy marriage, four of whom are living. They are Earl W. Merry, a prominent business man of Bowling Green, Wood County; Charles C., and John W., who reside in Wichita, Kansas, and Mrs. Sarah Norton, in Lansing, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Merry, for many years were members of the Presbyterian church in Perrysburg, and he was an elder therein for thirty years, always leading a quiet Christian life, whose daily walk and conversation were in accord with his religious professions, ever ready and willing to, and did perform acts of kindness, when and wherever necessity demanded. The example of this exemplary couple through life was a model one, and well worthy of emulation. Mr. Merry was appointed by the commissioners of Wood County to fill a vacancy which occurred in the office of County Recorder, and so well and faithfully did he perform its duties, that he was subsequently elected to the same office for three successive terms, the last one of which expired in January, 1874. After this he was elected a Justice of the Peace in Perrysburg township and held that office for several terms. He was deservedly a popular man, and in whatever position he was placed, promptness, honesty of purpose and reliability characterized all his actions, and when he was called by his righteous Master, whom he had so well served, to leave his pilgrimage at the end of life's journey, the relatives and friends of the decedent who have faith and hope in the Divine Assurance, may confidently trust, that when he landed upon the other shore, his meeting with the Good Shepherd was greeted with the glad welcome, "well done good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

J. H. TYLER,
Member of Memorial Committee.

MEMORIAL

— OF —

MRS. AMELIA C. WAITE,

OF TOLEDO, O.

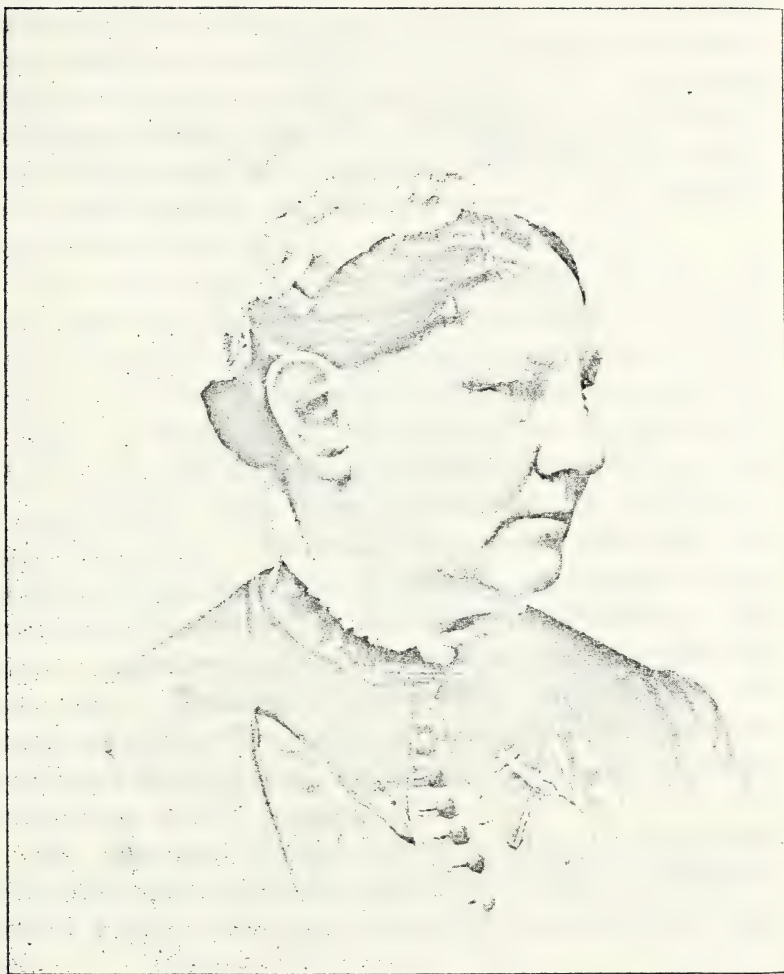
The passing away from earth of this distinguished lady has touched the hearts of a very wide circle of acquaintances throughout this country with a sense of personal loss. It has filled with sorrow a host of closer friends who were fortunate in knowing and appreciating the strength of the finer elements of her character, which bound her to them in the bonds of unfaltering faith and love.

While our departed friend was equipped with intellectual gifts of a higher order, there never was any attempt at display of superiority, but in all the leading traits of womanly, loving kindness to the needy and those she loved. Mrs. Waite was queenly. I am thinking and writing of her long life on this river. A beautiful girl came to Maumee in 1840, the bride of a young attorney-at-law. Both at once seemed to know, or at once find the way to the hearts of all they met. From the commencement of his career, he assumed and maintained a leading and advancing position, of which the office of the United States Chief Justice was the glory and crown.

The dear lady of whom I am writing, and whom "we have lost a while," was the wife, the mother, and close companion. She was full of the brightness of hope, loved all around her, and aided largely, even in the privations of early life, in making the strong foundations of the future.

The personal characteristics of Mrs. Waite made a deep impression upon all who knew her well.

Devotion to her family and to the church were leading and conspicuous traits in the history of her life. With



MRS. AMELIA C. WAITE.

settled religious convictions, she knew in whom she believed, and her reliance upon an unchanging faith brought her peace at the last. But her family, close friends and

the church were by no means the sole objects of her devotion. An open hospitality at home, help and loving sympathy to the poor, made her life a benediction.

All these lines of her character were progressive, and were strengthened by the years. If our dear friend had not removed to a distant city of residence, if the final departure had been from the scene of her benefactions here, hundreds of the poor would have thronged her obsequies and call her blessed. But the record of her life in Washington is brightened and sweetened with the same devotion to good deeds in the Master's name. Mrs. Amelia Warner Waite was a native of Lyme, Connecticut.

She was a daughter of Samuel Selden Warner, of Lyme, who was a descendant of Colonel Selden of Revolutionary record. Mrs. Waite spent her early life in Connecticut. In her native city in 1840, she was united in marriage to Morrison R. Waite, the late Chief Justice. Lyme was also the birthplace of Chief Justice Waite, who, after graduating from Yale, studied law in his father's office in that place. Believing there was a wider field for him in the West, Morrison R. Waite, in October, 1838, left for the Maumee Valley and located at Maumee City. Here he continued reading law, and in 1839 was admitted to the bar. Forming a partnership with Samuel M. Young, under the firm name of Young & Waite, in 1840, he returned East to claim his bride. September 21, 1840, was the date of their marriage.

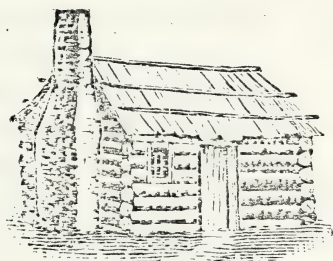
Mr. and Mrs. Waite resided in Maumee City from 1840 until 1850, when they moved to Toledo. They resided in Toledo until 1874, when they moved to Washington

But I must close. It is rare that the close of a life so distinguished has sorrowed so many hearts, but our consolation is that "Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors."

ADDRESSES, MEMORIALS AND SKETCHES

PUBLISHED BY

The Maumee Valley



Pioneer Association,

TO BE DELIVERED AT THE

—REUNION—

At the Old Court House, Maumee

September 10th, 1898.

TOLEDO, OHIO:

VROOMAN, ANDERSON & BATEMAN, PRINTERS,
1898.

11.10.1921

PREFACE.

The Memorials herein presented have been wholly contributed by the friends or relatives of those memorialized. There are many worthy and well known pioneers, a record of whose lives would be exceedingly interesting and valuable, and the friends of such should see to it that the Memorial Committee are furnished with a concise statement of their life work in the Maumee Valley on or before May 1st of each year. Half toned cuts of such add much to the interest of the memorials given. These can be secured at very slight expense, and it is the only expense that the friends of the deceased pioneers incur in having memorials published in the Annual Pamphlet.

It should be remembered that the annual expenses of the Association cannot be met by the one dollar paid on joining the same. If the members will purchase two hundred of these pamphlets at 50 cents each, the current expenses can be met. If more are purchased it will enable the committee to procure and publish interesting views of valley scenery that all would very much like to possess. Each member should help to meet the expense account to the extent of their ability.

MINUTES.

The 33rd Annual Reunion of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association was held on the grounds of the Lucas County Court House at Maumee, September 10th, 1897.

At 10:30 A. M., owing to the absence of the President, Mr. Paris H. Pray, of Whitehouse, the meeting was called to order by the Vice-President, Justin H. Tyler, of Napoleon, O.

The local singers being absent this ceremony was omitted, and Rev. N. B. C. Love invoked the divine blessing. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Memorials of deceased members and early settlers were then presented and read by the Memorial Committee, D. B. Smith, Chairman.

The memorials were of

Edward Pangman Basset, of Toledo.

Mrs. Pamela Berdan, of Toledo.

Deacon Mavor Brigham, of Toledo.

Mrs. Christian Darst Dix, of Maumee.

Hon. Alfred P. Edgerton, of Hicksville.

Col. John A. Faskins, of Toledo.

Capt. Calvin Herrick, of Toledo.

Mr. Reuben B. Mitchell, of Maumee.

Rev. Mark Richardson, of Maumee.

Hon. John R. Osborn, of Toledo.

Mr. Joseph Ralston, of Defiance.

Mr. Dudley G. Saltonstall, of Toledo.

Mr. Alfred Thurston, of Bowling Green.

Mr. Luther Whitmore, of East Toledo.

Mr. Samuel M. Young, of Toledo.

Mrs. Angeline N. Young, of Toledo.

The noon hour having arrived the meeting was adjourned for one hour for a basket dinner—parties providing themselves and grouping in social festal parties.

At 1 P. M., business was resumed—a nominating committee presented the names for officials for the ensuing year.

FOR PRESIDENT,

by virtue of seniority, Paris H. Pray, of Whitehouse, O.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

From Fulton County, Wm. Ramsey, of Delta.

From Hancock County, John Blackford, of Findlay.
 From Henry County, Allen Scribner, of Napoleon.
 From Lucas County, Hon. C. Pratt, of Toledo.
 From Wood County, D. K. Hollenbeck, of Perrysburg.

FOR SECRETARY,

J. L. Pray, of Whitehouse, Ohio.

FOR TREASURER,

J. E. Hall, of Waterville,

FOR EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

From Defiance County, John Greenler, of Defiance.
 From Fulton County, Wm. Ramsey, of Delta.
 From Henry County, Allen Scribner, of Napoleon.
 From Lucas County, Wm. Corlett, of Toledo.
 From Wood County, I. N. VanTassel, Bowling Green.

FOR MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,

From Defiance County, J. P. Buffington, of Defiance.
 From Fulton County, Rev. N. B. C. Love, of Swanton.
 From Henry County, Hon. J. H. Tyler, of Napoleon.
 From Lucas County, Denison B. Smith, of Toledo.
 From Wood County, Frank Powell, of Perrysburg.

FOR HISTORY AND PRINTING,

From Henry County, C. C. Young, of Liberty Center.
 From Lucas County, J. K. Hamilton, of Toledo.
 From Wood County, Rev. G. A. Adams, of Perrysburg.

After the election of officers, Hon. Charles Pratt was introduced to the Pioneer Association, to whom he delivered a most excellent address.

Mr. Tyler then called Rev. N. B. C. Love to the chair,

Mr. Hollenbeck, of Perrysburg, then made an explanatory speech concerning the manner of producing the memorials for the pamphlet, urging everyone to have an interest in the memorials of their friends.

Hon. James H. Southard was then introduced by the President, and made a short and interesting address, referring chiefly to his work in Congress in the interest of the monuments.

The audience then sang "America," led by two young ladies of Maumee.

Hon. Thomas Harbaugh, of Kalida, Ohio, was then

called out, and made a patriotic and appropriate address, after which the assembly was addressed by Rev. Shafer, of Maumee; also by Mr. Y. Rakestraw, of Whitehouse.

Mr. J. M. Wolcott, the Mayor of Maumee, presented a cordial invitation from the citizens of Maumee, requesting the Association to hold the Reunion of 1898 on the same ground. Invitation was accepted for Saturday, September 10th, '98. After some further social intercourse, the assembly dispersed feeling that they had enjoyed a very profitable Reunion.

The receipts of the day were:

For 13 new memberships	- - - -	\$13 00
For 110 pamphlets of 1897	- - - -	55 00
For 7 " " 1896	- - - -	1 75
Total	- - - -	69 75

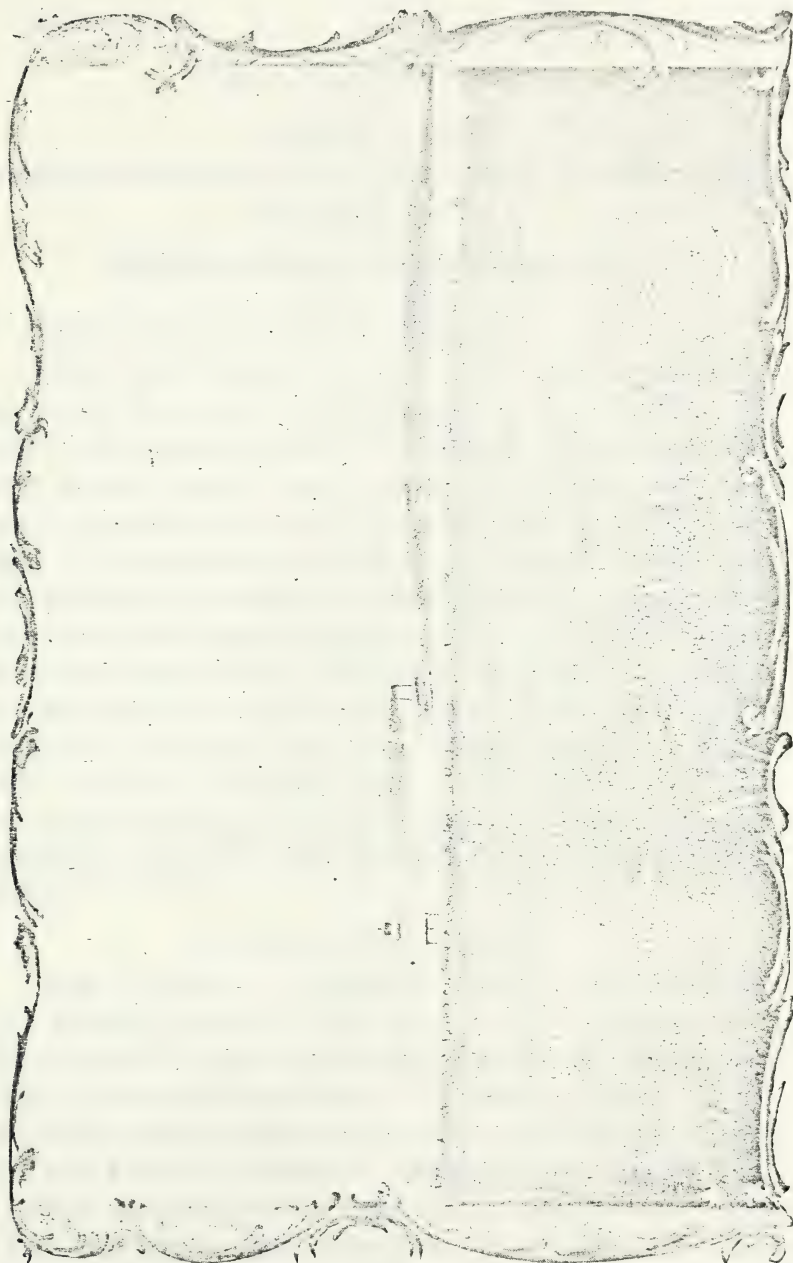
EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

To Vrooman, Anderson & Bateman, Toledo, O., for printing 100 circulars, contents of pamphlets and envelopes	- - - -	\$ 3 25
For 400 postal cards	- - - -	4 00
For printing same and 100 papers	- - - -	1 25
For printing 500 copies of '97 pamphlets	- - - -	79 80
Total,	- - - -	88 30
Balance paid by order on the Treasurer	- - - -	18 55
J. L. PRAY, Secretary.	PARIS H. PRAY, President.	

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

Amount on hand Sept. 10, 1897	- - - -	\$26 27
Collected by Secretary for Memberships	- - - -	13 00
For sale of pamphlets	- - - -	58 50
	- - - -	\$97 77
Paid for postage	- - - -	\$ 5 10
For printing 500 Pamphlets	- - - -	79 80
For " postal cards and circulars	- - - -	3 40
	- - - -	\$88 30
Balance on hand	- - - -	9 47

J. E. HALL, Treas.



Scene at Mouth of Maumee River.

ADDRESS

OF

CHARLES PRATT,

AT MEETING OF MAUMEE VALLEY PIONEER SOCIETY, AT MAUMEE, OHIO,
SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1897.

REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER LIFE.

Mr. President, Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I have been invited by your committee to speak to you to-day by way of reminiscences of pioneer life. In order to do so and speak of the things which I saw and knew, would require that I speak in the first person—I cannot otherwise give reminiscences from my own knowledge. Further than this it is proper that I should say that although a member of this Society by virtue of my residence in the city of Toledo—which commenced in the year 1850—my earliest childhood and boyhood recollections are not connected directly with the territory of this Society as prescribed in your constitution—not being within the State of Ohio—but it was within what was commonly known as the Bean Creek country, which is intimately connected with and tributary to the Maumee Valley.

THE BEAN CREEK COUNTRY.

Bean Creek, as commonly known,—but perhaps more properly called “Tiffin River,” by which name it is known upon the maps generally—has its rise in Devil’s Lake in the northwest corner of Lenawee county, Michigan, and running southerly near the line between Hillsdale and Lenawee counties, Michigan, and Fulton and Williams counties, Ohio, empties into the Maumee river in Defiance county, just above the city of Defiance. This Bean Creek country was, in the year 1833, an unbroken

wilderness inhabited only by the wild beasts and the Indian. It was the home of a remnant of the Potawatamie tribe of Indians, about one hundred in number, under two chiefs: Metea and Baubeese. In this region my father settled in the fall of 1833. To the east of this place the nearest settlement was at Adrain. To the north was a military road running north of Devil's Lake from Detroit to Chicago, laid out about the years 1825 to 1830 and known as the "Detroit and Chicago Road." This road had been surveyed and opened by the United States government as a turnpike, and along the line of it there was here and there a settler. To the west of it the nearest settlement was at Jonesville in the western part of Hillsdale county, and to the south of it such settlements as there were then here upon the Maumee River. In this unbroken wilderness, in the month of November, 1833—with the nearest white settler twelve miles distant—three log cabins (one of which was my father's) were built; and in these, twelve white persons in all—men, women and children, (of the latter of whom I was one), passed the winter of 1833-4. At that time the territorial government of Michigan held possession and exercised jurisdiction down to the Fulton line, so-called. By the Ordinance of 1787 for the government of the territory of the United States lying northwesterly of the Ohio River, it was provided that Congress should have authority to form one or two states in that part of such territory lying north of an east and west line drawn through the southerly bend or extreme point of Lake Michigan; and in accordance with this provision, the State of Ohio was organized with that line as its northern and the territory of Michigan as its southern boundary, and so remained until June 15th, 1836, when by the act of Congress admitting the State of Michigan, it was changed to the present or Harris line. The territory within these two lines embraced the city of Toledo and a large part of what is now Lucas, Fulton

and Williams counties, and it was during the period between 1833 and 1836 the controversy between the Territorial government of Michigan and the State government of Ohio was being carried on. Some of you remember, and all of you have heard of the heroic deeds of

THE TOLEDO WAR.

You have heard of the first session of the Lucas County Court, in the upper part of the City of Toledo, at the morning's early dawn (earlier than courts are opened in these latter days), of its brief session and of the precipitate retreat of its officials at the first alarm caused by the apprehended approach of the Michigan invaders! You have heard of the stealing of Major Stickney's apples, of the arrest of his sons, One and Two, and also of the arrest of the Major himself and his valiant and intrepid conduct when he refused to be parolled! I myself very well remember the excitement when the Michigan troops, under Gen. J. W. Brown (afterwards for many years a peaceful citizen of Toledo and one of my neighbors) invaded the disputed territory, and how the people of Bean Creek, fifty miles away listened for the sound of the cannonading which was "supposed" to be taking place on the Maumee. I don't remember that any one, there or elsewhere, then or at any other time, ever heard any of this cannonading!

This Bean Creek country had not been involved in the historic scenes of which we shall hear later during this meeting from my friend Gen. Hamilton, but it had remained peaceful and quiet—so far as I can learn—amid the warlike commotions at this and other points of the Maumee, and the little band of Potawatamies of which I have spoken seem to have been crowded back into this Bean Creek valley and to have lived there undisturbed and peaceful. It was an ideal home for the Indian. The forests were so dense and unbroken as greatly to moderate the temperature of the winter. Violent storms were

infrequent and far less to be feared than upon the open prairies. Wild game was abundant, and the numerous streams and lakes were filled with fish; wild cranberries, blackberries and other wild berries abundant, and also wild honey plentiful, so that there was very little need for that labor so foreign to the habits and instincts of the natives.

Prior to that time, in addition to the Detroit and Chicago Military Road of which I have spoken, an act of the Michigan Territorial Council had provided that commissioners should lay out a road "from Port Lawrence (now Toledo) and running on the most eligible route through Blissfield and Adrian" to intersect this Detroit and Chicago road. This Council had also established a road to run from Vistula (also Toledo,) in Town nine south to the eastern boundary line of the State of Indiana. This road was afterwards known as the "Indiana Road," and that part of it within the City of Toledo is now Bancroft street, near which some of us reside. The early explorers, traders and land-lookers however, relied in addition to the compass, mainly upon the Indian trails—as well known to them as are the thoroughfares of to-day to the white man. These trails connected this Bean Creek region with the rapids at Maumee, with Defiance and other points on the Maumee river, running through to Devil's Lake and the Indian villages in the valley of Bean Creek. Of these Indian villages, there were two principal ones: one, Squawfield, was within some two miles of my father's house; another was a few miles further away and near Devil's Lake. Metea was the chief of one of these villages, and Baubeese of the other.

THE INDIANS.

The advance of civilization, as I have already intimated, had crowned this remnant of the once powerful Potawatamies into this valley, It was their home, provid-

ed for them all that they required for their life as it then was or that was hoped or anticipated by them in the future. It was as dear to them as the homes of civilization are to the white man. They were, in the main, peaceable and friendly to the settlers, and the early settlers were largely dependent upon them from the first, other supplies of food being almost inaccessible, or only obtainable at fabulous prices when they could be obtained at all.

I could not venture to give any deliberate judgment of the natural traits of Indian character as shown by this remnant of a tribe from what I saw of them in my boyhood days, or what I learned of them from others. The character and traits of the natives, has been the theme of many able writers. There is too great diversity of opinion as to the justice of the treatment of the red man by our government, for me to give any judgment of my own; but I confess, from what I saw of them during my early life or knew of their intercourse with the early settlers; what I have heard from others older than myself, created a sympathy for them in my own mind and a feeling that they were not fairly treated, which has followed me through life, and of which I am willing to speak on proper occasions. Washington Irving in his beautiful essay upon "Traits of Indian Character," among other things, says: "It has been the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America in the early periods of colonization to be doubly wronged by the white men. They have been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions by mercenary and frequently wanton warfare and their characters have been traduced by bigoted and interested writers."

This is strong language. I would not presume to use it myself, but it comes from a very high source and as the result of a very careful study of the early history of the country. In later years there has been a greater show of fairness in the dealings of our government with the Indians, but so far as this band was concerned—

speaking from my own knowledge of it—while it may not be easy to determine what ought to have been their treatment, it is difficult to reconcile that which they did receive with justice and fairness, considering them as human beings with the passions, feelings and affections of our common humanity.

These Indians were pure bloods, not mixed nor half-breeds; had not, at the time of these settlements, been corrupted and degraded by contact with the vicious classes of white men. Untaught and unsophisticated as they were, without any of the refinements of civilization, yet they are not to be judged by the degraded specimens that may be seen in later years around the haunts of vice and pollution in our towns or cities. The two Chiefs of whom I have spoken were specimens of Indian manhood. I do not know which was the higher in authority—though I think Baubeese was the superior—but both were recognized as Chiefs. Baubeese was a large man, of imposing appearance and great dignity, a born leader of men. Metea, a smaller man, was the orator of the tribe and a man of native natural ability. He was the spokesman of the Indians in their councils with the white man, and his name, I think, is signed to some of the treaties. Both continued in friendly intercourse with the settlers until the removal of these Indians by the government in the year 1840. There have been different statements as to this year, but I am quite certain that I state it correctly.

Under the treaties made between the Indians and the United States by which they ceded their lands, it was provided that the Indians should enjoy the right of hunting and fishing upon the grounds ceded so long as they should remain the property of the United States. After the first settlement had been made in this region there was a great flood of emigration into this part of the country, and the lands were rapidly entered at the land office, so that the hunting grounds of the Indians were soon very

much restricted, but the Indians would not consent to remove west, the country beyond the Mississippi being unknown to them and they standing in great fear of the warlike Indians, who, they said would kill them as soon as they got within their country. The ground upon which their villages were located was, by reason of apprehended trouble with them, for some time not entered at the land office, until in the year 1840, an officer of the United States government, with a company of soldiers, was sent to remove them forcibly. He surprised them when they were all assembled, engaged in some of their festivities, surrounded and captured them all and transported them beyond the Mississippi River. Nothing was heard from them, so far as I know, after that time. If any effort was at any time made to locate them upon any reservation, or to induce them to conform to the requirements of civilization, I never heard of it. Perhaps nothing of the kind would have succeeded if attempted, but it can hardly seem otherwise than cruel that they should have been thus summarily and forcibly compelled to leave their homes and the graves of their ancestors, all that was dear to them, and go to regions remote and to them unknown. That this fair land was to be the home of civilization, the place where there should be cultivated farms and populous villages and cities instead of the lair of wild beasts and the hunting ground of the savage, is, of course, true in the providence of God, but that its original possessors were treated by the superior race for which it was destined in accordance with the precepts of the Divine Master by whose name we are known, is not so evident.

EXPERIENCES OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

All this region of country, embracing Southeastern Michigan and Northwestern Ohio, was similar in character and natural surface and presented about the same difficulties and hardships to the early settlers. These were

not such as now meet the Klondyke adventurers, nor such as met the California gold seekers of '49, but those which were necessarily met in establishing homes in a dense wilderness remote from the conveniences or even the necessities of civilized life, such as many of you here now before me yourselves met and can remember and realize more fully than I can describe. Houses were to be constructed out of the forest, and they were by the first settlers constructed in many instances wholly from materials so furnished, with very little and in some instances no others. The houses of which I have spoken, constructed by my father and those with him, were built in that way, and were very like the picture upon the book which I have in my hand and those which appear upon your badges. And they were constructed not merely for summer holiday pleasure seekers; not camps for loggers—men only—but homes for permanent residence of delicate women and young children during the storms of winter and all the vicissitudes of the changing seasons. These settlers were there not as mere seekers after sudden wealth, not for "jewels of the mine," but to make for themselves and their children permanent homes. Men of limited means, they received no donation from the government. There were no free homestead laws in those days, but upon entering their lands at the land office and paying in advance and in gold \$1.25 per acre for lands for which the government had pretended to pay the Indians two and one-half cents (out of which he had been largely swindled by the Indian traders) they were given a government certificate of purchase, and it was these lands that these great-hearted men and women—many of whom have since gone to their eternal home, and some of whom I see before me here at this time—by their toil converted into cultivated fields and comfortable homes. Roads were constructed, streams bridged, swamps drained, school houses and churches built, and all done in the midst of difficulties and

privations little realized by those who are now enjoying the benefits who did not participate in these labors. Not only were there dense heavily timbered forests to be cleared, but after being cleared the ground was not then ready for the plow, as were the prairies of the far west. An ax was necessary to make a place for the planting of the corn among the roots, and many a day have I myself followed the man with the ax and dropped the corn when he had made the hole. Wheat and other grains was harrowed in among the stumps, and at first mainly harvested with the sickle. The first field of wheat that my father raised was wholly harvested in that way; and afterwards, for want of room to swing the cradle among the stumps, it was frequently necessary to use the sickle in great measure in harvesting. Reaping or mowing machinery was then unknown and would have been useless if known. Oxen instead of horses only were used or useful on those rough farms, and generally upon the roads, for several years after the first settlement, and all this work was carried forward under such difficulties and with such labor under the shadow of an ever-present malaria that like a cloud over-shadowed and pursued the settler with fever and agues and rheumatism, that would hold the strongest helpless often for days or weeks.

In addition to all this was the absence of means of transportation. The roads had to be blazed or cut through forests and were then, in great part, bottomless, except as they were provided with corduroy, so that before produce could be raised in the settlement, the prices of everything brought in or attempted to be brought in, were fabulous and there was no market for anything that could be raised after the land had been so cleared as to raise anything upon it, and it was only by barter among themselves or at the village store, that their products could be disposed of. Of money there was substantially none, and the price of everything the farmer had to sell was very

low, and of that which he had to buy correspondingly high. I have heard my father tell of taking his pork to market and disposing of it at \$1.50 per hundred and taking home with him common salt at \$4 00 per barrel. Other things that he had to purchase were proportionate to this, substantially, in price.

But many and severe as were the hardships of the early settlers (as many of you well know) their lives were not wholly barren. I believe it was ordered by God in His superior wisdom and mercy, that in no situation or circumstances under which man is engaged in lawfully carrying out His purposes, is he ever wholly left without some gleam of His smile. These men and women were like ourselves, mortals, with the faults and frailties of our common humanity, but they were God-fearing men and women. They did not forget nor neglect His worship, because they were without elegant churches, costly organs or trained musicians, but in their groves, their log cabins, their barns, or wherever they could meet together, they worshiped the Most High as truly and devoutly as any of their more favored brethren. Their children did not need to wait for comfortable school-houses, or trained teachers, but received such instruction as their fathers and mothers were able to give them by the light of an open fire after the day's work was done, and at the earliest practicable time they were gathered into their log school-houses, or into any other shelter that was at hand, and were placed under the instruction of such teachers as could be found, and many a young man and many a young woman went into the battle of life with little if any education other than that thus obtained.

There was among the settlers a comradeship similar to that felt by the soldier, such in fact, as that usually existing between different persons sharing in common any special trial, danger or hardship. The latch-string—(many of the younger here may not know what that

means, but the older people know very well)—the latch-string, I say, always hung outside the door. Locks, and bolts, and bars, were unknown. A sleeping-place at night upon the floor, was all that was asked, or expected, by the weary traveler, but that was freely given and no questions asked. I remember my father saying that he had frequently got up in the morning from his bed where he slept, in the back of the room, and took observations to ascertain how he was to reach the fire at the other end, without treading upon any of the sleepers.

The neighborhood was not bounded by city blocks, but we considered every settler within six miles as a neighbor, and at every raising and every gathering at any time, all the neighbors within that distance were expected to be present, while in time of sickness or special need, or distress, each one received Samaritan aid and comfort. Many a field was planted and many a field was harvested by the settler's neighbors while the owner was held in the grip of the dreaded fever and ague, and many a sick and weary housewife was visited, nursed, cared for and relieved of household cares by unasked aid of her more fortunate sisters, and the quilting bee was a well known and favorite institution.

THE RESULT OF THEIR LABORS.

These earnest men and women who have gone, and those of them who are with us here to-day, laid the foundations of the state and society which it is our lot to enjoy, in the enduring principles of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man—principles which will endure when the earth shall melt with fervent heat. To them we owe a debt of gratitude which I fear those of us who did not participate in their labors, toils and trials can but faintly realize. Indeed, standing to-day in the midst of our present surroundings, it is difficult for any one to realize the changes that have been here wrought in these

few years of the white man's dominion in this wilderness. Tennyson says in *Locksley Hall*:

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

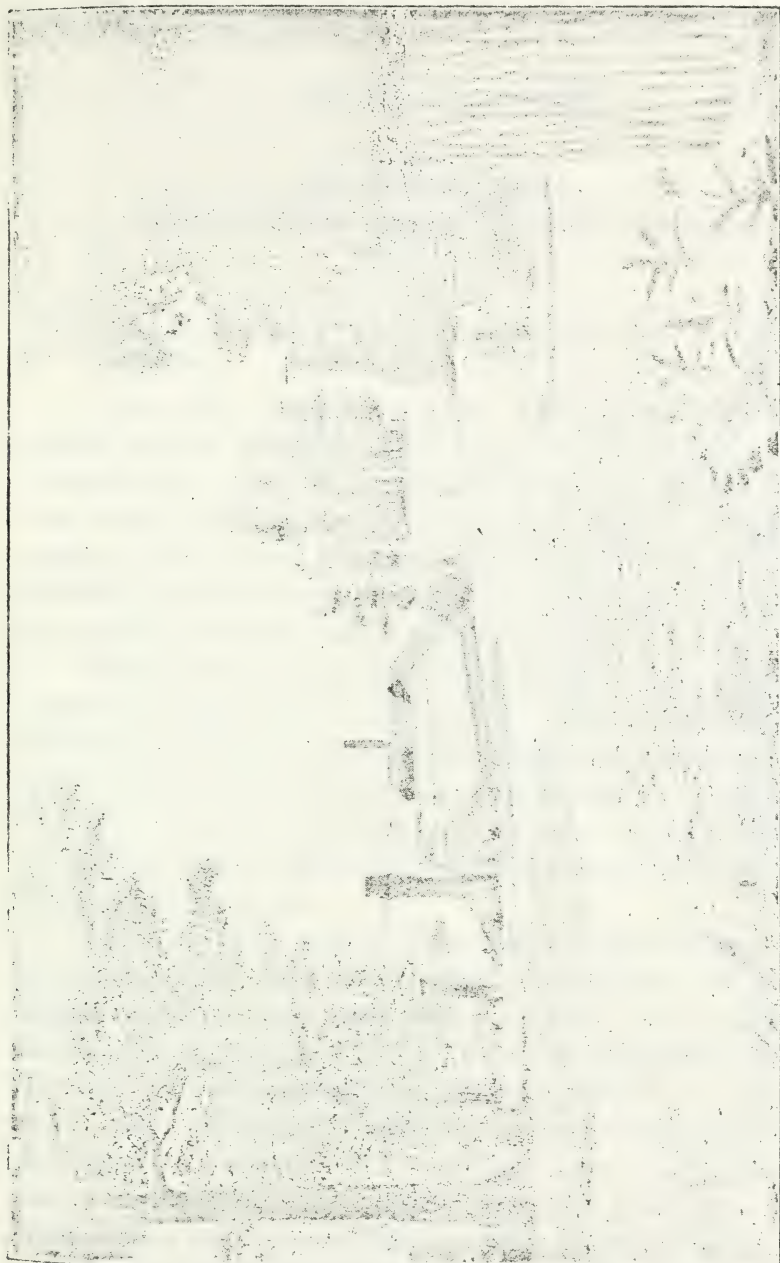
Who can tell what cycles time had run while the wild beast and red man held their undisputed sway? These fertile lands, these magnificent forests and beautiful streams—all this wealth of nature with all its possibilities, was here waiting development by human brain and power, and yet season followed season and year followed year in unvarying order, but the sun in his circuit in the heavens looked down upon the same unchanged field, forest and stream. The red man was nature's child, but had no power to control or shape its forces to do his bidding, or call forth its energies for his advance or uplift. With no power but his to control, "the great world would spin for ever down the ringing grooves of Time," and still remain unchanged. But fifty years of the white man's sway and the wilderness has been redeemed. The waste places that were haunts only of the wild beast, have been converted into happy homes. The sighing of the winds through the forest has given place to the hum of busy industry. Instead of the Indian village with its few rude tents or huts, we have towns and cities—centres of civilization and refinement. The Indian pony has given way on land to the lightning express train and the steamer has taken the place of the bark canoe upon the water.

But these years have brought changes in the men and women who were laborers in this great work. The greater number of them have ceased their labors here. Those here to-day show the whitening head as evidence of the changing years, but the majority is on the other bank of the stream. Those of us who in our youth were in some measure witnesses of their toils and struggles are fast coming to the brink, and our feet must, in the order of nature, at no distant time, dip into its cold waters. As one of these I am glad of this opportunity to speak in

memory of the pioneer passed away and in comforting reminiscence to those who still remain and who are here before me to-day. Very few indeed of those whom I knew in those early days of my boyhood of which I have spoken are now alive, and of those whom I knew after I came to this county very many have passed away. Your records—which I have here before me—and those which have been read in your hearing here to-day, speak in loving remembrance of many of these who were prominent and active men and women—faithful laborers in laying the foundations of civilization in this immediate vicinity, and I cannot too heartily commend the purpose of this society in making mention of, preserving and perpetuating the memory of those early settlers as they have passed and are passing away. Standing here as I do now, under the shadow of this old court house, you will pardon me for a personal reminiscence which comes very vividly to my mind. It is now forty-five years since court was held in this old court house in which I was admitted to the practice of the law, and the scenes that I witnessed in this court house during the time that I was in the habit of visiting it—coming to it frequently from Toledo, not as I came to-day—on an electric car—but coming on horseback on the tow-path of the canal—I remember vividly the forms and faces in the courts of that day—forms and faces no longer seen in the flesh. Judge Saddler, an early resident of Erie county, was then judge of the court; dignified and courteous, a model presiding judge upon the bench; and the bar had such leaders as John Fitch, at that time one of the foremost lawyers of this region, usually engaged on one side or the other of every important case, and for fifteen years afterwards judge of the court; Morrison R. Waite, afterwards prominent not only throughout the nation, but known throughout the world, and Chief Justice of the United States; Daniel O. Morton, tall and commanding in figure, an able lawyer, long

since dead; John C. Spink, who lived just across the river, but who traveled the circuit and practiced in all this Northwest; C. W. Hill, the polished advocate before a jury; William Baker, who has so recently died, all these were among the leaders of the bar, all now gone, and of that bar, old and young, so far as I know or believe, only Judge Dunlap, who sits down here before me, and Daniel F. Cook, of this place, remain alive. But I desire here and now to pay tribute to these early leaders of this bar, and to say that they left the stamp of their influence in their integrity and honor in the practice of their profession which I trust may long remain the standard of the practice of the profession at this bar.

Pleasant however as it is to dwell upon these reminiscences at this time, pleasant as it is for you to meet together to renew old associations and old friendships of former years, I will not detain you longer by any of my weak words. It is desirable that you who are here present and have taken part in these early scenes should often meet together for the purpose of reviving these recollections, and I trust that we all, by reason of them may be benefitted and profited in our lives hereafter. I bid you good day, and may God bless you all.



Maumee River at Walbridge Park.

ADDRESS

OF

R. MARK RICHARDSON,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION AT FORT MEIGS

AUGUST 14, 1890.

Venerable, Honored and Esteemed Pioneers of the Great Valley of the Maumee:

From the time the great God made our great world out of nothing, and hung it on nothing, and created man out of the earth, and did set him over the works of hands, and made our world a stepping stone to the upper world of glory, generation has succeeded generation and we have the pleasure and benefit of mingling with the latest generation yet on record.

From this we infer we ought to know more than the preceding generations, for we have the history of their triumphs and success, and of their blunders and failures to admonish and instruct us. We ought, as a generation, to be better than our predecessors, for we have their history of good and bad, their bad to warn us and their good to invite us to be good.

Pioneers, we ought to be among the very best of our generation; we have lived longer, seen more and had a longer space to get good and do good if the average of human life be $33\frac{1}{3}$ years, if 11 years of childhood before the line of accountability is crossed, and if 11 years is slept away, leaving 11 years for active responsible life. But most of us have lived more than twice $33\frac{1}{3}$ years, if our responsibility runs parallel with our privileges, how tremendous our responsibility to Him whose we are.

I came to the Maumee in 1843; the houses in Toledo were few and scattering; great banks of gray earth and

log ponds, where now stands fine business blocks and fine dwellings. It was then the days of tallow candles; the mothers had just laid aside the rush light for tallow dipped candle light; next mould candles; next candle factories; next pewter lamps and lard oil; next glass lamps and coal oil; then electric light flashing and dazzling; next natural gas for light and fuel; from light to light, from less to greater. How wonderful fulfillment of scripture. Many shall run too and fro, and knowledge shall increase, and so we have increased. Moral light also. From log school houses, where the gospel was preached, to fine churches in city and country, with pulpits filled with better preachers and better Sabbath schools.

Pioneers you have leveled our mighty forests, drained the swamps, cultivated our soil and turned the howling wilderness into beautiful farms and garden lands, waving with rich harvests, and fruit blossoming and blooming as the rose. You have seen banished in you day the rattlesnake, the wolf, the bear, the hostile Indian and the red-coat Briton; you have killed and buried old shaking ague—may he never have a resurrection—and now all over this beautiful valley we see here and there on a beautiful farm by the highway in a fence corner or in the field, an old giant oak, standing, an answer to somebody's prayer, "Woodman spare that tree to shelter man and flocks in storm and from the sun's scorching rays." These represent you, Pioneers; you are the moral oaks here and there, dotting the great valley, towering up as monuments of God's grace and preserving mercy. The tornado that uproots the strong, green trees, leaves standing here and there an old, dry, leafless, sapless tree. Well, the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness.

Ten thousand human beings start out together on life's journey at the age of twenty-one years, after ten years one-third have dropped out of the ranks; in ten

years more, or middle age, but half the number are on the road; at three-score years but six hundred are on the journey; at three-score and ten perhaps two hundred remain; at eighty years, from twelve to twenty; at ninety years, six tottering pilgrims remain; at one hundred years one lingers, a lonely marvel, like the last leaf of a tree in Autumn, shivering, fluttering in the breeze; we look again and all are gone.

Pioneers, fellow pilgrims, where will we be twenty years hence? Not here, above or below! O, where, I ask where? We are out on the mighty flowing River of Time; the stream bears us on, we cannot anchor or halt a moment, we may be ship-wrecked but we cannot be delayed. The river hastens to its home and to-day the roar of the ocean is in our ears, every beating pulse is a tap of the muffled drum beating our funeral march to our tombs; we ride on the wings of the wind and every swing of the pendulum a soul passes into eternity.

It is said at a party of old and young the question was asked which season of life is the most happy. It was referred to the host, a man of eighty years old. He asked if they had observed a grove of trees before the dwelling. He said in Spring's soft air the buds covered with blossoms; I think how beautiful is Spring. Summer comes and covers the trees with foliage and singing birds in the branches, and I think how beautiful is Summer; and when Autumn loads the trees with golden fruit and the tint of frost paint the leaves, I think how beautiful is Autumn; and when sear, bleak winter comes and neither foliage nor fruit, I look up through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, and I see the stars shine through.

Yes, Springtime of life, innocent youth, is beautiful, if they remember their Creator in the days of their youth. Summer of manhood, if you are men of God and your powers are employed to do good, is beautiful. Autumn

of life, if the fruit of righteousness appear, is beautiful.

And when the winter of death comes and the good look up, having brought forth fruit in old age, and not a cloud obscure their moral heavens, and they see the bright and morning star and are ready to soar away to dwell with Him and the good of all worlds, how beautiful is old age when the hoary head is a crown of glory.

All along this great valley the earth has been made drunk with the blood of our fallen heroes whose bones have mouldered in the soil or bleached by the rays of the vertical sun whose dust has flowed in the water or floated in the winds that swept over our great valley. We rejoice that they died not in vain, that as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, so the blood of our fallen heroes was the seed of liberty and right.

We rejoice that in the three great wars within the last eighty years with Great Britain and with Mexico, and with the South that victory has perched on our banners in each and all of those bloody wars, and the old flag shines brighter and brighter in the firmament of our freedom. You have seen a colony struggle into national existence and her numbers multiplied into scores of millions, the great eagle of liberty soared above the war cloud and stretched her wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the eastern shores to the farthest point beyond the Rocky Mountains. In territory we dwarfing all Europe, and under the shadow of her wings is an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations, and all nations are flowing to it; a nation of the greatest wealth and most glorious freedom, where labor is dignified and universal, male suffrage and education elevates all classes and now we have our government one nation, one union, one flag waving over the land of the free and the home of the brave

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our union forever.—*Morris.*

MARK RICHARDSON.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

EDWARD BASSETT,

FAMILIAR FIGURE IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF TOLEDO.

ARDENT ABOLITIONIST AND WARM FRIEND OF THE LATE GOVERNOR
ASHLEY.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Edward Pangman Bassett, an old time abolitionist and early settler in Toledo, died at his home in Toledo March 2, 1897, aged 78 years, four months and eight days. Two sons and one daughter survive him, (Mrs. Bassett and one son, Edward, having died some years ago). Lewis Bassett and Mrs. Cornelia Bassett-Barr reside in Toledo, and Charles Bassett, the eminent tenor, who is with the Boston Ideals.

While Mr. E. P. Bassett has not been so well known in recent years owing to his retirement, he was one of Toledo's most prominent citizens a few years ago.

Mr. Bassett was an early abolitionist and a close friend of Governor Ashley. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Bassett, then a well-known attorney, was the first to raise his voice for the preservation of the Union. In the memorable rally at the old Union Depot, Monday evening, April 15th, 1861, just after the firing on Fort Sumter, Mr. Bassett was one of the speakers of the occasion.

Mr. Bassett was well-known as a business man. He was one of the directors of the Toledo Street Railway company organized in September, 1865. He was also a director in the Toledo Bridge Company, which company, in 1864, built the first bridge across the Maumee. He served from 1861 to 1865 as postmaster of Toledo. He was a practitioner of law for 40 years. The record of his

life and his services to his fellow men are a creditable heritage and should be cherished as worthy of example.

Capt. Dowling, in speaking of Mr. Bassett, said: "He was a man of sterling worth. He had a positive character and had warm friends and a few enemies, as all men of a positive stamp must have. He was a law partner of Charles Kent and was prominent in Republican politics."

MEMORIAL

—OF—

MRS. PAMELA BERDAN.

Mrs. Pamela Berdan, widow of the late John Berdan, Sr., died October 9th, 1896, at the residence of Mrs. Peter Berdan at the advanced age of 94 years. Notwithstanding her many years, Mrs. Berdan was vigorous in both mind and body until a little over a year previous to her death.

Mrs. Berdan was one of the oldest residents in the city of Toledo. In fact she came to where Toledo is located before the corporation was in existence, having located on its site with her husband in 1836, which was a little over a year before Toledo was incorporated.

Mr. John Berdan, Sr., was the first mayor of the new town, and was a prominent citizen up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1841.

Mrs. Pamela Berdan was a native of Massachusetts. With her husband she came to Ohio from New York State, making the journey in a carriage, as it was before the days of railroads. After a short residence at Brunswick, near Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Berdan and their five children came to this part of the State.

The children mentioned were Mr. John Berdan, Mrs. V. H. Ketcham, Mr. Peter Berdan, Mrs. Buckingham, of Springfield, O., and Mr. George Berdan. Of the children only the two first mentioned survive.

Mrs. Berdan has for many years made her home at the Peter Berdan residence, No. 729 Superior St. Mrs. Berdan was one of the charter members of the First Congregational church. The Rev. Dr. W. W. Williams, a life-long friend of the deceased, conducted the funeral service.

MEMORIAL ACCOUNT

OF

DEACON MAVOR BRIGHAM, OF TOLEDO.

BY

CLARK WAGGONER.

The limited mention of the life of Mavor Brigham, permissible here, could not be more properly introduced than by the succinct sketch found in the "Weekly Calendar of Work and Worship of the First Congregational Church of Toledo," of date of December 11, 1892, which is as follows:



MAVOR BRIGHAM

"With hearty congratulations and the fraternal love

of the Church, we greet our Venerable Deacon of nearly a half-century, our Church Clerk for forty-six years, and our Heaven-kept and honored Brother ever."

"MAVOR BRIGHAM—Born May 16, 1806, in Westmoreland, Oneida County, New York."

"Converted and united with the church (Vienna, N. Y.) November, 1834."

"Removed to Toledo, May, 1835. Has been identified with this Zion from its birth. Has been elected 46 times as Church Clerk, and was long its Choir Master. Our brother has been honored by his fellow citizens as well as by the Church. He has been Mayor of Toledo, Collector of Tolls of Ohio canals (appointment of Gov. S. P. Chase), member of first Board of Police Commissioners (appointment of Gov. Cox), member of City Council, etc., etc. He superintended the building of this church, and the high school of Toledo. He has a record of a brave and philanthropic man in anti-slavery times, and amidst the three cholera visitations of the city."

Mr. Brigham's father was a native of Fitz-William, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, born in 1781, whence, in 1789, the family removed to Westmoreland, Oneida County, New York. He married Amanda Spaulding in 1803, and settled on a farm covered with forest in that town, which he cleared and reduced to cultivation. In that home, a log house roofed with bark peeled from elm trees, and having a single room, the subject of this sketch was born, being second of eight children, four sons and four daughters. School privileges there were very limited, the only school being one and one-half miles distant, with bad roads intervening. As the oldest son he was charged with farm work, largely to exclusion of school attendance. Compelled by financial embarrassment to leave the farm, the family removed to Vienna, same county, in 1819, on a farm also wholly of woods, where another log house was built, without window, and with blanket as substitute for

door. In 1823 they removed to another log house seven miles distant. The father's poor health soon demanded the entire time of the son, to the total exclusion of school privileges, for three years. When 20 years old the son attended school for three months.

Arriving at 21 years, Mr. Brigham set out in active life in employ of a carpenter, at \$10 per month, continuing the same for two years. In 1829 he went to Watertown, Jefferson County, New York, following his trade there for a year. In September, 1830, he was married with Miss Clarissa Bill, daughter of Deacon Oliver Bill, and cousin of Earl Bill, late Clerk of the United States Court for Northern Ohio. He remained in Watertown, working at his trade and teaching school a short time until the Spring of 1835, when, with his family, consisting of wife and one child (now Mrs. Harriet E. Beach, of Toledo), he started for "the West." Taking a canal-boat, he came to Buffalo, where he boarded the historical steamer *Commodore Perry*, Captain David Wilkinson, for the locality since known as Toledo. Here he worked at his trade until the spring of 1838, when he contracted to build a church at Dundee, Mich., taking his family. While there, with Judge Ingersoll and Samuel Barber as partners, he built four and one-quarter miles of the Southern Michigan railroad, a branch to Dundee, which never was used. In the Spring of 1840 he returned to Toledo, which he had regarded as his residence during his absence, continuing his trade here. In 1841 he engaged as repairing agent at \$2 per day, for the Erie & Kalamazoo railroad, opened from Toledo to Adrian in 1836.

In March, 1842, Mr. Brigham was called to his first serious affliction, in the death of his wife, who left three small childred, (Harriet E., Charles O., and Franklin S.,) the youngest but one month old. Returning with his children to Vienna, he remained there until Fall, the infant son meantime dying. He then returned to Toledo,

where he remained until April, 1843. At a special election in January he had been elected as Justice of the Peace, which office he held for six years.

In June, 1843, he went to Vienna, New York, remaining there until September, meantime (July 27), being married with Miss Malinda P. Merrell, of Westmoreland. Returning to Toledo he located on Huron street, and when not engaged in his Justice office he was busy at his trade as carpenter. In 1846 he purchased the lot now No. 829 Superior street, living there until 1848, when he purchased the location (No. 719 Walnut street), where for nearly fifty years was what he so justly called his "dear, happy home," as it was of his dear, happy family, from which his children successively passed to the responsibilities of active, honorable lives.

In 1852 Mr. Brigham was laid up in health with sciatica, so severe as to largely to deprive him of physical strength, which, with loss of his shop and tools by fire, compelled him to suspend his life-work and turn his attention to other lines of business, including the Canal Collectorship, hardware and stove trade and book-keeping. From about 1876 until his death he was unable to pursue regular business of any sort, being largely confined to his home, but throughout that time he greatly enjoyed the blessings of home life, as he did those of church and social relations. As so justly set forth by the church of his connection, his interest in its service never relaxed, but was abiding in extent of time very rarely known, thus furnishing an example worthy of emulation in coming years.

Of his anti-slavery action it may be stated that, with four others, he organized, in 1833, one of the very earliest societies in the country for resisting the aggressions of the slave-power. Being denied the use of the school-house in Vienna, N. Y., for such purpose, they met in a wagon shop. His interest in that connection never flagged, he being permitted to live 32 years after the fall

of the slave-power in rebellion. As an active friend of temperance he was no less prominent, his interest never abating in that behalf, as it never did in whatever concerned the welfare of his fellow men.

Mr. Brigham largely, and no doubt justly, attributed his early and life-long religious interest and activity to his ancestors, who for generations were devoted members of the church of his choice. His grandfather held the office of Deacon in the same for fifty years, and until his death in 1849, at the age of 96 years. His father held the same for the period of 46 years, and until his death in 1867. As already shown, he held that relation to the Toledo church for the longer period of 51 years, making an aggregate service of grandfather, father and son of 147 years, the average being 49 years, a record probably without equal, and eminently worthy the high appreciation of descendants of such ancestry. Noticeable in this connection is the fact, that for the period of three years (1846-1849) the representatives of the three generations were all in such service.

When Mr. Brigham arrived in Toledo he united with the Presbyterian church, the only church organization there. In 1840 it was changed to the Congregational form, and in 1842 about one-half its membership withdrew and organized a Presbyterian church. Two years later the two were united in the First Congregational church, since so successfully maintained.

Mr. Brigham closed his extended life of activity and usefulness January 8, 1897, leaving the partner of 54 years of loving association and their five children, (Stanley F., George M., William A., Frederick M. and Harry C.) with Mrs. Beach and C. O. Brigham, already mentioned, all of whom, in the providence of God, were permitted personally to pay parting honors to the one so largely the source of their welfare. The expression of respect for the memory of the deceased, both by the church of his con-

nection and devoted service, and the community so familiar with his personal worth, left no room for doubt as to the appreciation in which he was held. While many lives have been made more conspicuous than was his, it is deemed safe to state, that comparatively few were marked by more uniform consideration for the welfare of others.

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. C. D. DICKS.

After passing through the four-score-and-five circles of this life, Mrs. C. D. Dicks entered the imperceptible circle of life beyond, July 27th, 1897.

This refined and cultured lady was perhaps better known in Northwestern Ohio than any old resident. For fifty years her home has been the one place of all places for old-time residents of the Maumee Valley to visit. Her associations with such families as the Waites, Youngs, Backus, Hunts, Forsyths, Hulls, Commagers, Champions, Moores, Spencers, Ranneys, Bostwicks, St. Claires, Reynolds and others, names that are familiar in all Northern Ohio, was kept up until one by one the heads of these families were claimed by the Great Reaper; she being privileged to be one of the very last remaining of that band of noble pioneer men and women. The younger members of these families deemed it a privilege to keep up the acquaintance of this lovely old lady, and, until her death, her correspondents were many, and at this advanced age her letters were spoken of as being remarkable for their beauty of expression, cleverness and originality.

Mrs Christina Darst Dicks was born November 25th, 1812, in Green County, near Dayton, O. Her parents were one of those fine old Southern families who came to Ohio in its early days. She was married to William B. Dicks in May, 1833, and she, with her estimable husband, came to Maumee in 1847. She was the mother of three children, William B. Dicks, Jr., who died in 1882 at St. Paul, Minn., and two daughters, Mrs. Julia A. Johnson, of

Dayton, and Mrs. Phebe C. Bachelder, of Maumee. She was a kind mother to her children, and received from them the most extravagant devotion in return for her years of unselfish care. Her husband, a man of wealth, was remarkable for his unostentatious charity and benevolence. He preceded her home 22 years ago.

She came to Maumee in its prime. She enjoyed social life, and was a most delightful and gracious hostess, and invitations to her home were eagerly sought after. During the vicissitudes of the many years that have intervened, she had been very zealous in the welfare of anything pertaining to the interests of her chosen town.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

ALFRED P. EDGERTON.

Although not a member of this Association, he was a prominent man in the Maumee Valley, who had many warm personal friends, and whose public as well as his private life was a model for us all to imitate. For nearly or quite sixty years he made Hicksville, in Defiance County, his home, and died there on the 14th day of May, 1897.

The following is a short sketch of his life which I received from him during his lifetime, and for that reason deem it authentic :

“REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF INDIANA.”

12th Congressional District, Fort Wayne, Page 44.

ALFRED P. EDGERTON, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was born in Plattsburgh, Clinton County, New York, on the 11th of January, 1813, and is the eldest son of Bela Edgerton and Phebe Ketchum, who were married on the 24th of March, 1811. His father was born in Norwich, Connecticut, September 28, 1787, and was descended from Richard Edgerton, one of the original proprietors of Norwich. Bela Edgerton graduated at Middleburg College, Vermont, and early moved to Plattsburgh, Clinton County, New York. He was a lawyer by profession, and after taking up his residence at Plattsburgh was elected a member of the Assembly 1826-7-8. He died at Fort Wayne September 10, 1874, aged 87 years. Mrs. Edgerton was born on the Livingston Manor, Dutchess County, New York, March 27, 1790, and died at Hicksville, Ohio,

August 24, 1844, and was buried at Fort Wayne. Alfred P. Edgerton, the son, was a graduate of the academy at Plattsburgh, and became the editor of a newspaper in his native county in 1833; but in the fall of that year removed to the city of New York, where he engaged in commercial pursuits. In the Spring of 1837 he came to Ohio, and assumed the management of the extensive landed interests of the American Land Company, and of the Hicks Land Company. At this office over 140,000 acres of land were sold. In 1852 Mr. Edgerton was the owner of nearly 40,000 acres in Northwest Ohio, a large part since disposed of to actual settlers, towards whom a liberal policy was shown. All of this land, 140,000 acres, was sold under duplicate contracts; the form was drawn by Benjamin F. Butler, who was Attorney General under President Van Buren, and the brother of Charles Butler, the President of the American Land Company. There never was any change made in the form of these contracts. Deeds were given only when payments were made in full. During Mr. Edgerton's residence at Hicksville he was actively engaged in developing and improving the town and its neighborhood. In 1845 he was elected to the State Senate, then comprising many able men, where he took an active part. Mr. Edgerton being a new member, little was known or expected of him, but when Alfred Kelly, then the leader of the Whig party in the Senate, introduced the financial policy then favored by them, with kindred issues, he was opposed by Mr. Edgerton with force and ability. His speeches electrified the Senate by their accurate knowledge of the finances of the state. Mr. Kelly met a redoubtable foeman, and the Democrats were all delighted with the success that their speaker had gained in the debate, and thenceforth he was recognized as their leader. The next year he was proposed and strongly supported by many leading Democrats as their candidate for Governor. In 1850, after the close of a

brilliant career in the State Senate, he was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States, and re-elected in 1852. During his first term he was the second on the Committee on Claims, but in the next Congress was chairman. This was a very important committee, and involved much arduous labor. His services in the committee-room were of great value to the country, but he did not neglect his position on the floor of the House. In debate he was forcible, logical, pungent, and refined, his speeches showing great research, and being filled with information, practical good sense and discrimination.

In 1853 he was selected by the Board of Fund Commissioners of Ohio to represent the state as its financial agent in New York City. This was the inauguration of a new policy by Ohio, of having its funds kept by its own agents and within its own control. In 1856 he was chairman of the Committee of Organization of the National Democratic Convention, held that year in Cincinnati. In 1859 he was one of a committee appointed by the Legislature of Ohio to investigate the frauds in the state treasury. He made an elaborate report, which was accepted by the public as a full exposition of the frauds and their authors. In 1857 he removed to Fort Wayne, but retained his citizenship in Ohio till 1862. In 1859 in conjunction with Hugh McCulloch, since Secretary of the Treasury, and Pliny Hoagland, he became a lessee of the Indiana Canal, from the Ohio state line to Terre Haute, assuming the position of general manager, and controlled the business until 1868. In 1868 he was nominated by the Democratic State Convention as their candidate for Lieutenant-governor, on the same ticket as Thomas A. Hendricks as Governor, but the ticket was defeated by less than a thousand votes. In 1872 he was nominated for Governor by the O'Connor Democrats, but declined in an able and dignified letter addressed to the chairman of the convention. He

concluded by saying; "I therefore shall vote the ticket with Mr. Hendricks at its head, and I earnestly hope that all Democrats in the state will do likewise." He has been called by his friends to fill many minor positions. He was a delegate from Ohio to the Baltimore Convention in 1848, and from Indiana to the Chicago Convention in 1864. He has been an active and efficient member and president of the school board in Fort Wayne for many years, and whatever places he has occupied he has filled with complete satisfaction to those who have conferred them upon him and with honor to himself. In private life he is an excellent, accomplished and genial gentleman. He is one of the best and most successful business men of the state, and is a prominent favorite, and respected citizen. He was married to Charlotte Dixon February 9, 1841 at Columbus, Ohio. She was the daughter of Charles Dixon and was born near Middletown, Connecticut, June 1, 1818, and they have six children—three sons and three daughters—all married. Their present residence in Hicksville, built by Mr. Edgerton, is the first frame residence built in the township. Mr. Edgerton's legal residence is in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he has resided since 1859.—occupying at times both homes. In November, 1885, Mr. Edgerton was appointed one of the United States Civil Service Commissioners and became president of the Commission. After his retirement from the Civil Service Commission he removed to Hicksville, to his old home where his wife died a few years ago.

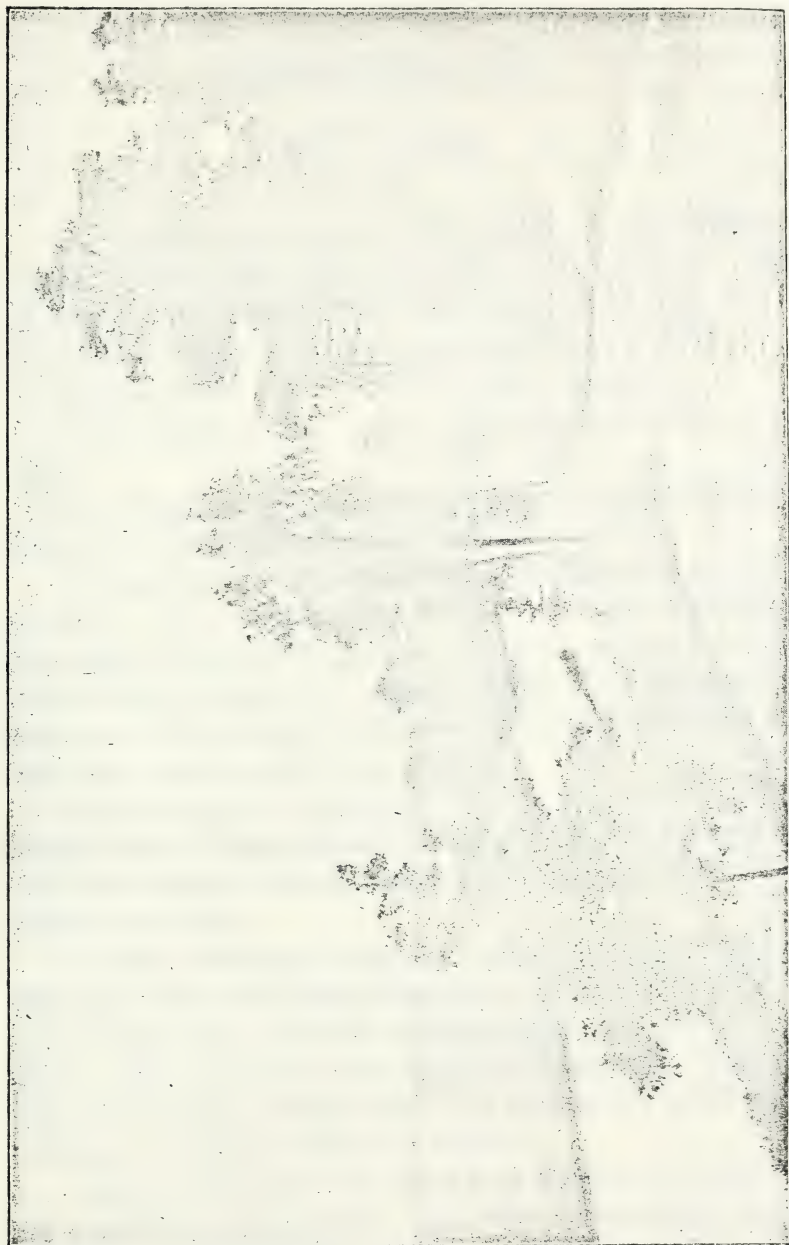
At a Lincoln Banquet held at Hicksville on Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, 1894, Mr. Edgerton was present and responded to the toast "Lincoln as President." Mr. L. E. Griffin in his introduction of Mr. Edgerton, voiced the feelings of the people of Hicksville, which I quote. After announcing the above toast he says:

"To respond to this toast I have the pleasure of announcing to you our own townsman. For more than half

a century almost the same roof that now shelters him, has sheltered him, and during that time a generation has come and gone. Let it be said of him and in honor of him, publicly and in his own hearing, that his life, his example, his integrity, his honor and his citizenship have been a boon to this community and this people.

“Whether he was in private life, or whether he was in the highest causes of the nation, or whether he was the umpire between the spoilsmen of his own party, the peace keeper of the opposition party, or the mugwump astride of the fence, or whether he held his voting place in another state, Hicksville has persistently claimed him as her foremost citizen, unwilling to share that honor with others. He needs no introduction.”

His funeral was largely attended at Hicksville, Sunday the 16th, the proceedings of which are too lengthy for this sketch. The last funeral rites were held in the Protestant Episcopal church at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and his mortal remains found a resting place in Lindenwood cemetery with his father and mother, and wife and two brothers, Lycurgus and Joseph K., both of whom died suddenly away from home and were brought to Fort Wayne for burial.



Scene on the Maumee at Walbridge Park.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

COL. J. A. FASKIN.

Col. John Faskin died at his home at 106 Melrose avenue, Sunday night, May 9th, 1897, at 12 o'clock. He had been confined to his bed but a week, and only for a few days had his condition been regarded as serious.

Deceased left a wife and six grown children.

The funeral services were held Wednesday at 2:30 P. M.

Col. Faskin, besides being known as a most highly esteemed citizen, had a brilliant military record.

He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, September 20, 1821. On reaching manhood he became a member of the 93d Highland Regiment, where he served for nine years as drill sergeant. Being assigned to Quebec he there met Miss Mary McMillan, and on September 25, 1846 they were united in marriage.

Purchasing his discharge, he came to the United States, and, in 1854, settled in Toledo. For 35 years he was well known here as clerk for Whittaker & Phillips, hardware dealers.

At the outbreak of the civil war, he volunteered as adjutant of the 67th Ohio Regiment. His former military service came in good turn, and his ability was soon recognized. He resigned from the 67th Regiment, May 26, 1862, and in June of the same year accepted a position as lieutenant colonel of the 87th Ohio.

Later in the war he served as lieutenant colonel of the 130th Ohio Regiment. He was an excellent disciplinarian, and did valiant service in the numerous battles in which his command was engaged.



As a citizen he was most highly esteemed. He was a member of the Toledo Post G. A. R. and of Commandery No. 7, Knights Templar. Being a Scotchman, he was naturally interested in sports of Scotland. He was at one time an enthusiastic curler, and was known as the father of the Burns Curling Club, of which organization he was an honorary member at the time of his death.

Col. Faskin had not been well for a number of years. Chronic malaria and other diseases contracted in the service told on his system. About one week previous to his death he took to his bed, and the end came not unexpectedly.

His wife, five daughters and one son were at his bedside. The children are Mrs. George W. Fague, Mrs. William Midlam, Mrs. J. C. Harlin, Miss Maggie Faskin, Mrs. N. Craig and James A. Faskin.

Mr. and Mrs. Faskin celebrated their golden wedding in September, 1896.

Dr. S. F. Forbes, who was associated with Colonel Faskin during the war, has paid this glowing tribute to him as a soldier and citizen: "He was a splendid drill-master and organizer, and his ability was recognized by the adjutant general. He had unflinching courage in the field, and while a strict disciplinarian, no one felt that he was unjust or was asking any hardship of his men that he would not endure himself. His knowledge, judgment and discretion when under fire, secured for him the highest confidence of his men and other officers.

"As a citizen, his life has been most exemplary. No man was better known in Toledo 25 years ago, and none were more highly respected."

MEMORIAL

OF

CAPT. CALVIN HERRICK.

This old, long-experienced and very capable lake mariner died at his home 3368 Cherry street, on Saturday evening August 14th, 1897, at 6:50 o'clock.

Calvin Herrick, one of the oldest living lake captains in this section, was a son of James S., and Martha (Sharpsteen) Herrick, and was born in Richmond, Ontario County, New York, January 19th, 1819. In 1823 his parents came to Ohio and settled at Maumee. His father carried on his trade, (blacksmithing). Shortly after they moved to Waterville, but while the subject of this sketch was quite a lad his parents returned to New York and settled in Livingston County. Here young Herrick remained until 16 years of age when he came to Perrysburg and assisted his brother Elijah in transporting merchandise by team from that place to Providence. In 1837 he commenced his career in lake navigation by entering the employ of Capt. Curtice Perry, on the schooner Caroline, with whom he sailed until 1845—the last two years as mate. In 1845 he was made captain of the schooner Kentucky, owned by Mr. D. B. Smith, (now secretary of the Toledo Produce Exchange), a position he held for a year and a half. For two years following he was mate of the propeller Globe, commanded by Capt. Henry Whitmore.

He was again selected by Mr. D. B. Smith to command the schooner Alvin Bronson, owned by him, in which position he remained two years. In 1852 he became captain of the propeller Henry A. Kent, which he successfully commanded until she was destroyed by fire

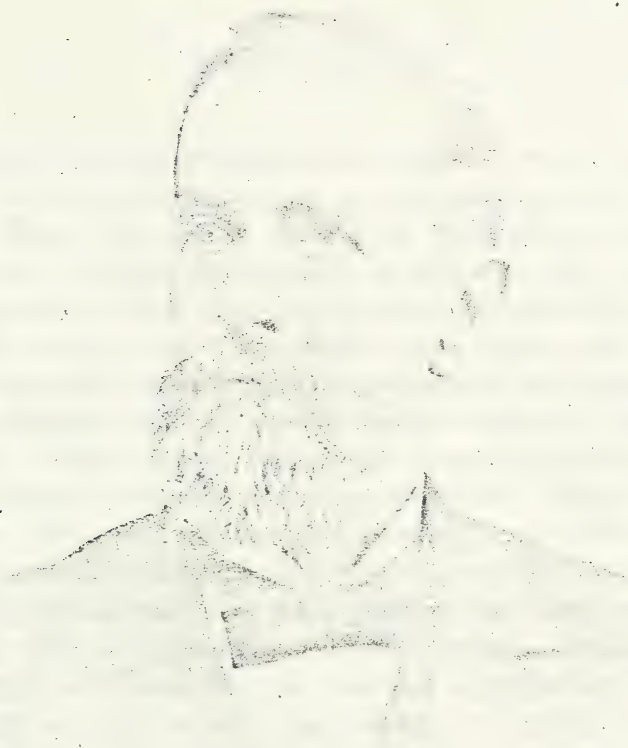
May 18, 1854. Following this date he commanded the propeller Scioto for two years. He brought out the propeller Potomac and commanded her for a length of time. In 1856 the marine insurance companies along the lakes formed a board of lake underwriters for mutual protection, and employed men in the different divisions of their territory to inspect vessels and report their condition. Capt. Herrick was employed by this board as marine inspector, his district extending from Toledo to Cleveland. This position he held for several years, and subsequently acted in a similar capacity for the fire and marine and Toledo insurance companies. For many successive years appointed harbor-master by the city council, a position he filled most acceptably.

Capt. Herrick was married December 3, 1846, to Margaret Van Fleet, daughter of Jared Van Fleet, an early settler in Lucas county. Seven children have been born to them, four of whom are now living, the others having died in infancy. The living children are Thomas C., Mattie E., now the wife of Elmer Shields; Clara, wife of Charles Beard; and Anna, wife of John Swigart.

Capt. Herrick retired from business about 25 years ago.

He lived an honorable, conscientious life, and in all his relations with his fellow-men proved worthy of trust and confidence.

The funeral services were conducted at the family residence by Rev. Mr. Bethards, of St. John's M. E. church. The remains were laid to rest in Forest cemetery.



REUBEN B. MITCHELL.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

REUBEN B. MITCHELL.

This Association desires to put on record the expression of its sincere sorrow at the passing away from earth, May 10th, 1897, of one of its leading associate members. Reuben B. Mitchell, of Maumee City, a long-time member of our Association, has been suddenly called from his earthly cares and duties to a higher life. Our friend was the most genial of gentlemen, and popular in all his relations with us and all with whom he came in contact. His business career has been long and varied, but always a successful and honorable one. First a large foundry and next milling and banking. A milling and grain business occupied his chief attention. His intercourse with all men has been marked by integrity and fidelity to his engagements. Under present estimates of the length of human life, he had not attained to a very ripe age, and left us at the age of 67. It is the close of an upright and honorable life, and one worthy our imitation, and most heartily do we deplore his loss from our Association. A long residence on this river has endeared him to a wide circle of friends, who will equally mourn with us. His wife and four children survive him.

MEMORIAL

OF
JOSEPH RALSTON.

Joseph Ralston was born in Hanover, Dauphin County, Pa., June 20th, 1818. His parents were both Pennsylvanians by birth. He was the oldest of a family of ten children. In 1824 his parents moved to Lebanon, Lebanon County, in the same state, where he attended the Lebanon academy, graduating from that institution in 1831. In March, 1832, he, with his parents, started for Ohio, and after 17 days' travel overland arrived at Massilon, Ohio, on the 10th day of April and soon after settled on a farm near by, where his parents died—his father August 10th, 1858, his mother May 30th, 1868. Joseph assisted on the farm until the age of 18, when he commenced teaching school, and continued at that vocation six years. June 23rd, 1839, he was married to Anna E. Shorb, of Stark County, Ohio, whose parents were born in Maryland, and immigrated to Stark County in 1820. Mrs. Ralston was also one of a family of ten children. Mr. Ralston remained in Stark County about three years after his marriage, when he concluded to seek his fortune in the West. Accordingly in October, 1843, he and his family, consisting of his wife and son, took passage on a canal boat on the Ohio canal at Massilon, for Cleveland, and there embarked on the old steamer Superior for Toledo. Here they took passage on the canal boat Red Lion for Defiance, arriving there October 10, 1843. Here he met an old acquaintance, S. P. Cameron, who induced him to settle in Washington township, where Georgetown is now located, and occupied a small log cabin on the land of Mr. Cameron until he could secure a place for his

future home, which he did by selecting 80 acres of land in Tiffin township, on the bank of Mud Creek, being the first settler on that stream. He commenced the clearing of the forest preparatory to putting up a house, which in those days was quite an undertaking, owing to the scarcity of help which had to come from two to six miles. The season was an exceedingly wet one which proved quite a hindrance, as he had to gather his help five times, but after a time he succeeded and moved into it, and was "monarch of all he surveyed," for his neighbors were neither near nor plenty, the nearest being two miles on the North, four on the South, four miles on the East, and on the West the forest was unbroken for twenty miles. After clearing part of this farm, putting up a hewed log house, (which is in good condition yet), setting out an orchard, carrying the trees on his back six miles, and making several improvements, he sold out in 1850, and in 1851 moved to Defiance and purchased the place which is still the family residence. Here he engaged in a general merchandising and produce business. Mr. Ralston filled several public offices during his time. In 1860 he was elected Justice of the Peace. In 1863 appointed by the government Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Tenth Collection District, and Deputy Collector of Revenue thereafter.

Mr. Ralston made a success of life, accumulating many acres of land, owning about a section of land at the time of his death, which occurred October 22nd, 1895. Of a family of seven children, Mrs. Ralston and three children survive him.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

MARK RICHARDSON,

THE PIONEER LOCAL PREACHER AND ORATOR OF THE MAUMEE VALLEY.

BY N. B. C. LOVE, D. D.

Only a few pioneers were found in the Maumee Valley at the commencement of the 19th century. Those who came during the first half of this century were from homes of intelligence and morality, either in the Fatherland or the Eastern States. Mark Richardson was one of this number, bringing with him refinement, knowledge and morality. He was naturally an extraordinary man with profound convictions. He was born in the Emerald Isle and came in his early manhood to America and settled in Perrysburg, Ohio, in 1843, and from thence to Maumee City in 1849, where he lived respected by his fellow citizens to his death, February 22nd, 1897.

He was a tanner by trade, and for many years he conducted an extensive business, and during all this time he improved his spare moments in reading and study, and on the Sabbath Day preaching the gospel. During the last twenty-five years the most of his time was given to the work of the ministry, sustaining to the M. E. church the relation of local elder, and serving in the regular pastorate under the supervision of the presiding elder.

He preached first in Wood County in 1846, and in Miami in 1847. His last church was at Detroit Avenue church, Toledo, a most difficult charge to serve, yet he, of all who served it, was the most successful. He was 82 years of age, and last January he and his excellent wife celebrated the 59th anniversary of their wedding.

Eleven children came to their home, two of whom died in infancy, and the nine surviving were with him in the hours of his departure.

Mark Richardson's demeanor and appearance carried the conviction of his dignity and superiority, and yet such were benignity of his countenance and the kindness of his manner that the humblest found him a friend. He was reliable. His word could be depended on and his friendship had the God-like element of continuity. He despised all shams. Time servers in church or state were in abomination. He was not ashamed to own that he had a conscience, nor did he hesitate to act up to his convictions of duty. He was, however, broad and had great-charity for those who honestly, in any way, differed from him. The welfare of others delighted him and any promotions or successes of his brothers seemed to give him pleasure.

He was familiar with distress and often was found in the homes of the suffering.

In the days of his physical vigor he was not surpassed in the Maumee Valley as a pulpit orator. His voice was resonant and far reaching, his articulation distinct and his language ready and appropriate. His illustrations were original and happily selected and effective, his doctrine sound and his views of life hopeful and far reaching, orthodox yet liberal. For half a century he took an active part in the affairs of the church and the county.

His knowledge of the Bible and of the best literature of the day was remarkable. His memory was comprehensive and accurate. He was a patriot. During the war of the rebellion his voice was often heard in favor of union and liberty. He was the friend of the poor and unfortunate.

But the end came. Life dropped the distaff quickly and the silver chord was loosed ; then as the light of the morning shone upon his stricken form, an angel escort conducted him into the light of the eternal day.

His funeral was largely attended and was in charge of his pastor, Rev. A. Hopkins, who preached an appropriate sermon, 2 Samuel 3 ; 38, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." The singing was led by Rev. Mr. Casey. Dr. P. P. Pope pronounced an eloquent eulogy, and the closing prayer by Dr. J. M. Avann.

The following ministers were present: Revs. J. R. Colgan, J. H. Bethards, F. L. Wharton, D. H. Bailey, J. W. Donnan, T. J. Pope and O. Wagner.

The preachers meeting of Toledo, Ohio, took action upon his death, appointing as a committee Dr. N. B. C. Love and Rev. J. W. Donnan, who reported as follows:

"We recognize the fact that in the death of Rev. Mark Richardson the church has lost one of its ablest men, and the memory of him shall not perish.

"Resolved, That an expression of the sympathy of the ministers of this association be extended to the bereaved wife and children in this, their said bereavement.

"Resolved, That this report and action of the association be recorded in the minutes of the association."

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

MEMORIAL

OF

ALFRED THURSTIN, OF BOWLING GREEN.

Alfred Thurstin, Bowling Green's aged first settler, died at 8 o'clock on the morning of April 21st, 1897, at the age of 91 years, after a residence of over 60 years on the land now occupied by the eastern half of the city. It has been granted to but few men to witness the changes that came to Thurstin's vision through these long 63 years. In 1834 he entered the 80 acres now comprised within a portion of Bowling Green. In 1834 he built his cabin on the spot now occupied by the Sentinel building. He then returned to the East to get his bride. During the winter the two or three families living in this vicinity pre-empted the vacant cabin for the first school held in Bowling Green. In the spring Mr. Thurstin returned and has ever since resided here, an honored citizen and a venerated pioneer. He was born April 20th, 1806, in Chenango County, New York, and was married February, 1834.

Alfred Thurstin's pioneer life in Wood County was beset by all the difficulties and hardships which life in the wilderness usually presents. From early life he quietly, yet persistently proceeded to conquer all obstacles which hard work could conquer. No man possessed in greater degree, the virtue of patient persistence. He opened two farms in central Wood county, and except the help of his growing family, did it without aid. Whatever he has accumulated is the result of his conquest over nature's opposing forces.

He belonged to a race of pioneers, long-lived, inde-

pendent, resourceful and above and beyond all, persistent. With him, display provoked contempt. He loved to live near to nature in an unostentatious, patient, honest manner. He has a record of a very protracted and useful life. January 11th, 1888, he was married to Mrs. Martha S. Van Tassel, who survives him.

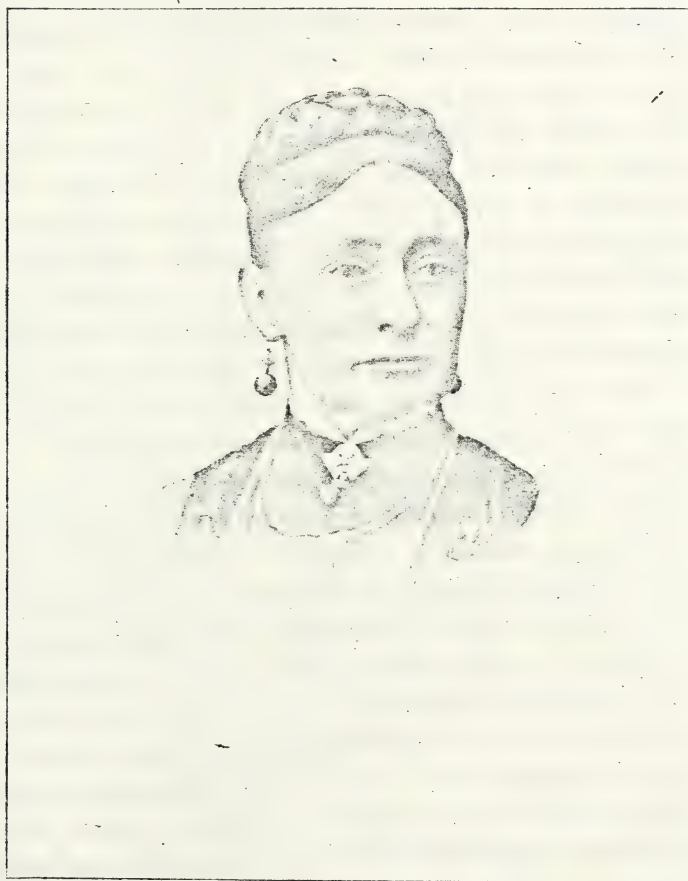
MEMORIAL

—OF—

MRS. V. W. GRANGER.

FROM THE SUNDAY JOURNAL, MAY 13TH, 1894.

Wednesday, just as the sun had passed its zenith, and with the balm of soft spring air coming in at the windows, a long and weary illness terminated, and a life



MRS. V. W. GRANGER.

which had been filled with love and affection and gentleness for all within its touch, came to an earthly end, when Mrs. V. W. Granger fell asleep.

Born among the hills of Vermont four and sixty years ago, Emeline Frances Dodge wedded with her husband, who to-day mourns her departure, when nineteen, and the young couple set up their household at that early day in Toledo, where they have passed the nearly half century intervening. To them three children were born, one, Mrs. John B. Ketcham, 2d, passing on some years since, while two remain, Mrs. Rowland Starr and Mr. V.W. Granger, Jr.

Quiet and unostentatious, Mrs. Granger held her friends close to her in the details of a pure and loving life. In church work she was always among the foremost while health remained, and Trinity knew no more faithful or conscientious communicant. Not given to self-advancement, but ever willing to yield her service in all good and helpful endeavors, she filled the measure of her life with kindly acts and tender, aidful deeds, and leaves behind a memory fragrant with all that makes life worth living, and which having lived, death has no terrors for those called away. Within the past year Mrs. Granger has suffered the attacks of an insidious disease, whose assaults all skill and wisdom and care of loving, devoted family and friends, could not withstand. Enduring a severe surgical operation the past winter, it was fondly hoped that the inevitable for mortals might be postponed, and the devoted wife and mother spared yet for many goodly years. But her feeble strength was insufficient to withstand the ordeal, and her decline has since been continuous, until she was involved in the common fate of her race. The obsequies were held at the family residence Friday, and then the wife and mother was laid away in Forest cemetery, mourned most by those who knew her.

MEMORIAL

OF

LUTHER WHITMORE.

Mr. Luther Whitmore, of East Toledo, died at his residence at seven o'clock on the evening of July 12th, 1897, after a long illness. He was one of the early members of our Association, and one of the oldest residents on this river. His age, at his passing away was a little more than 87.

Mr. Whitmore was born in Millbury, Mass., May 18, 1810, and came to Wood County when he was but 15 years of age. He located at Waterville, and later moved to Perrysburg. In 1834 he purchased a farm of 123 acres located in Wood County. The Wood County line was changed, thus leaving 23 acres of his land in Lucas County. The line was changed in 1836, and he has resided in the same place since that date.

He left five children: Mrs. Henry Wood, who resides in Michigan; Mrs. Robert Chamberlain, Elijah, Chester and Warren, all of whom reside in this city. His wife died several years ago.

Deceased was a man of ambition and energy, and watched with interest the growth of the East Side since his residence there. In the early days he built a large dock on the river bank, and engaged in the lumber business. He was fond of relating his business experiences of the days of old, and was very proud of the advance of civilization. His counsel and advice was much sought after by the younger residents, and he commanded the largest respect from all.

Our friend was well known to the old residents as a man of spotless character and a genial, pleasant disposi-

tion. He has not been an attendant on our meetings of late years, and generally on account of failing health.

He was buried from the Memorial Baptist Church of which he had been an active member.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

HON. JNO. R. OSBORNE.

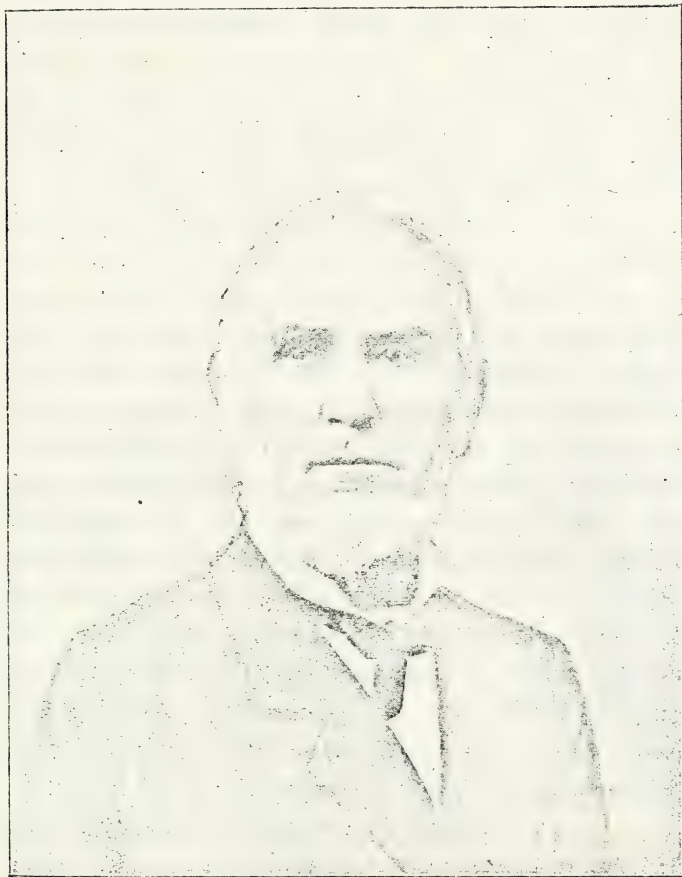
On Monday, July 5, 1897, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. B. E. Bullock, the Hon. John R. Osborne passed away, ripe in years and with a record for goodly deeds that will long survive his taking off. For a score of years, before bodily ailments compelled his retirement to a life of quiet, he had been prominent as a lawyer and an active participant in the work of advancing and upbuilding the interests of Toledo. He was ever earnest in the advocacy of a cause that commended itself to him. There survive him six children, as follows: Major Hartwell Osborne, of Evanston, Ill.; J. R. Osborne, of Buffalo; Mrs. J. L. Beach, of Brooklyn; Mrs. W. W. Ainsworth, Mrs. L. Crafts and Mrs. B. E. Bullock, of Toledo.

Mr. Osborne was born in Columbus, O., April 1st, 1813. He went to the Ohio University, at Athens, O., in 1827, and graduated therefrom in 1831. He studied law in Circleville and Columbus, and in the fall of 1832 went to Lexington, Ky., entering the law department of Transylvania University. Upon completing his course he settled at Norwalk and formed a law partnership with a gentleman named Parrish.

He came to Toledo in October, 1837, and formed a partnership with Judge Myron Tilden, late of Cincinnati. Their first office was located on the corner of Lagrange and Superior streets, where now stands the residence of Dr. Samuel Thorn.

In 1839 Mr. Osborne married Elizabeth Phinney Hartwell, of Circleville, following which he returned to Nor-

walk, and was treasurer of the Wabash railroad until 1858, when he came again to Toledo to resume the practice of law. He associated himself with General Wager Swayne, now of New York, and upon General Swayne's removal from Toledo, entered into a partnership with his nephew,



HON. JOHN R. OSBORNE.

Mr. Alex. L. Smith. His sight began to fail about fourteen years ago, which forced him to give up active work, but he continued in the harness. About seven years ago he was stricken with paralysis and retired from the scenes that had known him so long. He was earnest and ac-

tive—so long as strength permitted—in the work of Christian advancement, both at home and abroad. He was one of the organizers of the Adams Street Mission and of Westminster Presbyterian church—of this latter he was an active member up to the time that his physical infirmities debarred him. His services as elder and as a prominent attendant at all the stated meetings of his church are a sacred memory. He at times represented the Maumee Presbytery in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, in which he was always assigned and performed honored work—and his character as a Christian gentleman and a Christian worker in the city of Toledo was one of the noblest. His time, his talents and his money were always freely given in behalf of every good work, no matter whether under the auspices of his own well loved church or not. He was active in the organization and was the first president of the Soldiers' Memorial Association of Toledo. He was an esteemed citizen, whose taking off will occasion a feeling of deep regret in the hearts of all who knew him and his works. To quote the words of Rev. S. G. Anderson, who conducted the funeral service: "No words of mine can pay the tribute the world owes the example left by this man. His life is an eulogy in itself, and nothing I could say would half express what such a life as this friend lived each day means to those who knew him. He left to us all a memory never to be forgotten as the years go by, and a beautiful example of Christian character."

MEMORIAL

OF

SAMUEL M. YOUNG, ESQ.

Another of the comparatively early residents of the Valley has exchanged the earthly for the life eternal. Samuel M. Young, Esq., passed away on the first of January, 1897, at the ripe age of 90 years. He was born at Lebanon, New Hampshire, December 29th, 1806. I have said above that he was a comparatively early pioneer, and that expression is used to denote the contrast between the immigrants hither from 1815 to the period of the greatly increased population beginning about 1830.

Mr. Young arrived at the shore of the Maumee river in 1834. He was ferried across to Miami in the horse boat where he met Mr. Hubbell, who was then a hotel keeper in a brick residence on the bank of the river a little above Fort Miami. The result of that acquaintance was an engagement as school teacher, for his intellectual capabilities and preparation for the law represented all the capital of the youthful New Englander. Mr. Young's immigration to the West was one of thousands, and illustrated a simple problem, that the young men of New England were increasing more rapidly, at that period, than could find profitable employment in the slow growth of its commerce and traffic. No railways had been projected to develop resources, enhance values and increase the elements for popular support. The West is greatly indebted to New England for great numbers of bright and capable young men like Mr. Young, who have stamped their home characteristics of enterprise, industry, economy and thrift upon their newly chosen vicinities.

But few of these immigrants equaled the subject of this memoir in the equipments of intellectual and physical capability. His was a tall, athletic and manly form, with a mind far exceeding the average, and thoroughly trained by education and the study of his profession. It was a bright and important accession to the population of his adopted city. He was soon chosen County Auditor at the organization of this county. At the same time he opened a law office where he began the practice of his profession. In 1838 Morrison R. Waite also came to Maumee, and after the study of law with Mr. Young, the firm of Young & Waite was organized, and at once the firm became one of the leading law firms on the river. In 1852 the firm opened an office in Toledo, as the county seat had been removed thence. In 1855 Mr. Young embarked in the banking business in Toledo, and soon after retired from his law practice. In 1860 he purchased the square between 13th and 14th streets, with its residence, to which he made important additions and where his life was closed.

Our friend was largely identified with the organization of the Cleveland & Toledo and the Columbus & Toledo Railways. In connection with Mr. A. L. Backus he built a large grain elevator and was connected with the grain commission business for years. He was associated with others in the building of the Boody House hotel, and was the president of the company. He had large and important interests in the Toledo Gas Company and was its president for years. During most of this period and until a few years before his death he continued the banking business here. The grasp of his mind was illustrated by his ordaining success in all these enterprises. Under the outward signs of a quiet und unostentatious manner our friend developed capacities of mind of the highest rank.

A long life like that of Mr. Young in one community

leaves upon it an index and impression of character. It is a source of satisfaction to recall some of these elements developed by him. He was a reticent but thoughtful man, and capable of originating and studying out his own plans of life. His patience and charity for those with whom he differed was a marked trait. While endowed with the New England habit of investigating the charities that appealed to him, his gifts to them and the church were generous. No meanness characterized him. He was a noble and worthy son of an eminent and influential New Hampshire family. Of late years he had retired from the activity which had signalized his life on the river, and while the world's affairs move on uninterruptedly without him, great numbers who knew and marked well his life and worth are now sorrowing at his passing away.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

MRS. ANGELINE N. YOUNG.

Mrs. Young came to Maumee as a child in 1825 and grew up there to womanhood. She was married at an early age to Samuel M. Young, Esq., a young attorney of that village, who had immigrated there from New Hampshire. The family resided at Maumee until 1860 when they removed to Toledo, and into the residence where her earthly life was ended. She was the mother of six children, but the discipline of great sorrow was hers in the loss of four of them, two in early life and two in a matured and splendid manhood, and again in the death of her husband, with whom she had lived nearly 56 years. For a long period Mrs. Young has been a social leader in Toledo, and her gracious and cordial hospitality was a charm to all who were privileged to participate in it. Her influence was of a quiet nature but was always ranged on the side of what was purest and best in our social and religious life, and the close of her career is a distinct and positive loss. How well and faithfully and lovingly she has fulfilled the duties of wife, mother and devoted Christian.

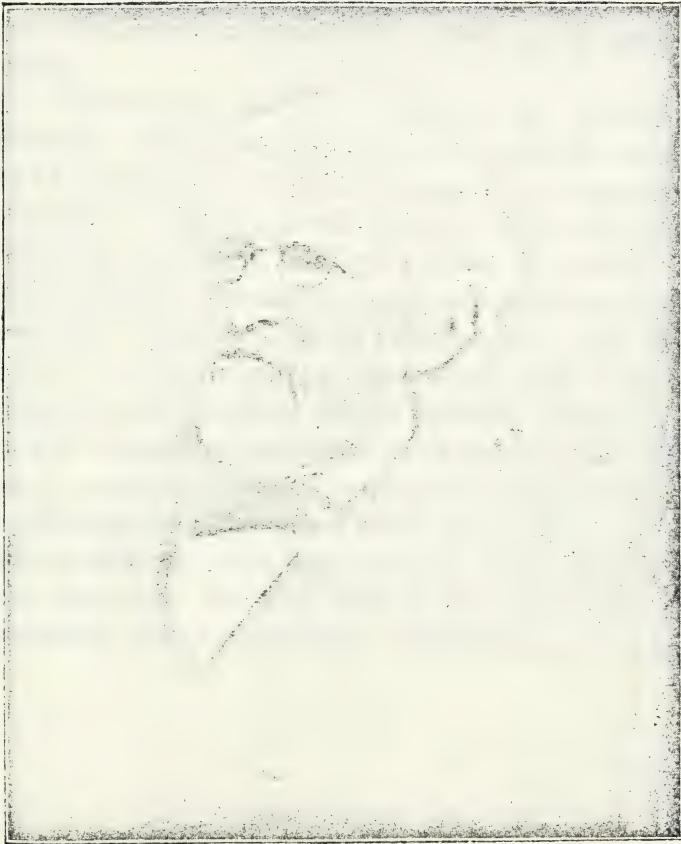
Mrs. Young passed away on the 8th of June, 1897, a little more than five months after the death of her husband. One by one the early residents are removed from our earthly sight. The ranks have been largely depleted in the present year.

MEMORIAL

OF

DUDLEY G. SALTONSTALL.

Dudley G. Saltonstall died at his residence, 809 Washington street, Toledo, at 4 o'clock Monday morning, August 9, 1897. The cause of death was old age.



DUDLEY G. SALTONSTALL.

Mr. Saltonstall was born in Philadelphia 89 years ago, but, at an early age, went to Litchfield, Conn. He

came as far west as Cleveland with T. P. Handy, a banker, and in '42 moved to this city, where he engaged in the grain business. He built the first elevator in Toledo, and owned one of the first line of canal boats, as a member of the firm of E. Haskell & Co.

Mr. Saltonstall was the father of Victor Saltonstall, who was accidentally drowned a few weeks ago while on his way to Put-in-Bay. The surviving children are Dudley E., Gurdon Winthrop, William Herbert and Richard. The funeral occurred Wednesday, August 11, at 2 o'clock, from the Church of Our Father, Rev. A. G. Jennings officiating.

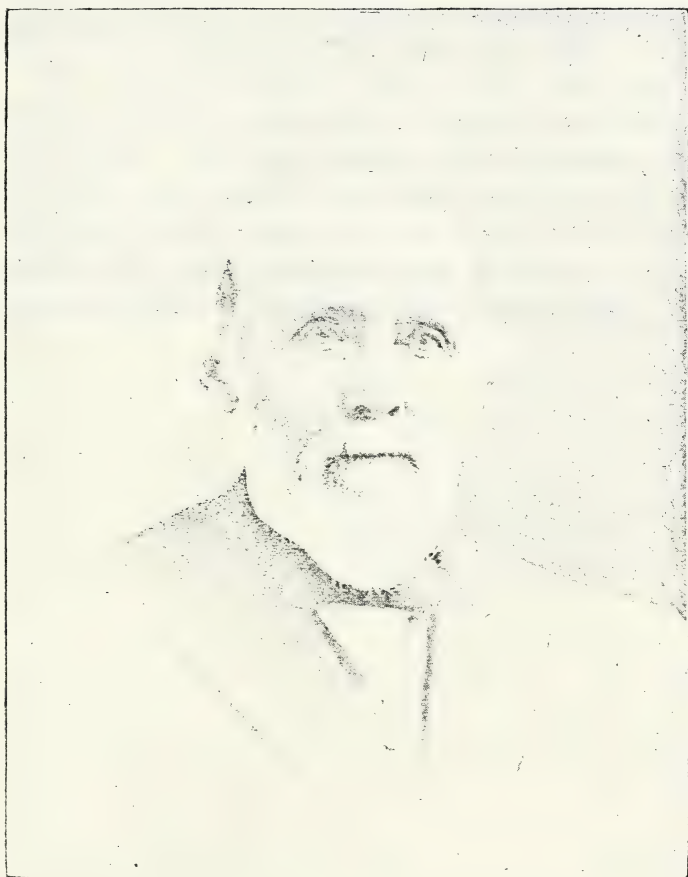
Toledo business men keenly felt the loss of Mr. Saltonstall. He was closely identified with the commercial life of Toledo for over half a century. In the 50s he was a member of the dry goods firm of William Bowles & Co., remaining with them until 1871, when he and O. S. Bond established the Merchants and Clerks' Savings Bank. He continued with the bank for twenty years, and Mr. O. S. Bond, who was intimately associated with him, pays the deceased a high tribute for his sterling integrity, upright life and conscientious business methods. Mr. Saltonstall was an example of the rare truth that one may live beyond the allotted span, but need never grow old. His hair was white a score of years ago; his step grew feeble in these later days, but the one trait of his personality that was prominent was the perennial youthfulness of his heart.

MEMORIAL

OF

DAVID S. WILDER.

David S. Wilder was born in 1813 in Winchendon, Worcester County, Mass., and was the son of Abel Wilder, M. D., and Fanny Richardson, his wife, both of Wor-



DAVID S. WILDER.

cester County. He married Chloe H. Verry, of the same

County, in March, 1837, and their golden wedding eleven years ago was an event very pleasantly remembered by their large circle of friends both at home and abroad. Dr. Wilder, his father, was a prominent man in his day—a staunch Abolitionist when such men were in a small minority and needed all the courage of their convictions—an associate of Garrison and Phillips and a whole-souled philanthropist. His eldest son, David, inherited many of his sterling qualities. Whole-souled and liberal and interested in the early growth of Toledo, he has helped by his efforts and with his means to make our city what it is to-day.

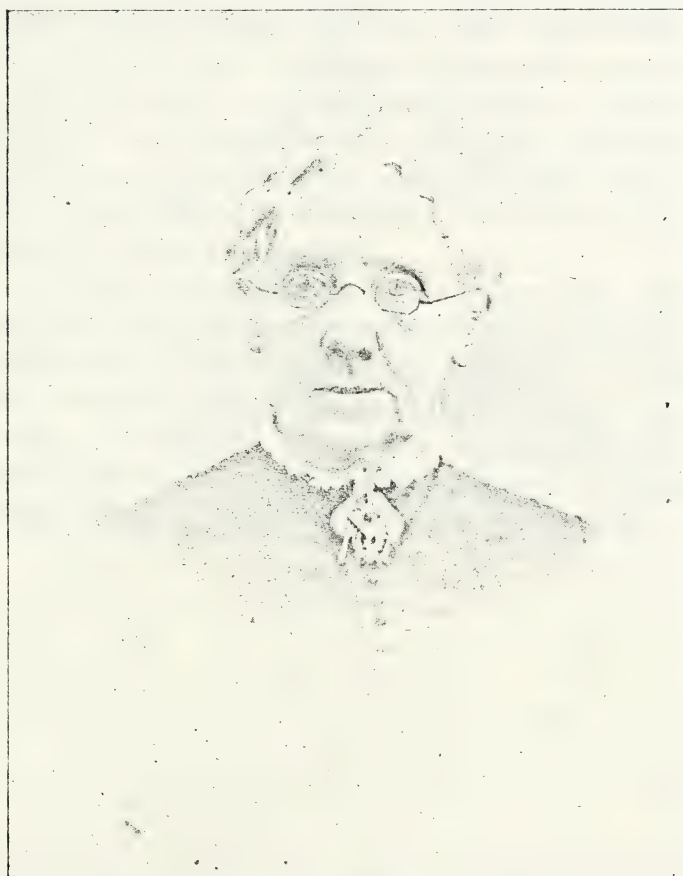
He came to Toledo in June, 1851, and was an active business man for many years, retiring from business more than twenty years ago, but has kept an interest in all public affairs, and with his wonderful memory and his clear, well stored mind, has been one of the few left to this generation who could recall the early history of this century, so wonderful in its progress and development.

MEMORIAL

OF

CHLOE HOLBROOK VERRY WILDER.

Chloe Holbrook Verry Wilder was born in March, 1816, in Mendon, (now Blackstone) Worcester County, Mass.



CHLOE HOLBROOK VERRY WILDER.

Her parents, Foster Verry and Rachael Holbrook,

belonged to old and staunch New England families, whose descendants have helped to make our glorious state of Ohio one of the foremost in the Union in everything relating to the progress and elevation of mankind. A devoted member of Trinity church in its early history, prominently identified with all its charities and its social life, and unselfish in her devotion to everything that could promote the happiness of her family and the welfare of those who looked to her for assistance—the few old friends who are now left will recognize that this is but a feeble tribute to her sterling character and helpful life. Calm and unselfish when the hand of affliction has been laid heavily upon her—a devoted wife, mother, grandmother, and now a great-grandmother—her love goes out to all with the same unselfishness, and all those bound to her by the ties of blood or friendship feel that her life is an example and an inspiration.

In the calm enjoyment of their more than four score years, she and her worthy husband, surrounded by “Everything that should accompany old age,” a connecting link between “the world that hardly seems our own” to-day, so wonderful have been its changes, and a reminder that a life spent in the fulfillment of life’s duties brings a blessing to all and influence for all time.

MEMORIAL

OF

HON. S. C. CATELY.

Since our last annual meeting at Antwerp, one of our oldest and most worthy members has been called to his final rest.

Judge Socrates C. Cately was born in the town of New Haven, in Oswego County, N. Y., about 80 years ago. His father was a very poor man, with a large family of children, and young Socrates was "bound out" when about 12 years old to a Col. Heust, a fore handed farmer for those times, till he would be 21 years of age.

He was a faithful and trusty boy, and a change in his wearing apparel was plainly seen soon after he entered upon his apprenticeship with his new master. He worked his time out with Col. Heust, and in 1836 came into the Maumee Valley, where he has since lived, near or quite 58 years. He followed teaming till the Wabash canal was completed, when he followed canal-boating for several seasons. He was prudent, industrious and economical, and in a few years had money to, and he did, buy a tract of wild land in Fulton county. Over 50 years ago he married a Miss Nearing, whose father at one time lived in Texas, Henry county. Soon after his marriage he settled on his land, near Delta, and made a notable farm of it. Mr. Cately was the first probate judge of Fulton county, I believe, and held the office one term only, as the political sentiment of the people was on the wrong side for his re-election.

Something over a year ago he celebrated his golden wedding. He died a few months ago, leaving a widow and children. He was an honored and worthy man and respected by all who knew him.

MEMORIAL

OF

CAPT. W. H. WETMORE.

Capt. W. H. Wetmore was born in Lewis county, in the state of New York, in 1819. He was the son of Stephen and Hannah Wetmore.

Lewis county is situated in the northeast portion of the state of New York, in a cold, snowy region, and enterprising young men there would naturally feel inclined when they arrived at their majority to seek more congenial climes.

Our departed friend and brother did not wait till he was twenty-one, but at the age of eighteen years he left his native heath for the west, as Ohio was thought to be in those days—56 years ago.

Capt. Wetmore for a number of seasons, so he told me, was the master of and sailed a vessel on Lake Erie, and in that way raised the means to buy him a home in Wood county, where he was a prominent, respected and very popular citizen for 56 years. He was an honest, upright, prudent, thrifty, social and an uncommonly active man, with an extensive acquaintance and well liked wherever known.

He came to Wood county in 1837, and in 1842 purchased his farm of John Corwin.

In 1879 he was elected a representative to the General Assembly of this state from Wood county, and re-elected in 1881. During these two terms—the 64th and 65th—he was diligent and watchful of the interests of his constituents, and understood their wants, was untiring to secure them, and did good service. He was one of the

best representatives Wood county ever had in the Ohio Legislature—an honest worker for her good.

In 1883 he retired to his farm, with the intention to lead a quiet life for the remainder of his days, but in 1889 his persistent and many friends induced him to be a candidate for state senator, with William Guyser as his colleague. They were both defeated by John Ryan, of Lucas county, and W. W. Sutton, of Putnam, by small majorities.

Capt. Wetmore's wife died a number of years ago, leaving three children, Mrs. T. B. Oblinger, of Toledo; Mrs. A. A. Copley, of Haskins, and James R. Wetmore, of Toledo, all of whom are living. Capt. Wetmore belonged to Pheonix Lodge, F. and A. M., of Perrysburg, and was a valued member thereof.

I have not the date of his death, as the notice sent me had no date, but it says "Capt. W. H. Wetmore died suddenly yesterday afternoon at his home, about one mile east of Haskins, in Middleton township. Death is supposed to have resulted from heart trouble. He had been in about his usual health up to the time of his demise. Some of the family heard him make an unusual noise, and on going to him found him unconscious, and he immediately expired."

Since his wife's death he has made it his home with A. A. Copley, his son-in-law, where he died. In the death of Capt. Wetmore Wood county has met with an irreparable loss and Maumee Valley Pioneer Association with one of its most genial and worthy members.

I hope this, as well as future obituary notices of deceased members, will be published in all newspapers of this valley.

MEMORIAL

—OF—

ISAAC KARSNER.

Isaac Karsner, a pioneer of the Maumee Valley and a member of this Association, died at Florida, Henry County, November 1, 1891. He was born February 10, 1821, in Harrison county, Va, and in 1830, when Isaac was nine years old, he came to Ohio with his father, who settled on a farm in Columbiana county. In 1840 the decedent came to Henry county and located at Florida, where he resided continuously up to the time of his death; and for over fifty-one years he was one of the leading and prominent men of that village. He came to Henry county a poor boy, when it was a vast wilderness, had his trials, tribulations, disappointments and struggles incident to a new country, heavily timbered as this was. But by his energy, good common sense, firmness and perseverance, he succeeded in life far above the average pioneer. His early life was spent in hard labor. Some thirty years or more ago he practiced medicine. After this he embarked in the mercantile trade, and for several years carried the largest and best stock of goods in Florida, till he sold out, built himself a splendid residence on his large farm of over 200 acres at Florida, moved into it, and therein resided at the time of his death. Mr. Karsner was three times married. In the death of Isaac Karsner Henry county has lost a good citizen and the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association a valued member.

MEMORIAL

OF

CHARLES HORNING.

Charles Horning was born in Bavaria, Germany, about 72 years ago, and died in the spring of 1894. He came to Henry county with his father in the year 1837, and settled in Pleasant township, on the land where he recently died. When Charles Horning came to Henry county, 57 years ago, there were few neighbors, less comforts and conveniences of life and no well improved farms in Henry county. He settled in a dense forest, but lived to see the change in his township from an almost trackless wilderness to richly cultivated fields, owned by thrifty and prosperous farmers.

Mr. Horning was an active, good, safe business man, and for many years was engaged in merchandizing and "tavern keeping," and he accumulated a large property. I have not been furnished with a sketch of his life, and do not know when, where or whom he married or the number of children he left. He has a son who for many years has been a professor of Heidelberg College, at Tiffin; Jacob Horning, a manufacturer and farmer; John H. Horning, a merchant, and Peter Horning, a business man at New Bavaria, where he was born. There were also several girls, but how many I am not advised.

He left his entire estate to his worthy widow, who survives him. Charles Horning was one of the Henry county commissioners 43 years ago, and has held the same office within the last 20 years. He was postmaster for 39 years, for many years a justice of the peace of his township, and has held various other offices of trust, and in all of them discharged the duties thereof with an intel-

ligent fidelity and the entire satisfaction of the people whom he served.

He was also a land surveyor, and was well acquainted with nearly every tract of land in his county. In an early day he was frequently called upon by strangers who wished to purchase, and went with them into the dark and dense forest to show them lands in the market.

Every one who put up at his "tavern," as we used to call it, was well and hospitably treated.

Mr. Horning was a man of commanding influence in his community, and lived long enough to see his sons grow up to be honorable and prosperous men, and his death leaves a missing link in business circles not easily filled.

CAPT. CHARLES A. ROWSEY.

Capt. Charles A. Rowsey, a well-known pioneer resident of Toledo celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Friday, August 19th. Capt. Rowsey settled in Toledo when he was in his young manhood—being 37 years of age—that was in 1852. His birthplace is located in the celebrated Shenandoah Valley, at Staunton, Augusta County. In 1862 he responded to his country's call for defenders and was largely instrumental in raising and organizing Co. D, of the 67th O. V. I., and entered the field as captain of that company, and took part in the battle of Winchester, Va., March 23rd, 1862, and in the valley campaign of that year.

No one of the citizens of Toledo holds a higher place in the esteem of their neighbors for honest worth and sturdy manhood than does Capt. Rowsey. Of him it can be truly said that his word is as good as his bond.

Mrs. Rowsey, to whom he was married in 1838, died in 1889. One year previous to her death, with her husband she celebrated their golden wedding. Two sons, both deceased, and seven daughters have blessed their union. One of the sons was the well-known and well-beloved physician, W. F. Rowsey, whose skill in healing was so generously exercised among the needy poor, and was sought by a very large body of the more favored citizens.

Capt. Rowsey's declining days are crowded with memories of the most blessed character, and his face and bearing reflects the source and cause of most of them.

FIRST MAYOR OF WATERVILLE.

J. E. Hall, one of the old and respected residents of Waterville, Lucas County, where he has made his home for over three score years. For a quarter of a century of



J. E. HALL.

this time he conducted a tailoring establishment, after which for twenty years he was engaged in general merchandising. In 1860 he erected a two-story building on the canal, where he carried on his trade. For one year he served as Mayor of Waterville, when he first came to

the place, and under Pierce's administration was appointed Postmaster, and served as such for twenty-one years. He has also been Township Clerk and Member of School Board.

Our subject is a native of Portage County, Ohio, having been born April 18th, 1816. His Parents were Joel and Betsy (Smith) Hall. His father was born in Tolland, Mass., and died in 1828, aged 52 years. His early days were spent on a farm in his native state, but in 1815 he emigrated to Ohio, settling in Charlestown, Portage County, having, in partnership with his brother, traded his Massachusetts land for property in the Buckeye State.

Twelve children were born to Joel and Betsy Hall, but of the number two are living. In order of birth they are as follows: Claeson, Smith, Lucindai Judson, Minerva, Joel, Pamela, Chauncey, Edwin, Joseph E., Julia, wife of H. A. Moulton, of Vermont; and Hewell C., late of Whitehouse. Joseph E., and his sister Julia are the only survivors of the family.

Our subject spent his early days in farming during the summer season, and attended the district schools of the neighborhood in the winter terms until he reached his 13th year. Going then to Ashtabula, Ohio, he began serving an apprenticeship at the tailor's trade, and gave his time thereto for the next five years. In 1836 he came to Lucas County, and opened a tailor shop at Waterville. About 1880 he sold out his business interests, and has since passed his time quietly in his pleasant home, which has sheltered him for many years. He has held the office of Treasurer of our Association for many years. He has been a Republican since the breaking out of the civil war. Religiously, he has long been identified with, and a liberal contributor to the Methodist Episcopal Church for over 40 years. The lady who has for over 50 years shared the joys and sorrows of Mr. Hall's career was be-

fore her marriage Miss Jane Dee, a daughter of James and Abigail (Bogue) Dee. The ceremony which united the lives of our subject and wife was performed September 12th, 1837. They had born to them two daughters, Pamela C., August 13th, 1841, and Temperance L., June 27th, 1850. The elder daughter became the wife of J. L. Pray, and died April 4th, 1881, leaving three children. The younger daughter is still living with her father. Mrs. Hall departed this life September 17th, 1889, deeply mourned by the family and the friends she had made during a long and unselfish life.

Mr. Hall's activity is somewhat impaired, but he is still looking after his business which he has narrowed to an easy and concise management.

M. D. P.

PHILLIP BOYER.

Phillip Boyer was born in Greencastle, Franklin County, Pa., in 1815, came to Tuscarawas County, Ohio, in 1835, his trade being that of a miller. He remained there three years and went to Zanesville, and after following his trade for a short time went to Akron. In 1846 he came to Toledo, and from there he removed to Waterville in 1851 and took charge of the Pekin Mills, which were owned by L. L. Morehouse, where he has spent the greater portion of his active life. The mills have changed hands a number of times, Mr. Boyer being always transferred with the property, and it may be said to his credit that much of the high reputation borne by the Pekin Mills can very properly be ascribed to his efficient work.

He has retired from active business and enjoys the fruits of a well spent life.

JOHN G. ISHAM.

John G. Isham was born in Schoharil County, New York, December 9th, 1815, came to Toledo in 1837 and after visiting several surrounding towns, among them being Ft. Wayne and Monroe, he engaged in the dry goods business at the latter place with J. C. Miller, and soon after disposed of his stock and joined the engineer corps of the Michigan Southern Railroad.

In February, 1840, he came to Waterville where he met McCagie Barker, an old acquaintance from the then far East, who had the contract for completing Section 29 of the Miami and Erie canal. This section lay between the Hutchinson farm and Maumee. Mr. Isham became foreman. From this on he became identified with the canal interest, holding many positions of trust, the last being that of Superintendent of the Northern Division of the Miami and Erie canal.

LIEUTENANT O. G. BALLOU.

Orson Gilbert Ballou was born in Waterville, Ohio, September 15th, 1835.

His boyhood was spent upon the farm. In July, 1862, he enlisted in the service of his country becoming a member of Co. F, 100th Regt., O.V. I., and soon after was made a lieutenant. On September 8th of 1863 a part of the regiment was sent to Limestone Station where he was captured by the confederates and hurriedly sent to Richmond, Va., and was placed in Libby Prison. He died the 6th of February, 1864, from exposure and starvation.

His is one of the many cases of unwritten history of the horrors of Southern military prisons.

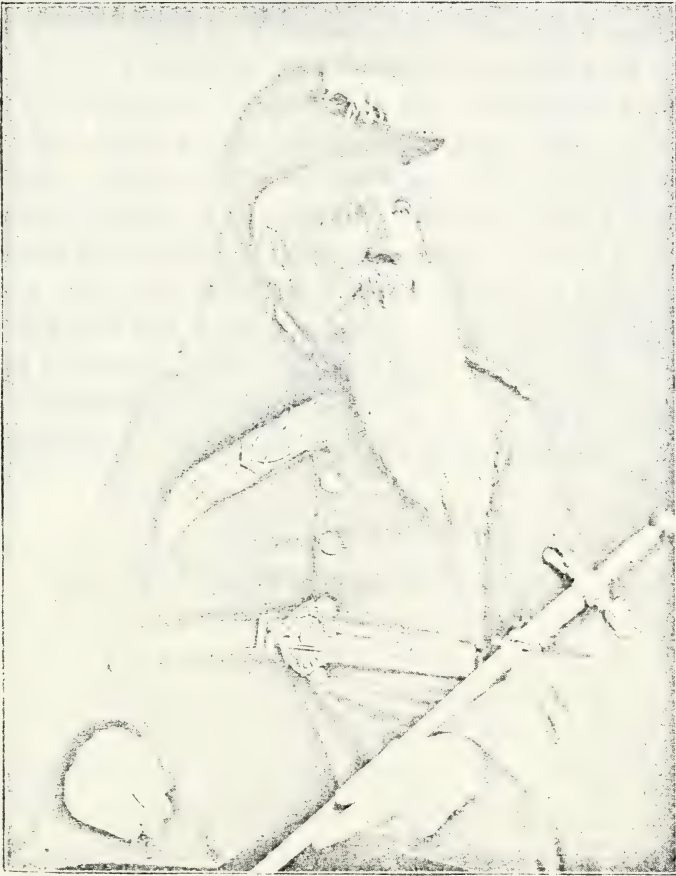
SARAH HALL.

Sarah Hall was born in Coxsakie, Green County, New York, August 22nd, 1817; removed with her parents to Waterville in the fall of 1836, where she has since resided.

She was never married, but has given her services to the relief of suffering humanity for miles around. The cognomen, "Aunt Sarah," by which she is familiarly called, is a household phrase, and while the infirmities incident to old age are struggling for the mastery, still Aunt Sarah's noble deeds are not forgotten.

JOHN A. CONWAY.

The Association is very much pleased to present in this issue the genial and well-known features of a Maumee Valley pioneer octogenarian in the person of Mr.



JOHN A. CONWAY.

John A. Conway, who was born at Poughkeepsie, New York, December 25th, 1816. This will make him 82

years of age the 25th of December next. His father, John Conway, came to this country from Ireland and settled near Utica, N. Y., in 1812 and established the first woollen factory in that section. He died in 1824 when the subject of this sketch was but eight years of age. Young Conway came to Ohio in 1837 and was engaged in the carriage business for a time at both Dayton and Columbus. He came to Toledo in 1860 and established himself in the carriage manufacturing business in a building which stood on Summit street where the Meilink Furniture Co's store is now located. In 1864 he went into the restaurant business and in the manufacture of tonics. He has been twice married—first to Miss Judith Williams in 1849—she died in 1873. His second wife was Harriet Dowd, of Cleveland. Mr. and Mrs. Conway live a quiet life respected and loved by all who know them. They have no children. Mr. Conway is a devoted Odd Fellow and has been a member of Columbus Lodge No. 9, of Columbus, Ohio, since 1849. He is also a member of Columbus Encampment No. 6. "May he live long and prosper" is the wish of his many friends.

MRS. MARY ANN BONNY WHITE.

Mrs. Mary Ann Bonny White was born at Palermo, Waldo County, Mass., September 22nd, 1805. Her father's name was Andrew Bonny and her mother's name was Mary Balcom. Mary Ann Bonny was married to Joseph White in Palermo, now a part of Maine, in 1822. They moved to Ohio in 1842, settled in Richland County in the Fall of the same year, and at a cost of \$101 they moved to Lucas County; arrived at Maumee October 1st, Sunday, moved to the neighborhood in which they now live and moved in with Mr. Dyer.

Mr. White's father was a soldier in the war of the Revolution and defended the flag at the battle of Bunker Hill. Joseph served in the war of 1812 in Capt. Moses Burleigh Company and Lt. Col. John Cummings' Regiment raised at Palermo and served at Belfast, Maine. Joseph and Mary Ann White had one son and six daughters. The son, Andrew, went to sea and was not heard from afterwards. The daughters Nancy (Knapp), Milley, Mary Ann (Colburn), Olive (Cox), Elvira, Francis (Russel). Mary Bonny White belonged to Calvinist Baptist Church in Maine, there being no church of her choice in Ohio she had no membership here.

Mr. White was a brick mason by trade. He cleared the farm and brought it to its present state of cultivation where Mrs. Bonny White now resides.

MRS. MARY ANN KEELER.

Mary Ann (Demuth) Keeler was born in the year 1816, May 1st in the Mohawk Valley in the state of New York, about 30 miles from Albany on a farm.

Her father, Ranatus Demuth was born in Pennsylvania, and was a cabinet maker by occupation. He was a member of the New York militia, and defended the United States flag at Sackett's Harbor against the British. They moved from the Mohawk Valley to Lockport. There she married Mr. David Keeler January 1st, 1836 from whence they moved to Richland County, Ohio, where ten children were born to them. About 50 years ago they moved from Richland County to Providence Township, Lucas County, where Mr. Keeler followed farming and threshing. He died in 1870.

There are two sons and five daughters now living. Her son, Samuel, died November 7th, 1862, at Jackson, Tenn., of disease, and was buried at Chattanooga. Mrs. Keeler has been a resident of Whitehouse for about 18 years, and is enjoying good health at the age of 82.

ADAM BLACK.

Among the actual surviving pioneers of the Maumee Valley we are pleased to refer to Mr. Adam Black, of Monclova, Lucas County. He was born April 23rd, 1811, in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He came with his parents, William and Anna (Bails) Black to Wayne County in 1826. Mr. William Black, his father, was a soldier and served with Gen. Wm. H. Harrison at Fort Meigs. He died at the age of 52 and was buried in Holmes County. Mr. Adam Black came to Lucas County in 1827 and later settled on the land now comprising his homestead, on which he has lived since 1836. He married Miss Anna Bails in Monclova May 26th, 1836, and has raised a family of nine children—six sons and three daughters—Catherine, Sarah, John, William, James, Madison, Emanuel. Died in infancy: George B., Adam M. and Lydia A.

Mr. Black has been diligent and useful in his neighborhood, has helped to subdue a wild country, and, like so many others, has made a beautiful homestead out of the natural forest. He has held positions of trust and responsibility—has served his neighbors as well as his family, and is enjoying the peace of a well spent life. He has usually voted the democratic ticket, and his church associations are with the Disciples. He is enjoying excellent health at the age of 87.

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS IN THE MAUMEE VALLEY.

BY

JOHN COWDRICK, OF NAPOLEON.

About April 1st, 1831, my father, Joseph Cowdrick, and wife with four children, of which I was the oldest, left Cedar Creek, Ocean County, New Jersey, for the Maumee, then the far west. With their household effects loaded onto a two horse covered wagon, traveling as was the custom then, bunking on the floor at the taverns along the road, doing our own cooking, etc. The journey occupied about one month's time. We emerged from the Black Swamp, landing at Perrysburg, May 5th, 1831. The appearance was most beautiful. We crossed the Maumee over to Maumee City and proceeded down the river to Presque Isle and got permission to stay a short time with an old man by the name of Parsons, who was living alone. The streets of Maumee seemed alive with Indians, in every conceivable style of attire, some extremely gay and rich, others just the opposite. The flats along the river were dotted with fish shanties, the fishermen spreading their seines to dry; the piles of undressed fish shining in the sun on one hand, and the young corn with background of forest on the other, formed a scene on that beautiful May morning that was very picturesque, if not enchanting, and which made a lasting impression on the memory. In a short time we moved up to Waterville where my father worked at wagon making with Mr. Eberly, who is now living at Portage, Wood County, this State.

About three years since at a meeting of the pioneers at the Fallen Timbers battle ground, a man said that he rode a horse through the river along in the thirties and

that the fish were so numerous in these ripples that his horse stepped on and killed many, the fish being so crowded in the shallow water that they could not get away. This was referred to a few days later in Napoleon as a capital fish story. Another citizen present, well known, averred that along about 1840 he was a passenger on a side wheel steamer, and that near the mouth of the river she encountered a school of fish so thick as to stop the action of the paddle wheels, and the steamer could not move until the fish had scattered. The gentleman no doubt is ready to verify it if called to do so.

The Indians were quite an interesting study for the "new comer," and an important factor in the fur trade. The Ottawas had a village about ten miles up the river from Maumee City on their twelve miles square reservation, where they staid in the summer and early fall, raising corn and drying sufficient for their winter's hunting expedition. With fishing, selling baskets, berries and honey to the white settlers, some on the trail to and from Maumee, they all seemed to be full of business.

They would always, either going or returning, stop at Turkeyfoot Rock on what is known as Wayne's Battle Ground, and offer their homage to the Indian Chief Turkeyfoot, who was shot in the battle with Mad Anthony Wayne, and expired while leaning on this rock cheering his braves to the last. They would put whiskey and tobacco around the rock, and cry the most freely when the most drunken.

When at their villages during the summer the Indians would bring to trade with the whites, huckleberries, strawberries, plums, apples, honey, baskets (of small size) painted in gay colors, of their own make from roots and bark, done by the squaws, whose ingenuity was wonderful, especially so in the making of moccasins trimmed with braided porcupine quills. The berries were carried in a mocock made of bark shaped like a handbox, holding

nearly a half bushel, two of these, one on either side of the pony, the squaw on her pack saddle (astride) with her papoose tied with its back to a board, pinioned fast on her own back, while the motion of the pony gave the child a perpendicular "jig-it-a-jig," which was amusing. The mother would stand the papoose board against the side of a house or room while trading, seeming not concerned about the baby, who seldom cried or laughed. They were pretty little things, and as Mrs. Parthington would say "Humane Beings." The Indians would often bring to sell a pair of venison hams, lying across his pony, not caring that his bare thighs were in contact with the meat; the trader would take them all the same.

The Indians would quickly discover a stranger, and when meeting one would ride up squarely before him and say in broken tongue, "where you go?" mention name of any place ahead of you, and they would let you go on your way, perhaps to meet with the same kind of annoyance again. They usually carried in their belt tomahawk and knife. They always traveled single file, one after another, and the trails about the villages were worn down deep along the hillsides, one-half or two feet in depth. When leaving a temporary camp they would leave some dried meat and parched corn for a hungry Indian when one or more came that way, which would show that they had had good luck in hunting while there. The Indians would walk right in among the goods when trading, and the trader must not object or they would be scottish (mad). They would not steal unless very hungry, and then would take no more than they would eat at the time. When coming into a house in cold weather they would turn their feet away from the fire so as not to warm their moccasins, as they would keep them cold or frozen, or they would have wet feet. When the Indian became hungry he would tighten his belt, if more hungry, would button up another hole. Sometimes he would become very slim.

When after deer they would by this means with little to eat run all day. They did not hunt much on horse-back; they hampered their ponies by tying the fore legs together with a bark braided rope, leaving a space between so they could stand easily, and they would hop about with ease and were in no danger of becoming entangled.

About the first of October the Indians would leave their villages along the river for the hunting grounds—the great unbroken forest westward along the banks of the Turkeyfoots, and now comprising the greatest part of Henry and Fulton Counties. They took nothing along for horse feed, as the ponies could well subsist on the rich grass growing in the swales; as for the Indians themselves, the dried corn was their bread and the wild game their meat.

In the spring the Indians would come from their hunting grounds to their sugar camps along the river and creeks. Here they would make maple sugar, using bark peeled from the trees for troughs; they would also construct some very beautiful canoes from the same kind of material, each family occupying one canoe when traveling. In the larger boats cargoes of fur and sugar were taken as far north as Detroit, where they found a ready market. Indian syrup was supposed to be well cleansed, as they boiled their game in the sap, and small bones were frequently found in the sugar. At one time a land-seeker at a tavern while at the table removed the skull of a chipmunk from the sugar bowl with his spoon. In the spring-time these fleets of bark canoes would run the rapids safely with their rich cargoes and happy occupants, returning to their villages about the different rapids with their apple trees (these trees were supposed to have been planted by Johnnie Appleseed, as well as the groves of wild plum), the season of fish and berries, and honey and basket-mak-

ing, for barter with the whites. With the Indian the apple was considered marketable as soon as the seeds were formed.

Spring and summer were the times of festivities with the Tawas. Their dances were to them great events. On these occasions some of their fleetest ponies were used to go to Maumee for whiskey, and if the case was very urgent two Indians would occupy one pony, one to navigate the horse, the other to carry the skins containing the whiskey. The animals were urged through the ten miles and return at a rate of speed which proved them to have both speed and endurance. At this time the Indians, all members of the several families, including dogs, went about the 1st of June of each year to Malden, Canada, and received an annuity or pension, granted them as allies of the Canadians in the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, consisting of camp equipments, guns, blankets and silver trinkets of various kinds. One thing among these, very conspicuous, was a plug hat with many silver bands around it; this was worn exclusively by the aristocratic squaws. One never saw an Indian with a plug hat on.

The Indians were generally friendly to the whites, but sometimes troublesome when drunk. Have heard an old squaw boast of having carried fagots to burn General Crawford. But if you would talk to them of Mad Anthony Wayne, they would at once become serious and peaceable, for they feared he would rise from the dead and punish them. In this summer of 1831, at Waterville, an Indian tried to get into the house to kill my mother. William Pray helped to hold the door, the Indian meanwhile stabbing it with his long knife. My father came to the rescue. The Indian thought my father had whipped and abused him previous to this, but when the Indian chief explained to him that he was mistaken, that another man had whipped him and not my father, he was all right, and

afterwards came to our cabin in the woods, where he got some food and slept by the fire until morning, with a knife and tomahawk by him, and showed no inclination to do harm. Generally when there was trouble with the Indian the white man was equally to blame.

It was the custom with the Indians before leaving the village to go to Maumee, or Acabaugwak (Ft. Meigs), to appoint one of their number to remain sober until their return, as they anticipated a high time.

On this occasion the lot fell upon a young squaw. Upon their return homeward they (a dozen or more) stopped under a shade tree near Waterville to have a powwow and more whiskey. Other boys and myself followed up for sightseeing, and soon discovered that they were mad and showed signs of fight. The young Indian woman, being the only sober one among them, quickly twitched the knife from the belt of each Indian and put them in her blanket or bosom; they soon grasped for their knives, but found them not. They seemed greatly enraged, but made no attempt to attack the squaw, who stood with arms folded, faithful to the trust reposed in her. They soon calmed down and moved on toward the village.

In the fall the newcomers, as they called us, began to shake every day, every alternate day and sometimes every third day, the latter being the worst form of ague and the hardest to break. Not one of the family was able to help the other to a drink of water. The two physicians, White and Conot, could not visit their patients very often, their territory extending over such a broad area. It seemed little use to take calomel or quinine while the atmosphere was full of malaria, the rank vegetation almost checking the flow of low water in the river. The diet of the sick too, often consisted of fish and corn-bread, drinking spring or river water with the wrigglers strained out—oh, the suffering, from want of suitable nourishment!—no lemons, no

fruit. One old man declared that he shook so with ague that he grasped the rungs of the chair, and, holding up his feet, the chair would hop all over the room with him. But it was soon too serious a matter to joke over. My mother baked bread from flour brought from Monroe, Mich., and carried a loaf four miles to Mr. Hedge's family. (They afterwards lived in the stone house on Wolf Rapids, now erroneously called by some the Old Mission Building.) The family were all sick, and needed proper nourishment more than medicine. It cost 25 cents postage on a letter, and if the postage was not prepaid it was often difficult to raise the amount. A man now well known in Napoleon (John Wilson), who came here later on, was compelled to leave a letter in the office a long time for want of 45 cents to pay postage—and the letter was from home, in the old country.

WM. HENRY SHEPHERD.

Wm. Henry Shepherd (every one calls him "Harry" Shepherd) is past 85 years old. Born February 11th, 1813 in Marietta, Ohio.

His father, Daniel Shepherd, came from New England. His mother, Comfort Webb Shepherd was born in Clarksburg, Va. He is one of a family of 14 children, eight of whom lived to be very old.

Matilda died at the age of 87, Elizabeth at 88, Martin at 89, Nutter at 77, Daniel at 84, Stephen at 72 and Sylvester at 66.

All these were buried in Henry County, near Grand Rapids, Ohio. Harry is the only one of the family living. The other brothers and sister died at various places and ages. W. H. Shepherd, our subject, was married at Marietta, O., March 25th, 1835, to Ellen Conner. To them were born five children while living in Athens County. He came to Wood County with his family in 1854. His daughters, Cynthia and Katherine are still living at home with their father.

His sons, who were the support of the parents, never returned from the war of the rebellion. Ben was in the 68th O. V. I., and was killed in battle. Dan and Ed were in the 100th O. V. I.

Dan took sick and died at Knoxville, and Ed was killed by very poor grub at Andersonville. Mr. Shepherd draws a "dependent pension" to support him in his old days. His eyesight is failing and he is beginning to show his age.

He always was a Whig and Republican and voted for W. H. Harrison and for his grandson, Ben Harrison.

JAMES WHELAND.

James Wheland is 80 years old. Born in Oxford Township, Tuscarawas County, Ohio, on the bank of the Tuscarawas river. He had five brothers and five sisters. He is the fourth one of the family of 11 and only two of his brothers are now living, both in Tuscarawas County, where they were born, and both younger than himself.

On February 24th, 1842, Mr. Wheland married Miss Mary Stocker. They have four children, all living. Sophia Sheffield, born May, 1844; Benjamin, born 1847; Joseph B., born December 12th, 1850; and Elizabeth Bortle, born July 31st, 1854, all living at Grand Rapids, Ohio.

He never lost any of his family. He has five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. He tells many stories of wolves, deer and almost unbroken forest as he first remembers Tuscarawas County. Plows with wood mouldboards and flails have improved into the steel riding plow and the separators and clover hullers. He saw "the first boat ever run on the Ohio canal, they called it "Henry Clay." He also saw them build the Pan Handle railroad.

Mr. Wheland takes great interest in all the new improvements and developments. He has never been out of the great state of Ohio and perhaps will remain here until he is called away to "that beautiful land."

He enjoys good health for his age and is good company. He lives two miles south of Grand Rapids and is very highly respected by all who know him. He has always voted Democratic and has been a member of the United Brethren church for many years.

NEARLY A NONOGENARIAN.

Mr. Lewis Eastwood, of Waterville, is an active witness of the healthful atmosphere of the Maumee Valley. For sixty-six years he has enjoyed the vigorous and rigorous seasons of this locality. He was a son of John and Polly (White) Eastwood, and first saw light in Rensselaer County, State of New York, Jan. 26th, 1809. His father spent his early life at sea. After "A life on the ocean wave" of ten years, his father married, then at the age of 21, and took up his shipbuilders' trade and earned enough money to purchase a farm, and became a farmer. Lewis' mother died while he was an infant.

He came to Waterville, Lucas County, in 1832, and in 1834 and 1835 he was constable of Waterville. He was married to Miss Amanda M. Hall in 1838. Mr. Eastwood was engaged in teaching school in the village among the very early teachers. He was also engaged in gardening on the grounds now occupied by cottage homes, and was a good mechanic, having built the first gothic residence in the community. He also built the Union Hotel, where he kept hotel for 29 years; a portion of the time also kept groceries. During the active canal times, when "Doyle & Dickey's" Packet line was the "rapid transit," his patronage was quite brisk, and an air of activity prevailed that has not been since the cruel interposition of the Wabash railroad. Mr. Eastwood was quite prominent in bee culture and wrote numerous articles on apiary.

He was blessed with five children, two sons and three daughters. His eldest daughter, Ellen, married Mr. Geo. Lattcham, and is living near the homestead, near Waterville. John became a soldier in the war of the rebellion

and served in the Fourteenth O. V. I. from April to August, in 1861, and through the service of the One Hundredth O. V. I. After the war he took up the jewelry business, lost his health and died at Hillsdale a few years since. Angeline married Mr. Oscar W. Ballou, and is living on a fine fruit farm at Waterville. Asa also became a soldier, and served in a New York Battery of Light Artillery in the war of the rebellion, and now is on the homestead, making the home of the venerable subject of our sketch. Mrs. Eastwood died at this home several years ago.

Mr. Eastwood was a promoter of patriotism and encouraged integrity. In politics he was a Whig, and later a Republican.

Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood were among the earliest communicants of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. E. keeps up his faithful attendance when health and circumstances permit.

But few men have lived to see the development of a wild country to a greater degree than Mr. Eastwood. The following communication was received by our former secretary about three years ago:

WATERVILLE, O., May 22, 1896.

MR. DENISON B. SMITH, TOLEDO, O:

DEAR SIR—With regard to reminiscences of early pioneer life in the Maumee Valley, I will relate the following from actual experience, not hearsay. At the time of the dispute about the boundary between Michigan and Ohio, a company was raised in Waterville to go and fight the Michiganders. A meeting was held on the public square, then occupied as a mill yard. Col. Van Fleet, who was in command, mounted a saw log and made a speech, in which he hoped to see patriotism enough by volunteers so he would not have to resort to the draft.

The greatest valor displayed by that company was said to be the storming of a warehouse and capturing a barrel of whiskey, with which some of the volunteers covered themselves with glory. I was one of those that stayed at home, subject to the draft, which happily was not needed, as the war was very short.

But Ohio thought her rights had been invaded, and she ought to show proper resentment, so at the next term of court, held at Perrysburg, the grand jury was instructed to find bills of indictment against a number of Michigan people who had invaded the disputed territory. I was a member of that grand jury, the only one left. I was the youngest one, and just 60 years ago. I came to this place in 1832, with not much but honest intentions and what Alexander Pope called "A dangerous thing." I know of no man who was active at the time now living.

In my case I have exhibited a weak and puny child, a blind boy from 9 to 14, a sickly youth, a weakened manhood and a vigorous old age.

Now what is left for me but to—

Hope humbly, then with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

I thank you very much for your kind expressions and patience with me.

Most truly yours,

LOUIS EASTWOOD.

JOHN H. FISHER

Was born in Orleans County, New York, December 17, 1818, and came to Toledo in 1842. Engaged in canal boating. Came to Grand Rapids and married Charlotte Gruber in 1848. Their golden wedding, celebrated last winter, was the greatest social event ever enjoyed in the vicinity. Mr. Fisher has been engaged in merchandizing, lumbering and farming, and now lives on his beautiful farm adjoining town. His father, Peter Fisher, and his mother, both lived to be 90. His maternal grandmother was 102. One brother, Christopher, lived to be 82. His parents and brother died near Battle Breek, Mich.

Mr. Fisher tells of hunting rabbits and ducks where Toledo now is and saw a deer shot where the Burnett House now stands.

They have one daughter, Mrs. Lillian Williamson, of Bowling Green.

Mr. Fisher delights to tell that he has taken "The Toledo Blade" for 46 years. You don't need to ask his politics. He is a member of the Presbyterian church. Prospects are good for many years of life yet, as he is very active, doing his share of farm work with any of them, and his hair is scarcely turning gray yet.

87 YEARS OLD AND ACTIVE.

Samuel Shaffner makes his home at his daughter's, Mrs. W. A. Kinney, near Grand Rapids, O. Mr. Shaffner was born in Dauphin County, Pa., December 11, 1811. Came to Ohio in 1829, to Crawford County, one mile east of Bucyrus. In September, 1834, he moved to Holmes township, three miles north of Bucyrus, and lived and voted there 50 years. His father was 83 when he died. One uncle and other relatives lived to be 93. His father was married three times. First family nine children, seven living, of which Samuel is one. Four of the seven are in their eighties. The second family was three children, of whom two are living. The third family consisted of nine children, of whom seven are living. So you see out of a family of twenty-one children, sixteen are still living and four of them past 80 years old.

Mr. Shaffner has one brother in Tiffin, O., one in Bloomville, O., one sister in Van Wert and one in Crawford County, at Wingert's Corners.

Mr. Shaffner has spent most of his time near Grand Rapids for the past twenty years with his son, Martin, and later with his daughter, Mrs. Kinney.

He cast his first vote in 1832 for Jackson. How many now living voted for Jackson? Raise your hands.

Mr. Shaffner is strictly temperate and sometimes votes the prohibition ticket. He never uses tobacco, is well, active and can walk farther and faster than most men of 60.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church when 21 years old and is a pillar in the church to this day.

83 YEARS OLD AND WELL AND HEARTY.

Mrs. Nancy Sparling has been living near Grand Rapids for 26 years. Her father, William Smith, for many years lived near Loudonville, O., and was well known and very highly respected by all who knew him.

Her grandfather came from Germany and served for seven years in the Revolutionary war.

Mrs. Sparling was born December 1, 1815, near Loudonville, in Holmes county, and married Daniel Sparling. They remained in the same vicinity until 1872 when they came to Grand Rapids. Mr. Sparling died several years ago, but Mrs. Sparling is hale and hearty, always has good health and now weighs over 200 pounds. One daughter, Mrs. Stump, now deceased, weighed 330 pounds, another daughter, Mrs. Stocker, deceased, was only medium or rather under the common size and weight.

She has one son living, Basil (Bez.) Sparling, who is a very successful farmer, and delights in raising the finest stock in the country.

Mrs. Sparling delights in telling of her father, who never went in debt. He never bought anything until he could pay for it. No wonder he was so highly spoken of by every one.

A VETERAN AND MAGISTRATE.

Isaac Brock Snively is 84 years old.

Was born near St. Catherines, Canada, in 1814, and was married October 29, 1836.

Came to Canton, Ohio, in 1838. His second marriage occurred on October 18, 1842. He came to Grand Rapids, Ohio, in August, 1851.

Was a chair and cabinetmaker, and was elected several times justice of the peace. He served three years in Company D., 111th O. V. I. He has a good memory, and can tell many thrilling war stories. He was wounded at the battle of Franklin. He is lame from injury by an army mule falling on him in 1864. Republican in politics. He has been a member of the Presbyterian church for 23 years.

He has three grandchildren living. He is now living with friends near Grand Rapids and draws a pension.

FREDERICK SALTZ.

Frederick Saltz is nearly 83 years old and has lived at Grand Rapids 26 years. He was born in Fairfield County, Ohio, where New Baltimore now stands.

When 16 years old his folks moved to Licking County. At the age of 21 he left home and went to Indiana, and after remaining there two years he came to Adams County and married Katie Neff. They lived in Adams County three years, then went to Fairfield County, where they remained until 1872, when he came to Wood County.

Mrs. Frederick Saltz was born in Fairfield County in 1819 and is nearly 80 years old.

Fred Saltz and Katie Neff were married in 1839 and they raised five children, all still living. Mrs. Bowers, the oldest, born in 1840, lives in Petoskey, O., Minerva Rightley, born in 1842, lives in Morris County, Kansas; Royal B. Saltz, born 1844, lives in Grand Rapids, O.; Clara Mosier, born 1847 lives in Grand Rapids, O., Nora, born 1849, at home with her parents mostly. Mr. and Mrs. Saltz united with the United Brethren Church in 1842 and have always been faithful members and true Christians in every respect. Kind and generous to everybody, no tramp or hungry traveler ever was refused a meal of victuals at their door. *How many can say that?*

Mrs. Saltz is still able to look after her cows and chickens, but Mr. Saltz is getting slow and uncertain of step, and only waiting to get fully ripe before being gathered in. He is a faithful Democrat, only missing one election, the day he was on the road to Wood County. He could not go Greely so he moved that day instead of going to election.

DAVID HOCKMAN.

David Hockman came to Grand Rapids, O., in 1830 with his brother Joseph and each one entered 160 acres in Henry County. They got something to eat at the "Howard House," still standing just east of the town.

Not a tree was cut where the town now stands, unless it was a coon tree. James Donaldson and Emanuel Arnold were the only families on Beaver Creek at that time.

Mr. Hockman was born on a farm where Lancaster now stands, in Fairfield County, Ohio, January 9th, 1813, and is now past 85 years old.

His father, Henry Hockman, lived to be 70 years old and his mother, Rebekah (Dellinger) Hockman, 78 or 80. His brothers Henry and Jacob died at the age of 70 and Joseph 76.

His sister, Katie Hite, lived to be 82 and Lydia Babbitt lived to be 70. Elizabeth, the wife of Jacob Fall, is still living in Missouri, aged 80.

Mr. Hockman married Frances Huber at Lancaster, O., in 1835 and came to Henry County with his family in 1841. His son, Isaac, died when 23 years old, leaving three children, David, Washington and Frances, now living in the oil fields of Wood County. His daughter, Elizabeth, now lives at McClure, Ohio, the widow of Ambrose Cook, who was killed by a train on the railroad track. David Hockman's second wife was Margaret Erven, and they have one daughter, Sadie, now living at Lancaster, Ohio, with her two boys, David and Ray Arnold. Sadie is the widow of the late Prof. D. C. Arnold. David Hackman was a successful farmer and a very good, kind neighbor; too kind to others for his own good. He was a Republican in politics and Presbyterian in religion.

JOHN RINKENBERGER.

Is now 82 years old and lives in Grand Rapids, O. He was born in Wurtumburg, South Germany, October 9th, 1816 and came to America in 1848. He lived in Erie county, Pa., three years; lived in Sandusky county, Ohio, ten years and came to Wood county in the spring of 1862 where he has lived ever since.

His wife died April 6th, 1897. They raised a family of seven children, four of whom are now living. Mrs. Mary Daniel lives in Bowling Green, and has seven children; Mrs. Effie Morris lives in Ottawa, Kansas, and has three children; Mrs. Lizzie Steininger lives in Weston, Ohio, with four children; Mrs. Rebekah Yarnell lives in Steubenville, Ohio.

Mr. Rinkenberger is in fair health for one of his age, reads German without spectacles, but uses them when reading English. He is well educated and is an excellent Bible scholar. He has been a member of the Evangelical Church since 1850 and is a Republican in politics.

ZELOTES SHERBURNE.

The subject of this sketch was born in Wheelock, Vt., May 5, 1818. His ancestors resided at Stonyhurst, in the north of England, and came to America about the year 1700, landing at Portsmouth, N. H. A great-uncle lost his life in the French and Indian war, and his grandfather, James Sherburne, was a soldier of the Revolution, removing to Vermont in 1786. His father, Henry Sherburne, was married to Hannah Dunbar, to whom was born fourteen children, ten of whom reached maturity. His boyhood days were spent among the hills and snowdrifts of Vermont, chopping wood in winter, with only a barley biscuit for lunch, and making maple sugar in spring, and in his twentieth year, in company with his father, came to Ohio, driving four horses attached to a sled the entire distance, the only difficulty being not bare roads, but too much snow. His father bought the farm where the village of Wellington, Lorain County, now stands, where he lived till his death. Zelotes was married in 1848 to Mary R. Brown, and began housekeeping in LaGrange. In 1851 he bought a farm in Pittsfield township, two miles south of Oberlin, and lived there two years, when he moved to Oberlin and lived there a year, working at the carpenter's trade. In 1854 he again moved to Pittsfield, where he lived, farming and making brick till 1861, when he sold out and bought a farm near Rochester depot, where he lived five years, being elected at one time as Justice of the Peace and serving as Assessor. In 1866 he sold his farm in Rochester and removed to Hillsdale, Mich., where he staid three years, removing thence to Ottawa Lake, but, driven from there by ague at the end of nine months, he traded his farm for property in Centerton, Huron Co., O., where, after a three months stay, he removed to Randolph Co., Ind. living there one year and in Jay County two years, and in 1873 again removing to Ohio, landing in Milton Center, Wood Co., where he lived ten years, farming and working at carpentry, also running a sorghum molasses mill in its season. In 1883 he moved to Lucas County, one and one-quarter miles west of Whitehouse, where he still resides. In this county he has served his township (Swanton) as Trustee and Justice of the Peace. He was converted at the age of seventeen, and united with the Free Will Baptist Church, to the principles of which church he still adheres, though being a member of the Methodist Protestant Church at this writing. To Mr. and Mrs. Sherburne were born six children, five of whom are still living: Henry Zelotes, Hattie May, George Wayland, Ransom Brown and John Colby.

The Maumee Valley Pioneer Association has for its fundamental purpose the cultivation of a more intimate knowledge of and an interest in the great events which are of such varied character, that have made the Valley historical, and to more especially perpetuate the memories of the hardy pioneers by whose labors and sacrifices the greater part of our present success in agricultural and commercial pursuits, and of our intellectual, religious and social development have been largely attained. No citizen of the Maumee Valley whose life work has been bounded by the number of years necessary to class him or her as a pioneer but has had some part in making our history what it is. The many quiet, painstaking and faithful lives who have here and there dropped a kind word, or done an unrecorded good deed, have in the aggregate of such, supplied the real substance of the true success we have secured.

During the past year the death record has been enlarged by the names of many of whom this can be said with much emphasis—Many of them were born, reared and died in our Valley and have left sweet memories in the hearts of surviving children and friends that it would not be violating the sanctity of the home to place such memories on record with this neighbor association, many members of which would thereby be enabled to carry with them to the privacy of their homes the written record of lives, from whom they have been long separated by many social changes, so inevitable, as we can all fully testify, in the life of man.

While looking over this records of such, attention has been called to a number of our pioneers who have passed the four-score year life mark and are still with us, whose presence and smile is a benediction to all with whom they come in contact.

The names of those mentioned in this pamphlet are only of such as have come to mind during the few weeks that the matter of mentioning such names has been under consideration and therefore is necessarily very incomplete. It is hoped that before next year we may be supplied with the records of many others.

Anna Jones Lillelund was born in Newport, Monmouthshire, South

Wales, December 12th, 1809. She came to America with her parents in 1832, settling for a time in New York City where she met and was married to Nelson M. Lillelund, in 1836. With her husband she removed to near Dayton in this state in 1841 and to Toledo in 1850 where she has resided continuously since. Her husband died in 1880. Two sons and four daughters, all of whom are living, will perpetuate her memory. An interesting photograph is shown by her of four generations, viz: herself, her daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter. Mrs. Lillelund has been from early life an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church, but the catholicity of her Christian spirit is such that the neighborhoods in which she has resided have felt that they had a warm supporter of every Christian work no matter by what denomination it was fostered. Her whole life work has been a benediction to all with whom she has come in contact with. This is particularly marked in her connection with the younger classes with whom she will be as long as life shall last a prime favorite.

Nicholas Neuhausel, Sr., was born January 1st, 1810, in Ober Roden, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany. In the thickly settled portions of Europe many of the tillers of the soil also follow other pursuits. Mr. Neuhausel's father besides being a farmer was a tailor, and he duly instructed and brought up his son to follow that occupation, which he did. There were four brothers and two sisters in the family, three of the brothers in seeking a locality in which to settle for life removed to the south of France, while the subject of our sketch in July 1852, came to America, first settling in Baltimore, Maryland. He had been married previously to Miss Anna Mary Becker in 1833. He came to Toledo in 1858 and has since resided in that city an honored citizen, practicing industry, frugality and all those virtues that help so much to secure obedience to law by the community and love and honor among men.

Five sons and two daughters who are all living and are all residents of Toledo, cheer his old age with their care and attention. Four of the sons constitute the pioneer dry goods firm of Neuhausel Bros. Mrs. Neuhausel, with whom he walked in life for 51 years and with whom he celebrated their golden wedding in 1883, passed

from life to the rewards of the hereafter in 1884. The family is at present one of the largest in this section, consisting, besides the aged parent, of seven children, twenty-two grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, a total of thirty-six. May the aged father be blessed with freedom from pain and have the comforts of a contented mind resulting from a well spent life as long as his days on earth shall be extended.

The names of Mrs. Sarah Chambers Southard, Mrs. Rhoda Southard Dixon, H. J. Hayes, Chas. H. Parsons, Doria Tracy, F. C. Nichols, Joel Kelsey, C. Woodruff, S. F. Dyer, Mrs. Dr. Chase and Nicholas Gilsdorf, all of whom we think are over eighty years of age, came to mind while writing, whose life experiences in the Maumee Valley it would be interesting to read and we hope that their friends will favor the Association with a brief statement of the same.

LIST OF MEMBERSHIP.

Alexander, W. G.	Toledo, Ohio
Andrews, Samuel	" "
Atkins, Rosantha	" "
Abbott, Eunice	" "
Blanchard, Samuel	" "
Bell, Robert H.	" "
Boos, Wm. H.	" "
Blinn, N. D.	" "
Bashare, Milo	" "
Berdan, John	" "
Bloomfield, Robert	" "
Brigham, C. O.	" "
Boice, R. V.	" "
Brigham, Mrs. M. P.	" "
Brigham, Stanley F.	" "
Blodgett, Mrs. Eliza	" "
Bradley, A. B.	" "
Baldwin, Mrs. Maria	" "
Bartlett, Nathaniel	" "
Burdick, Leander	" "
Brumbaugh, H.	" "
Bond, O. S.	" "
Brownlee, A. B., Jr.	" "
Baker, Mary G.	" "
Brainard, W. S.	" "
Chase, Galusha	" "
Colton, Abram W.	" "
Clark, Albert G.	" "
Callahan, M.	" "
Collins, D. A.	" "
Crafts, J. A.	" "
Corlett, Wm.	" "
Conway, John A.	" "
Coghlin, Dennis	" "
Chapin, Edward	" "
Cowdrick, Vien	Auburndale, " "
Contuse, E. C.	" "
Carter, S. S.	" "
Dunlap Thomas	" "
Draper, James	" "
Dyer, Stephen F.	" "
Dowling, P. H.	" "
Englehardt, Jacob	" "
Ensign, W. O.	" "
Eddy, Chas. H.	" "
Eggleston, Mrs. H.	" "
Edgar, John	606 Platt St. " "

Gloyd, Mary E.	Toledo, Ohio
Goddard, Alonzo	" "
Granger, V. W.	" "
Gleason, A. W.	" "
Gardner, Nath.	East Side,
Hartman, Abraham	" "
Hertzler, Horace	" "
Howard, Mrs. N. M.	" "
Howell, A. D.	" "
Hall, Cecil A.	" "
Hubbard, Franklin	" "
Heime, Jacob E.	" "
Jones, Adelaine	" "
Kelsey, Joel W.	" "
Ketcham, Mrs. Rachel Ann	" "
King, Frank J.	" "
Kountz, John S.	" "
Kenyon, Henry	" "
Kellogg, Joseph G.	" "
Kslsey, Joel H.	" "
Lane, Frank T.	" "
Lindsay, Mrs. S. B.	" "
Lemmon, Reuben C.	" "
Myers, Jas. W.	" "
Marksheffel, C. A.	" "
Moore, John A.	" "
Marx, Guido	" "
Merikel, N. M.	" "
McNally, Jas.	" "
Morehouse, Wm. H.	" "
Mott, Miss Anna C.	" "
Norton, C. W.	" "
Norton, Mrs. M. D.	" "
Neubert, H. G.	" "
Nay, Eccler	" "
Nopper, Christ.	" "
Pelton, A. D.	" "
Parmelee, W. E. Jr.	" "
Pratt, Charles	" "
Pike, Louis H.	" "
Pheatt, Z. C.	" "
Plant, A. H.	" "
Raymond, E. P.	" "
Raymond, Paul	" "
Rowland, W. L.	" "
Romeis, Jacob	" "
Raymer, James	" "
Richardson, I. A.	" "
Robinson, James B.	" "
Romeis, John	" "
Smith, Denison B.	" "
Seaman, Ira K.	" "
Smith, W. H. H.	" "

Poster, O. W.	Lamoine, Wood County, Ohio
Hardy, James	Texas, Henry " "
Hardesty, A. F.	Payne, Wood, " "
Hollington, Rev. A.	Delaware, " "
Jones, L. J.	Digby, Wood County, " "
Mathews, C. W.	Lancaster, " "
McCabe, Alex.	Morenci, Mich.
McDowell, Mrs. C. E.	Prairie Depot, Ohio
McMahon, R. W.	Portage, Wood County, " "
Moore, J. P.	Fremont, " "
Myers, J. K.	Ayersville, Defiance County, " "
Peters, B. L.	North Baltimore, " "
Peters, Mrs. Fannie	" " " "
Phillips, Charles B.	Blissfield, Mich.
Rodgers, O. D.	New Haven, Ind.
Rowe, John P.	Vienna, Mich.
Tabbs, W. B.	Tubbsville, Ohio
Wilson, Wm. H.	Richfield Center, Lucas County, " "
Williamson, C. W.	Wapakoneta, " "
Willson, Geo. H.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Whittaker, Wm.	Wauseon, Ohio
Watkins, George	Chicago, Ill.
Whitney, Jos. S.	Jackson, Mich.
White, J. W.	Washington, D. C.
Ballou, Oscar W.	Waterville, Lucas County, Ohio
Ballou, Mrs. O. W.	" " " "
Dodd, Mrs. Mary	" " " "
Eastwood, Lewis	" " " "
Farnsworth, John P.	" " " "
Hall, Joseph E.	" " " "
Hoobler, Geo. W.	" " " "
Pray, Thomas	" " " "
Knaggs, Miss Maria	" " " "
Shertzer, Joseph	" " " "
Van Fleet, William	" " " "
Van Fleet, Mrs. Jane R.	" " " "
Van Fleet, H. Frank	" " " "
Watts, Thomas	" " " "
Edgar, John	Weston, Wood " "
Huber, Henry	" " " "
McDonald, C. W.	" " " "
Shephard, W. H.	" " " "
Atkinson, William	Whitehouse, Lucas " "
Atkinson, Mrs. Louisa	" " " "
Burnett, Geo. C.	" " " "
Butler, Fred A.	" " " "
Doren, John	" " " "
Doran, William	" " " "
Goodman, Michael	" " " "
Goodman, Mrs. Caroline	" " " "
Pray, Paris H.	" " " "
Pray, M. W.	" " " "
Pray, J. L.	" " " "

Pray, Mary E.	Whitehouse, Lucas County, Ohio				
Poulson, J. H.	"	"	"	"	"
Rakestraw, Yarnel	"	"	"	"	"
Sly, Mrs. Martha	"	"	"	"	"
Andrews, James	Sylvania, Lucas	"	"	"	"
Cone, Ambrose	"	"	"	"	"
Harroun, Clara	"	"	"	"	"
Harroun, Mrs. E. J. P.	"	"	"	"	"
Warren, W. B.	"	"	"	"	"
Curtis, Nelson	Swanton Fulton	"	"	"	"
Fairchilds, Alonzo	"	"	"	"	"
Love, Rev. N. B. C.	"	"	"	"	"
Scott, Dr. W. A.	"	"	"	"	"
White, J. S.	"	"	"	"	"
White, Mrs. Ellen	"	"	"	"	"
Watkins, Wells	"	"	"	"	"
Foster, Joel	Tontogany, Wood	"	"	"	"
Mawer, Mrs. Thos.	"	"	"	"	"
Mawer, Thos.	"	"	"	"	"
Warner, Martin	"	"	"	"	"
Bowers, George	Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio	"	"	"	"
Brooks, William	"	"	"	"	"
Bowers, James R.	"	"	"	"	"
Bowers, W. R.	"	"	"	"	"
Bowers, Mrs. A. C.	"	"	"	"	"
Cadwallader, Mrs. May	"	"	"	"	"
Curtis, S. L.	"	"	"	"	"
Davidson, J. S.	"	"	"	"	"
Gunn, Edwin	"	"	"	"	"
Gilson, David	"	"	"	"	"
Furquson, Mary	"	"	"	"	"
Hudson, D. P.	"	"	"	"	"
Hill, Matilda M.	"	"	"	"	"
Hateley, Daniel	"	"	"	"	"
Hudson, Harrison	"	"	"	"	"
Hufning, Julius	"	"	"	"	"
Huddle, John	"	"	"	"	"
Hague, S. M.	"	"	"	"	"
Mory, J. D.	"	"	"	"	"
Ralrick, George	"	"	"	"	"
Raiser, Mathias	"	"	"	"	"
Scribner, Allen B.	"	"	"	"	"
Shelt, John	"	"	"	"	"
Stevens, John W.	"	"	"	"	"
Scott, Robert K.	"	"	"	"	"
Sentre, H.	"	"	"	"	"
Tyler, Justin H.	"	"	"	"	"
VanHynig, Julius	"	"	"	"	"
Wheeler, Caleb	"	"	"	"	"
Wilson, D.	"	"	"	"	"
Williams, L. B.	"	"	"	"	"
Brown, James K.	"	"	"	"	"
Leatherman, J.	"	"	"	"	"

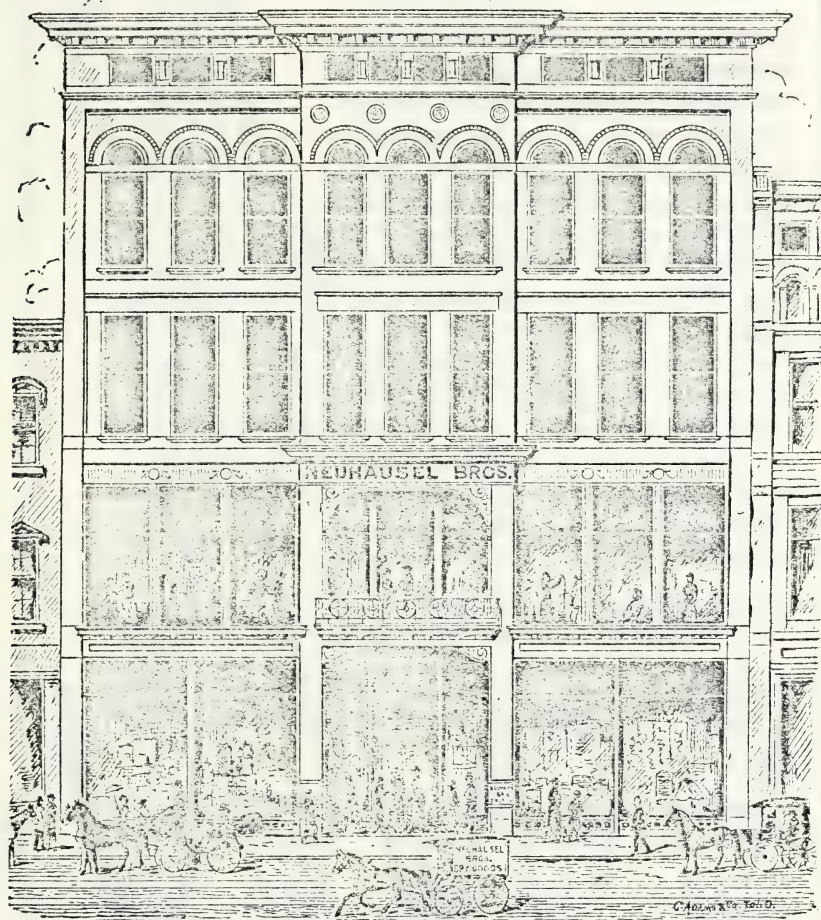
Pontius, B. F.	Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio
Shelt, Sabina	" " " "
Britton, O. J.	Neopolis, Lucas County, Ohio
Keeler, W. H.	" " " "
Crosby, Darwin	" " " "
Baird, C. C.	Perrysburg, Wood County, Ohio
Barlow, Martha	" " " "
Campbell, G. W.	" " " "
Cing, Rudolph	" " " "
Hollenbeck, Francis	" " " "
Hollenbeck, D. K.	" " " "
McKnight, George	" " " "
Pratt, B. F.	" " " "
Peck, Henry E.	" " " "
Powell, Frank	" " " "
Powers, C. A.	" " " "
Perrin, Mrs. Amelia	" " " "
Drummond, Calvin M.	" " " "
Ross, J. W.	" " " "
Ross, Mrs. J. W.	" " " "
Rumler, Estella	" " " "
Spafford, Mrs. Mariah	" " " "
Stubbe, James F.	" " " "
Tuller, E.	" " " "
Thornton, S. B.	" " " "
Warner, H.	" " " "
Weddel, George	" " " "
Ross, Mr. and Mrs.	Hull Prairie, Wood County, Ohio
Tunison, Mrs. John	" " " "
Robertson, Ameleus	" " " "
Croninger, George	Liberty Center, Henry County, Ohio
Foot, Fred	" " " "
Turney, Michael	" " " "
Gunn, Mrs. A. B.	" " " "
Hudson, Isaac	" " " "
Leist, A. C.	" " " "
Lamphier, John	" " " "
Pennock, Edward	" " " "
Russell, W. H.	" " " "
West, John T.	" " " "
Young, C. C.	" " " "
Young, Mrs. C. C.	" " " "
Williams, W. F.	" " " "
Bales, William	Maumee, Lucas County, Ohio
Brown, Mrs. Thomas	" " " "
Blaker, Mrs. Amanda	" " " "
Baker, Mary G.	" " " "
Drummond, C. M.	" " " "
Gunn, Mrs. W. B.	" " " "
Hull, W. R.	" " " "
Kiser, Laura B.	" " " "
Mitchell, Mrs. R. B.	" " " "
Gunn, O. N.	" " " "

Gunn, Mrs. O. N.	Maumee, Lucas County, Ohio
Knaggs, Malinda	" " " "
Walcott, J. M.	" " " "
Wilcox, J. E.	" " " "
Batchelder, Mrs. William	" " " "
Durbin, Thos. W.	McClure, Henry County, Ohio
Sheppard, D. S.	" " " "
Kerr, John W.	Monclova, Lucas County, Ohio
Leaming, Hulda	" " " "
Lose, William	" " " "
Van Fleet, Cornelius	" " " "
Carter, S. S.	Delta, Fulton County, Ohio
Carn, M.	" " " "
Holt, John	" " " "
Merrell, Osias	" " " "
Sargent, A. L.	" " " "
Culberson, Eli	Grand Rapids, Fulton County, Ohio
Judson, A. C.	" " " "
McLain, J. C.	" " " "
Reynolds, James	" " " "
Sterling, Thomas	" " " "
Bucklin, Osman	Grelton, Wood County, Ohio
Johnson, W. C.	" " " "
Yeager, A.	" " " "
Andrews, H. R.	Florida, Henry County, Ohio
Berdner, Mrs. Harvey	" " " "
Berdner, Henry	" " " "
Brubacker, David	" " " "
Bruback, F. N.	" " " "
Bruback, Emily B.	" " " "
Bowen, Jerry	" " " "
Rothenberger, G. F.	" " " "
Scotfield, Catherine E.	" " " "
Sisler, Peter	" " " "
Lowry, Samantha A.	" " " "
Weaver, H. S.	" " " "
Weaver, David	" " " "
Bernthistle, H. P.	Haskins, Wood County, Ohio
Garrett, P. F.	" " " "
Garrett, Mrs. Kate	" " " "
Ainsworth, J. N.	Hicksville, Defiance County, Ohio
Fast, H. H.	Holgate, Henry County, Ohio
Gunn, A. D.	Holland, Lucas County, Ohio
Tucker, Albert C.	" " " "
Holloway, C. B.	" " " "
Holloway, Mrs. Mary A.	" " " "
Conley, Michael	Colton, Henry County, Ohio
Gramling, Adam	" " " "
Hardy, Sames W.	" " " "
Love, W. K.	" " " "
Parrott, William	" " " "
Waler, Aaron	" " " "
Waggoner, John B.	" " " "

Waggoner, Simon N.	Colton, Henry County, Ohio
McGarvey, John	" " " "
Arrowsmith, Miller	Defiance, Defiance County, Ohio
Brawn, Mrs. W. A.	" " " "
Brown, Kate O.	" " " "
Brown, F. G.	" " " "
Corwin, Isaac	" " " "
Deamer, B. F.	" " " "
Greenler, J. S.	" " " "
Gurwell, Martin	" " " "
Gurwell, Jacob	" " " "
Hardy, Henry	" " " "
Hudson, S. P.	" " " "
Hooker, Arabella H.	" " " "
Howard, E. A.	" " " "
Hall, H. B.	" " " "
Hapenhinsson, W. C.	" " " "
Jarvis, Mary B.	" " " "
Kirk, J. D.	" " " "
Kintner, George	" " " "
Langdon, Lyman	" " " "
Marcellus, D. H.	" " " "
Malley, J. J.	" " " "
Miller, John	" " " "
Marcellus, Hugh J.	" " " "
Mix, E. B.	" " " "
Parry, Gibbons	" " " "
Perky, Martin	" " " "
Rohn, James	" " " "
Ralston, J. B.	" " " "
Sessionas, Horace	" " " "
Stubbs, Wm. M.	" " " "
Scott, Helen Brown	" " " "
Saylor, Jacob	" " " "
Simpson, A. E.	" " " "
Smith, Wm. M.	" " " "
Thornton, M. E. Stephens	" " " "
Tittle, Charles P.	" " " "
Wilhelm, Adam	" " " "
Woodcox, B. B.	" " " "
Myers, L. E.	" " " "
Hilton, Brice	" " " "
Evans, Richard	" " " "
Wood, Alonzo H.	" " " "
Van Dusel, N.	" " " "
Crofts, Mrs. Hannah	712 Russell Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Robinson, James B.	Air Line Junction, Lucas County, Ohio
Bissell, C. A.	Antwerp, Paulding County, Ohio
Bisber, Henry	" " " "
Doering, P. P.	" " " "
Ewing Wm.	" " " "
Fleck, W. F.	" " " "
Ferguson, H. R.	" " " "

Graves, F. A.	Antwerp, Paulding County, Ohio
Harris, Henry	" " " "
Harris, Jane E.	" " " "
Hughes, D. S.	" " " "
McCann, A. C.	" " " "
Oswalt, Jacob.	" " " "
Pocock, D. A.	" " " "
Pocock, Clara	" " " "
Pocock, J. L.	" " " "
Pocock, E. E.	" " " "
Snooks, W. A.	" " " "
Saylor, Jacob	" " " "
Stukey, W. W.	" " " "
Woodcox, C. B.	" " " "
Zuber, John B.	" " " "
Zuber, J. H.	" " " "
Dilgert, J. C.	Auburndale, Lucas County, Ohio
Conture, E. C.	" " " "
Cowdrick, Vien	" " " "
Black, Luther	Bowling Green, Wood County, Ohio
Caldwell, Geo. D.	" " " "
Dodge, H. H.	" " " "
La Farree, Jas. H.	" " " "
Newton, Daniel	" " " "
Newton, Mrs. Eveline	" " " "
Perry, Thomas	" " " "
Phillippi, Aaron	" " " "
Ralston, Jas. B.	" " " "
Simonds, Alice	" " " "
Thurston, Mrs. M. L.	" " " "
Thomas, S. H.	" " " "
Van Tassel, S. N.	" " " "
Lattimore, Jas. F.	Cecil, Paulding County, Ohio
Lattimore, Mrs. Jas. F.	" " " "
Simpson, A. N.	" " " "
Colby, Dr. L.	" " " "
Downs, Geo. W.	Custar, Wood County, Ohio

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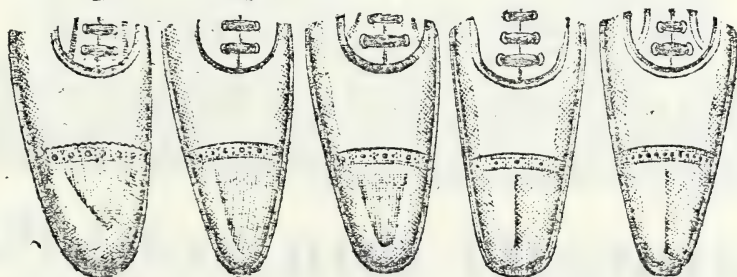
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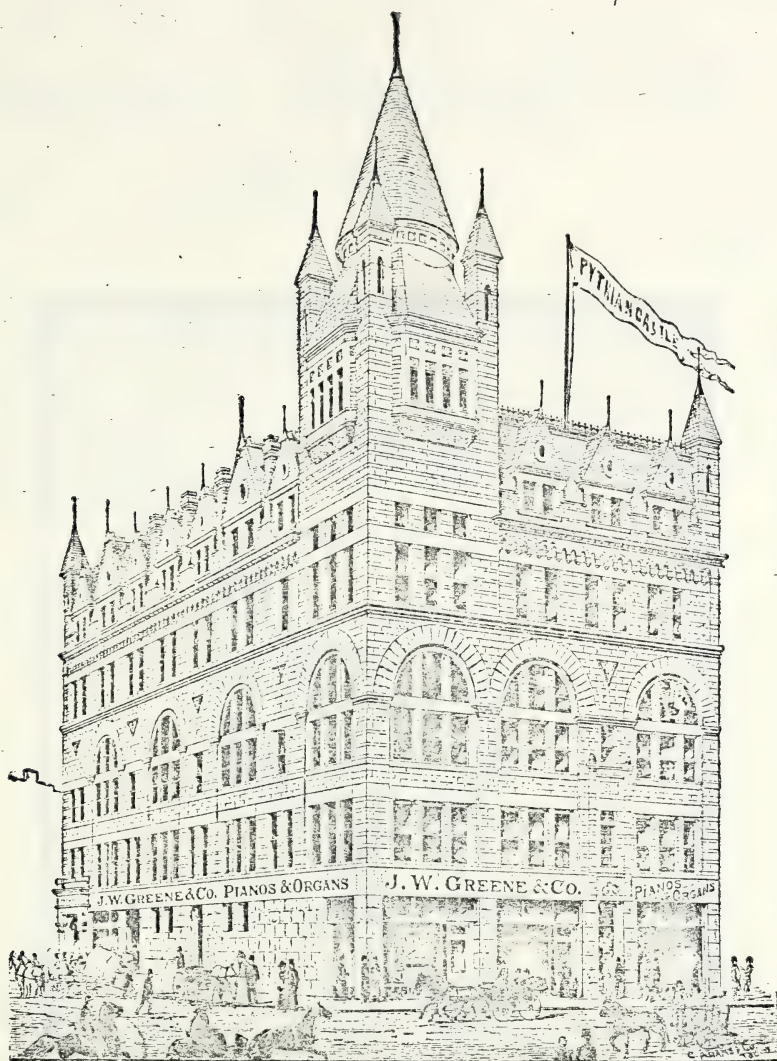
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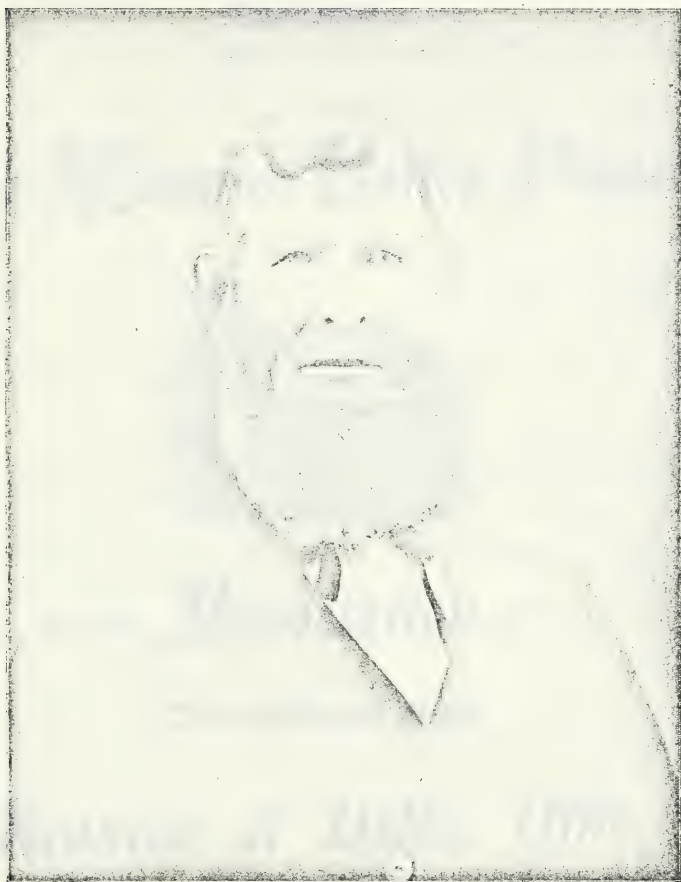
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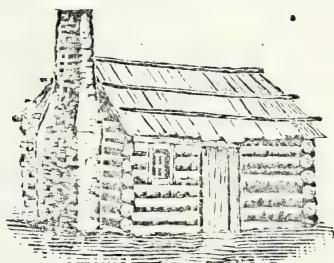


WARREN B. GUNN.

Addresses, Memorials andSketches....

*Published
by* _____

The Maumee Valley Pioneer



**** Association, ****

To be delivered at the

Reunion at Delta, Ohio,

Wednesday, August 30,

1899.

TOLEDO, OHIO:
VROOMAN, ANDERSON & BATEMAN, PRINTERS
1899.

PREFACE.

The Memorials, Obituaries, Biographies and Pioneer Reminiscences herein presented have been contributed by friends who are personally interested in the various subjects each has written of. It is the desire of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association that this interest should extend, and to this end persons possessing knowledge of any personal event or fact connected with pioneer history is not only invited, but earnestly urged, to put the same in writing and hand or mail the matter to the Secretary of the Association, on or before the first day of June of each year.

No charges are made for publishing in these Annuals any such communications. Half-tone cuts appearing, which add very much to the interest of the printed matter, are furnished by friends, and become their property after being used by the Association.

Every person who has resided in any part of the Maumee Valley for the period of *twenty-five years* is eligible for membership in the Association, and can become a member by the payment of one dollar. *It should be remembered that the annual expenses cannot be met by the one dollar paid on joining the Association.* It costs about one hundred and twenty-five dollars each year to publish the Annual and to meet the other necessary expenses. A charge is therefore made of 25 cents a copy for each issue of the Annual, and the members must take a sufficient number to supply the above sum, or else the publication cannot continue. Each member should therefore assist in disposing of the yearly issues to the extent of his ability.

Features of especial interest to the people of our State, and particularly to those of this section, are set forth in this issue, and will be continued in each issue in the following Centennial years. No class of people are or can be as interested in our forthcoming Centennial celebration as are the pioneers, and it is confidently expected that a united effort will be made that their good work may be stimulated so that the Association may grow and maintain its proper sphere of usefulness in this community.

MINUTES.

The 34th Annual Reunion of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association was held at the Old Court House at Maumee, on Saturday, September 10th, 1898.

Owing to the absence of the president, Mr. Paris H. Pray, Rev. N. B. C. Love was called to preside and the meeting was opened by singing "America" by the audience, led by Col. Wm. Corlett, of Toledo.

The regular program was then taken up and Rev. Sheridan, of the Oliver street Baptist Church, of Toledo, led in an invocation of divine grace. Owing to the absence of an organ the singers were unable to fill their part of the program and it was omitted.

The minutes of the former meeting were read and approved, together with the treasurer's report which showed a balance on hand of \$9.47.

A very able, interesting and patriotic paper was then read by Mr. Denison B. Smith on "Evolution of Transportation." This was followed by a carefully prepared paper on "The Surrender of Gen. Hull at Detroit," by Rev. Adams, of Perrysburg.

The noon hour having arrived refreshments were mutually discussed in an "up to date" manner and the pioneers again broke bread together.

The opening of the afternoon meeting was solemnized by an invocation by Rev. Adams, of Perrysburg. We were then favored with a very well worded, hearty pioneer welcome by the Hon. James M. Wolcott, a home pioneer of Maumee. He spoke feelingly of the pioneer surroundings of Maumee together with the famous pioneer people, including one of Maumee's meritorious sons now in command of the U. S. forces at Santiago, Cuba, and at the conclusion of his welcome address mov-

ed that Gen. Lawton, a former citizen of Maumee, be elected an honorary member of the Association.

An original letter dated at Washington, D. C., October 9th, 1845, written by Gen'l George Croghan to Mr. George B. Knaggs, of Maumee City, was then presented to the Association and the secretary was instructed to reproduce the matter of the letter in the pamphlet of 1899. A vote of thanks was extended by the Association to Mrs. Knaggs for her generous contribution of the letter.

A nominating committee consisting of Mr. D. K. Hollenbeck, of Wood County; Mr. O. B. Merrill, of Fulton County, and Hon. J. H. Tyler, of Henry County, then reported by the chairman, and the following recommendations were made:

FOR PRESIDENT,

Mr. Paris H. Pray, of Whitehouse.

FOR SECRETARY,

J. L. Pray, of Whitehouse.

FOR TREASURER,

J. E. Hall, of Waterville.

VICE-PRESIDENTS,

Fulton County, Dr. Wm. Ramsey,
Hancock County, Mr. Blackford,
Henry County, Hon. Justin H. Tyler,
Lucas County, Judge Chas. Pratt,
Wood County, D. K. Hollenbeck,
Defiance County, Adam Wilhelm,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

Defiance County, John Greenler,
Fulton County, A. B. Thompson,
Henry County, C. C. Young,
Lucas County, Wm. Corlett,
Wood County, J. O. Troup,

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE,

Defiance County, J. P. Buffington,

Fulton County, Rev. N. B. C. Love,
 Henry County, Allen Scribner,
 Lucas County, D. B. Smith,
 Wood County, F. A. Baldwin,
 Hancock County, H. F. Burbet.

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE,

Henry County, George Patrick,
 Lucas County, Hon. J. K. Hamilton
 Wood County, Rev. G. A. Adams.

At the close of the election Mr. Corlett, of Toledo, made an explanation concerning the memorials that all persons should make themselves responsible for omissions, etc. The chairman of the Memorial committee then came forward and read memorials on the life and character of Mr. Thomas Daniels, Marquis Baldwin, J. C. Dilgert and J. E. Bailey. Mr. J. T. Greer of Toledo, then presented a very fine tribute on the very serviceable life of Rev. W. W. Williams, of Toledo. Dr. N. B. C. Love next presented a memorial on the pioneer life of Mr. John Cowdrick, of Napoleon. Mr. Clark Waggoner then presented a very graphic account of the noble and praiseworthy deeds of William Oliver, a former citizen and property owner in Toledo.

The meeting then broke away from the regular program long enough to hear a recitation by Mr. Shafer, after which reminiscences were called for and Mr. Worden of Toledo, and Mr. Young of Liberty Center, and others made brief remarks.

FINANCIAL EXHIBIT FOR 1898.

Received for Pamphlets sold.....	\$38 65
Received for Advertising.....	40 00
Received for five Memberships at Maumee.....	5 00
Total Paid Treasury.....	<u>\$83 65</u>

Cost of Postage—Circulars and Cards.....	\$ 6 00
Cost of Printing.....	84 20
Cost of Typewriting and Addressing.....	2 65
Total.....	<u>\$92 85</u>

J. L. PRAY, Secretary.

P. H. PRAY, President.

ACCOUNT OF TREASURER.

Balance on hand from 1897.....	\$ 9 47
Received of Secretary up to December 30, 1898..	83 65
Total.....	<u>\$93 12</u>
Paid Expense Orders.....	92 85
Balance in Treasury.....	<u>27</u>

J. E. HALL, Treasurer.

The meeting closed with the singing of a familiar song, all feeling that the 34th Annual Reunion was a social success.

N. B. C. LOVE,
Acting President.

J. L. PRAY,
Secretary.

THE BATTLE OF FALLEN TIMBERS.

BY H. W. COMPTON.

Two of the most momentous events in the history of Ohio, and indeed of the whole Northwest, were the Battle of Fallen Timbers and the Siege of Fort Meigs. At the former the great Indian confederacy, organized and armed by the British, was overthrown upon the banks of the Maumee by the impetuous charge of "Mad Anthony" with his irresistible legion of infantry and mounted dragoons. At Fort Meigs, near the same spot eighteen years later, where the old earthworks are still visible, a brave garrison of Americans under William Henry Harrison hurled back an invading host of British regulars and Canadian militia under Proctor, and a horde of eighteen hundred yelping Indians under the lead of the great Tecumseh. By the first victory a peace was secured with the crushed and humbled Indians which permitted an uninterrupted tide of white settlers to flow into the Ohio wilderness and possess, clear and cultivate the fertile lands, secure from the merciless tomahawk, firebrand and scalping knife which for fifty years had made the frontier a scene of danger, desolation and horror. By the second victory at Fort Meigs the British and their savage allies were driven back upon Canada, and the British hopes of annexing our Northwest territory to England's dominions were frustrated forever.

To understand aright the significance of the great victory of the Fallen Timbers, it is necessary to go back a little way in history and notice briefly some of the preliminary events. The Treaty of Paris of 1783 ended, or was supposed to end, the War of the Revolution. That treaty fixed the northern boundary of the United States

at the middle line of the Great Lakes, and the western boundary at the Mississippi river. But notwithstanding the terms of the treaty, the British did not relinquish to the Americans the fortified posts along the chain of the lakes from Niagara to Mackinac. They continued to hold with strong garrisons the forts at Niagara, Sandusky, Detroit and Mackinac, and our weak nation, then but loosely knit together, glad of peace and anxious to recover from the effects of the long and desolating War of the Revolution, bided its time, endured insult and did not insist upon its rights. For full fifteen years after the Treaty of Paris the British thus held on to their fortified posts along the lakes and all the territory adjacent to them, and made these posts rallying points for the Indians of the Northwest, whom they supplied with arms and incited to terrible outrages upon the feeble white settlements in Kentucky and along the northern shore of the Ohio river. Even then a great body of the Eastern people were opposed to what we now call "the policy of expansion," and were averse to a war with the Indians or another war with England. They asserted that the Ohio wilderness and the great jungle of the Northwest were not worth the blood and treasure it would cost to redeem them from the Indians and the British.

England knew this feeling among the Americans and secretly cherished the intention of repossessing the vast region north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. But at that time they gave as their pretext for holding the forts and lands along the lakes, that the Americans had not kept the treaty of 1783 by making good the losses of certain British creditors who had suffered because of the Revolutionary War. So for about fifteen years whatever may have been the real motive, the British continued to hold the forts along the northern lakes, furnished the Indians with weapons and supplies, and encouraged them to murderous attacks upon the white frontier settlers.

of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, (then a county of Virginia,) and the few cabins and settlements along the northern banks of the Ohio river.

In 1788 the Northwest Territory was formally organized at Marietta, with Arthur St. Clair as governor. Cincinnati was founded, and other isolated log villages sprang up along the Ohio. Lands were purchased, and a strong tide of immigration set in from the Eastern States. The Ohio river was thronged with rafts, flat-boats and arks carrying settlers and their household goods down to the new lands in the western wilderness. The sight of these things enraged the Indians who beheld their hunting grounds thus invaded by the hated axe, plow and cabin of the pale face. Prowling bands of savages burst suddenly upon defenceless cabins in the night time, murdered the inhabitants or bore them away into a wretched captivity on the Wabash or the Maumee.

Groups of savage warriors lurked constantly along the wooded shores of the Ohio and waylaid the immigrant boats, plundering the goods and murdering whole families. At times hundreds of the fierce warriors would flock together and make a raid against the palisaded villages of Kentucky or southern Ohio. On these occasions they would kill all the stock, murder the men in the fields, apply the torch to the dwellings, and carry off the women and children as captives. These savage raids did not go unavenged, especially on the part of the Kentuckians. They frequently organized retaliatory raids, and pursued the fleeing Indians to their villages on the Miami and the Wabash. There they laid waste the corn fields and towns of the savages, but the Indians themselves usually escaped destruction by fleeing into the tangled wilds of the forest where the mounted white men could not penetrate. The atrocities and outrages of the Indians became so persistent and frequent that St. Clair, with the approval of Congress,

determined to send a formidable expedition against their villages.

In the Fall of 1790, a force of Pennsylvanians and Kentuckians, consisting of mounted militia and regular infantry with artillery, fourteen hundred and fifty-three men in all, under command of Gen. Harmar, marched against the villages at the head waters of the Miami. The Indians as usual abandoned their towns and fled before the advancing army. Harmar laid waste their fields and burned their villages, and had he been content with this he would have accomplished all he was ordered to do. But his militia were eager for a fight with the Indians. So two or three detachments that were permitted to go off from the main body in quest of the warriors, were promptly surrounded by the Indians under command of Little Turtle, an able chief, and cut to pieces. Harmar was compelled to gather his little army together and retreat to Fort Washington, at Cincinnati, harassed by Indians most of the way. Harmar's campaign was practically a failure, and another was called for, as the Indians were only the more enraged by the destruction of their homes and fields, and were not in the least subdued. The Indian attacks on the settlers immediately became bolder. Every blockhouse in southern Ohio was soon in a state of siege. All work in field and clearing was abandoned. The Indians attacked the station at Big Bottom near Marietta, and murdered and scalped fourteen whites. Settlers fled to the blockhouses or forts for refuge. Some hastened across the river into Virginia, abandoning all their possessions in the hope of escaping the prowling warriors. Washington was authorized by Congress to raise and equip an army of three thousand men. The command was given to St. Clair who was a friend of Washington and who had rendered valuable service as an officer in the war of the Revolution. The army was made up of the little regular army of two regiments, and

the rest was composed of drafted militia and about four hundred Kentucky volunteers. A more poorly disciplined and equipped army probably never marched out to meet a foe. Many of the troops were enlisted for only six months and their time expired before they got into battle. This fact was the cause of many desertions before there was a chance of conflict with the Indians. The troops were equipped by the agents of the government in the most shameless manner. Many of the muskets were utterly useless. It has been said that some of them even had no locks on them. A great deal of the powder would scarcely burn and the food and clothing furnished were wretchedly poor. St. Clair himself was well along in years, was suffering with the gout and had to be helped on his horse. Knox, the Secretary of War, kept urging St. Clair to proceed at once against the Indians, and the settlers were petitioning and clamoring for the army to march against the troublesome foe that was pillaging and burning their homes. This army, thus equipped and officered and urged off to battle without preparation, marched from Cincinnati, September seventeenth, 1791. A month was lost on the northward march in the building of Forts Hamilton and Jefferson. Desertions began to be frequent, and as there was no commissary the army was soon without bread.

After he had reached the Indian neighborhood St. Clair sent back his best regiment of regulars to gather up deserters and provide supplies. Little Turtle who was hovering near with one thousand and fifty painted braves now saw his opportunity. On the night of November third St. Clair encamped on the banks of a stream which, as he had no guide, he did not know was the Wabash. At dawn the Indians began the attack with deadly volleys and frightful yells which were terrifying to the raw and undrilled militia. St. Clair displayed great bravery and determination and rallied his faltering troops again

and again, and by means of successful bayonet charges drove the savages several times from the field. But the Indians quickly returned to the attack and with horrible yells surrounded the now panic stricken soldiers and mowed them down on all sides. By nine o'clock six hundred of St. Clair's men lay dead upon the field, over three hundred were wounded and nearly all the officers were killed. The artillery was useless as there were no men to serve it. St. Clair saw that all was lost and gave the order to retreat. The troops that were still alive rushed pell mell from the bloody field, leaving dead and wounded, camp equipage, and artillery all behind them in their frenzied flight. Some threw away their muskets and even tore their clothing from their bodies that they might run the faster. St. Clair was helped upon an old pack horse, and thus made his escape from the bloody scene. An official investigation relieved St. Clair of all responsibility for the disaster and placed all the blame upon the miserable discipline and equipment of the army.

When Washington heard the news of the awful calamity it is said that he tore his hair in rage and grief, and walked the floor alternately cursing St. Clair and bemoaning the fate of the slaughtered Americans. It is impossible to depict the gloom and despair that filled the breasts of the Ohio settlers when they heard the terrible tidings of the defeat and massacre of St. Clair's army. It was the most ghastly defeat that American arms had ever suffered. All immigration was immediately stopped and not a boat was seen upon the Ohio, save that of some hapless refugee fleeing for shelter from Indian wrath. The government dreaded a war with the Indians and weakly began to negotiate for peace. But the arrogance and insolence of the Indians, backed by the British, knew no bounds. All the peace envoys of the Americans were murdered or insulted and driven out of the Indian encampments. Col. Hardin and Major Trueman were sent

to arrange some sort of a peace treaty with the Indians, but they were both treacherously assassinated, a deed for which the savages in subsequent peace negotiations expressed no regret. The Congress at last reluctantly resolved upon war and provided ample funds to raise and equip an army of five thousand men. Washington cast about him for a commander who could carry the American flag to victory in the wilds of the Northwest and teach the savages and their British allies that the United States, though young, had a strong arm with which to strike their treacherous and uncompromising toes. It is said that Washington hesitated between Anthony Wayne and George Rogers Clarke. There can be no doubt that had he chosen Clarke the result would have been the same, for he was a most valiant fighter, and as able and prudent in peace as in war. But Washington remembered the dash and daring of "Mad Anthony" in the war of the Revolution and how, at Stony Point on the Hudson in 1779, he had coolly pulled the abattis from the fortress walls and charged over the ramparts with the bayonet upon the astounded British foe and captured them all. So the choice fell upon Wayne. He accepted the command under the stipulation that he should have ample time for hardening and drilling his forces and should not be hurried into battle, as St. Clair had been, with a rabble of disobedient and undisciplined militia. Wayne's terms were acceded to and he reached the Ohio in June of 1792 and began the reorganization of the army. His camp was situated on the river about twenty-seven miles below Pittsburgh. Here about twenty-five hundred men assembled and among them the remnant of St. Clair's beaten army. It can readily be seen what a gigantic task Wayne had before him when it came to making an efficient fighting force out of St. Clair's beaten remnant, and from the raw recruits sent him by the war department of the government.

Nearly all the officers were new and could render Wayne but little assistance, but he went about the task of constructing a compact and flexible fighting machine with his accustomed dash and energy. He drilled both officers and men until such a time as the officers themselves were capable of drilling the men. It was found that but few of the men realized the necessity for prompt obedience to orders, desertions were frequent and on the slightest alarm the sentries would flee from their posts. But Wayne kept up the ceaseless daily round of drill, sternly enforcing all orders and duties of the camp, teaching the men to form rapidly and charge, to change from line formation to the hollow square, and to perform all the military evolutions with ease and dexterity. By the Spring of 1793 he had made out of his unpromising material a body of twenty-five hundred regulars, who were already worthy to be trusted in a conflict with the foe.

In May, 1793, Wayne brought his little army, horse, foot and artillery, down the river to Cincinnati, and the infantry and artillery went into camp at "Hobson's Choice." The four companies of cavalry went across the river to a camp in Kentucky, where all summer they practiced bushwhacking and charging through brush and wood and over logs and broken ground along the Licking. On the Ohio side the infantry and artillery kept up a ceaseless drill in tactics and target practice. While Wayne was thus diligently sharpening his knife for the fight, the government, in deference to the "mugwump" element of the country, was weakly endeavoring to negotiate a peace, and urging Wayne to avoid hostilities. Three commissioners, Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph and Timothy Pickering, had been appointed, and had set out in May to meet the Indian council. The commissioners went by way of Niagara, and after long and tedious delay reached the mouth of the Detroit river where they found McKee and Elliott, the chief British

mischief-makers, already in counsel with the Indians. The negotiation proved utterly fruitless. The Indians were elated and insolent because of their easy victories over the whites, and were rich in the spoils and plunder of Harmar's and St. Clair's armies. The commissioners were only put in the humiliating attitude of trying to beg or buy peace. The Indians remained firm in their demand that the Ohio river should be the boundary between the Americans and the red men. The commissioners retired and hastened to Erie, and immediately sent off expresses to warn Wayne and President Washington of their failure. Wayne now consolidated his forces, and in October marched northward eighty miles, where he encamped for the winter, building a strong post which he named Fort Greenville. Wayne's object in building this strongly fortified camp was to assume a menacing position near the headquarters of the savage tribes, and at the same time school his men to the woods and swamps of the Indian country. In December Wayne sent forward a strong detachment to the scene of St. Clair's battleground, gathered up and buried the bleaching bones of the six hundred soldiers who had been slaughtered there, and erected a stockade on the spot, which was named Fort Recovery. Wayne's "Legion," as he loved to call his efficient and well drilled little army, was kept busy through the long winter and following spring in unceasing military exercises, in bringing up supplies and in strengthening the forts. The Legion constantly increased in discipline, and in all that constitutes an effective military force.

In June of 1794, while Wayne was getting up supplies for the march against the Indian towns, and waiting for the ground to dry, Fort Recovery, garrisoned by two hundred men under Captain Gibson, was suddenly attacked one morning at dawn by two thousand Indians under command of Little Turtle. The garrison was taken by

surprise, but made a valorous defense, mowing down the Indians, who attempted to take the place by storm. After the first assault, the Indians retired and kept up a desultory firing at a distance for two days, and then disappeared, carrying with them a large number of their dead and wounded. They had anticipated an easy victory, but met with a discouraging and humiliating repulse which they long deplored as one of their worst defeats. About three weeks after the repulse of the Indians at Fort Recovery, Wayne's Legion was joined by a thousand mounted riflemen from Kentucky under command of Gen. Scott, and he then began his march against the hostile villages on the Maumee, but he kept the destination of the expedition a secret, so that not even his own troops knew where he would strike the first blow. He further mystified the Indians by sending out squads of axemen in advance to cut roads in different directions. The result was that until Wayne suddenly appeared at the confluence of the Auglaize and Maumee, the Indians were in uncertainty as to where he meant to strike, and were unable to concentrate their warriors for attack or defense. Unlike St Clair, Wayne kept in his employ during the whole of his northward march, a body of about forty trained spies and scouts whom he had selected from the wild white Indian fighters. These men had been cradled in frontier cabins and had grown to manhood on the very hunting grounds of the Indians. Some of them had been captives from childhood among the savages and knew well the speech, customs and habits of the Indians. These men were the athletes of the woods, tall, strong, long limbed, fleet footed, keen eyed, skilled marksmen, and absolutely without fear. To them the yell of a savage, that was meant to be so terrifying, was empty bluster and vain bravado. Prominent among them were such men as Simon Kenton, the Poes, the Wetzels, the Miller brothers, Ephraim Kibbie, Robert McClellan and William Wells. The latter was the chief

of the scouts, and was a man of great intelligence and unfaltering courage. He had been captured when twelve years old, and had grown up among the Miamis, and had married a sister of the great chief, Little Turtle. He fought with the Indians against Harmar and St. Clair, but when Wayne organized his Legion, Wells suddenly left the Indians, presented himself before Wayne and enlisted as a scout for the Americans, and rendered invaluable service during the whole of the campaign.

The historical account that is always given of Wells' leaving the Indians is, that after the battles with Harmar and St. Clair, dim memories of his childhood began to come back to him, and he was haunted by the fear that in some of the bloody battles against the whites in which he had taken part he might have killed some of his white kindred; so one day he went to Little Turtle and said: "We have long been friends; we are friends yet, until the sun stands so high (indicating the place) in the heavens; from that time we are enemies, and may kill one another." And history relates that after this speech he went and joined Wayne's army. Some of Wells' descendants, through his Indian wife, still compose some of the best families in the Maumee valley, and these descendants now relate a secret family tradition which has been guarded for over a hundred years, setting forth the true reasons why Wells suddenly left his Indian kindred and joined Wayne's forces as spy and scout. This account is that the astute and far seeing mind of Little Turtle realized that at last the strong arm of the United States was raised to strike a crushing blow against the confederated tribes; he wished to have a friend at court when the final and certain defeat came, so he called Wells to him and said: "You are a white man. You have been fighting against your own flesh and blood. Go to Wayne and serve him loyally. If he conquers us in the great battle coming on, you can do your Indian friends

much good. If we conquer him, I will take care of you."

This is no doubt the true story as to why Wells allied himself to the American cause and rendered such signal service, for it is well known that after the battle he was joined by his Indian wife and children, and he and Little Turtle received special favors at the hands of the United States government. Wells finally lost his life at the Chicago Massacre in the war of 1812.

On his northward march from Fort Greenville, Wayne kept his daring scouts and spies threading the forest wilds far in advance and on either side. They harried hostile bands of savages in the woods, and lurked along the streams and rivers watching every movement of the foe, reporting full information to Wayne. They even penetrated to the distant encampments of the savages and seized, bound and carried off Indian men and women that Wayne might interview the captives as to the plans and movements of the enemy. Wayne himself was determined to avoid the fates of Braddock and St. Clair. He marched through the forest with his ranks in open order, his advance and rear guards out, and flankers scouring the woods on either side. He was at all times ready for instant battle. He halted at the middle of each afternoon and encamped his troops in the form of a hollow square, with the cavalry in the centre. He then had the divisions on each side of the square cut down trees and throw up earthworks as a protection during the night. How this caution of the hero of Stony Point contrasts with the folly of Braddock and St. Clair, whose troops had been helplessly huddled in unprotected masses to be mowed down by the pitiless hail of Indian bullets.

Guarding his army with this ceaseless vigilance Wayne marched without opposition and suddenly appeared at the forks of the Auglaize and Maumee, the Indians fleeing for their lives down the river. The Indians of the Maumee Valley had long associated with

the French and from them had acquired considerable agricultural skill and many of the arts of civilization. Along the Maumee for about fifty miles there were numerous Indian villages containing well built log homes; there were deep fruited orchards of apple and peach and vast fields of corn and vegetables. The corn was just in the stage of the roasting ear and Wayne's soldiers revelled in the abundance of fresh food. The army rested here for a week and constructed a strong post which Wayne called Fort Defiance. It was built in the point where the rivers met in the form of a square, with strong palisades, bastions and a block house at each corner. It was further protected by a deep moat and a high embankment outside of the palisades. Wayne garrisoned this strong fort with two hundred men and then sent out his cavalry who for miles up and down the river burned the villages and laid utterly waste the orchards and cornfields. What had been but a little while before a scene of peace and plenty, the ravening hand of war left an area of smoking ruin and desolation. Wayne now deemed it fitting to send one last formal offer of peace to the two thousand Indian warriors that were assembled with their British allies around the British Fort Miami, about forty miles below at the foot of the rapids. This fort had just been built the preceding spring, April, 1794, by Governor Simcoe of Canada, and it stood far within American territory granted by the treaty of 1783 at Paris. If there had been any doubt about the attitude of the British toward the Americans and their encouragement of the Indians, all such doubt vanished when Simcoe sent four companies of British regulars and built this strong fortress far within the acknowledged limits of the United States. Fort Miami was garrisoned with four hundred and fifty British regulars, was strongly built and mounted ten heavy guns besides mortars and swivels. It was, as it was meant to be, a strong rallying place and a depot of

arms and provisions for the hostile Indian confederacy of the Northwest. The ruins of the old fort are still plainly visible on the west bank of the river about a mile below the village of Maumee. In a time of peace between the two nations the parliament of England permitted its agents in the Northwest to dispense from Fort Miami the weapons, ammunition and provisions which enabled the savage tribes to harry the struggling settlers of Ohio and wage their battle against the Legion of Wayne. While this perfidy and bad faith on the part of the British must ever tend to excite the contempt and animosity of Americans, we should also remember that the generation of Englishmen defeated in the War of the Revolution were still alive at that time, and all the jealousies and hatreds enkindled by that great struggle were still fresh and vigorous and continued so until after the War of 1812. Indeed almost a century of peace, with the added force of kindred ties and interests, has scarcely extinguished all traces of the hostile feeling between England and the United States engendered by their early struggles for the control of the western continent.

Not waiting for an answer to his offer of peace Wayne marched from Fort Defiance on August fifteenth and reached Roche de Boeuf on the eighteenth. Roche de Boeuf was a celebrated landmark among the savage tribes. This massive, frowning rock still rises from the western edge of the river about a mile above the present village of Waterville, and about it still clusters a sanguinary Indian legend. On the way to the Rock, Wayne met his returning peace messenger with a shuffling evasive answer from the Indians to the effect that if Wayne would wait ten days longer the tribes would treat with him for peace. Wayne knew this was only a device to secure delay for the assembling of all the confederated warriors, so he resolved to press on. He had now under his command a force of about three thousand men. Two

thousand of these composed the Legion of regulars, infantry and cavalry, the other thousand were the mounted Kentucky riflemen under Scott. Through his spies and Indian captives Wayne learned that two thousand braves from the tribes of the Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Miamas, Pottawatomies, Chippewas and Iroquois were encamped near the British Fort Miami with their right resting on Swan Creek.

Among them were the infamous trio, McKee, Girty and Elliott, declaiming against peace and urging them to battle. There were also among the Indians seventy white rangers from Detroit dressed in Indian costume under the lead of Captain Caldwell. The Indian forces were commanded by Blue Jacket, a Shawnee chieftain, and Little Turtle, chief of the Miamis. On the evening before the battle the Indians held a council to determine what course to pursue as they knew Wayne was rapidly approaching their encampment. Little Turtle was averse to battle and in the council said: "We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps. The night and the day are alike to him. During all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me it would be well to listen to his offers of peace." But Blue Jacket leaped up in the council and silenced Little Turtle by accusing him of cowardice. Little Turtle replied: "Follow me to battle."

The Indians then swept up through the woods in long columns and took up what they deemed an impregnable position on and around Presque Isle Hill where a tornado of a year or two before had thrown down the forest trees, interlacing them in such a manner as to form a covert for the savages and rendering it very difficult for

cavalry to operate among the fallen timbers. The Indians formed in three long lines at supporting distances apart, their left resting on the river and their right extending some two miles into the forest at right angles to the river. Wayne halted at the Roche de Boeuf on the nineteenth and hastily constructed light works for the protection of his supplies and baggage which he named Fort Deposit. On the morning of August twentieth he marched on down the river knowing that the Indians were near and that battle was imminent. Wayne sent forward a battalion of the mounted Kentuckians with instructions upon discovering the savages, to retreat in feigned confusion in order to draw the Indians out of their covert and increase their confidence. The Kentuckians went far enough in advance to give Wayne time to form his troops in perfect order after the firing should begin. Major Price led the advance guard of mounted militia and after an hour's march he received such a hot fire from the Indians hidden in the tall grass and trees as to compel him to retreat upon the main body. Wayne immediately drew up his infantry in two lines, placed the legionary cavalry on the right next the Maumee to assail the left flank of the savages and sent the volunteer cavalry under Scott, Todd and Barbee to the left to turn the right flank of the Indians and prevent them from performing a like service for the Americans. Wayne then gave orders for the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, rouse the Indians from their covert and pour a well directed fire upon their backs, charging briskly with the bayonet and not giving the Indians time to reload their pieces or reform their lines. The first line of the Legion obeyed the order with great promptitude and impetuosity. In the face of a deadly fire they rushed upon the savages among the fallen trees and prodded them from their hiding places with the cold steel. The first line followed up the fleeing, painted horde with such swiftness and fury,

pouring in a destructive fire upon their backs, that but few of the second line caught up in time to participate in the action. Many of the Indians tried to flee across the river but were cut down in the midst of the stream by the cavalry. The woods were strewn for miles with dead and wounded savages and with white Canadian militia painted and dressed in Indian costume. In the course of one hour the whole force of the enemy was driven more than two miles through the thick woods.

Says Wayne in his official report of the battle: "From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants. The troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison."

Owing to the impetuosity of Wayne's first charge, the battle was too brief to be very sanguinary in its results, though the Americans lost thirty-three killed and about one hundred wounded. This loss occurred mainly at the first fire of the savages, when they lay hidden in their covert, taking deadly aim as the first line of the Legion swept down upon them. The legionary cavalry next the river suffered severely at the first fire of the Indians. The dragoons galloped boldly among the Indians, their horses leaping over the fallen logs and dodging in and out among the trees. The troopers swung their long sabres with terrible effect among the dismayed and yelling savages, but a dozen saddles were emptied at the first fire of the Indians, Captain Campbell, who led one squadron, being instantly killed, and Captain Van Rensslaer, one of the old Knickerbocker family of New York, who led another, being severely wounded. The loss of the Indians was far more serious than that of the Americans, though the number of killed and wounded was never defi-

nitely known, as many of them were dragged or carried off the field and rescued by their fleeing friends. The Indian dead numbered at least one hundred, and were found strewn along all the way to the British fort. The victorious Americans pursued the flying savages to the very walls of Fort Miami. The Indians confidently expected the British to throw open the gates of the fort and admit them to its protection, but to their surprise and indignation the British basely abandoned them in the hour of their defeat, and they were obliged to scatter in the forest for safety from the American bayonets, the British looking on with apparent unconcern at this humiliation and defeat of their late allies. Wayne seriously contemplated storming the British fort, and rode up with his aides to within a few hundred feet, and surveyed it through his glasses from all sides. After this a spirited correspondence ensued between him and Captain Campbell, the British commandant. Campbell demanded to know why he approached the fort in this threatening manner under the very muzzles of his guns. Wayne replied by demanding that Campbell withdraw his garrison from American territory to the nearest British post. Campbell replied that he was there by order of his superiors, and that only the fortunes of war would compel him to remove. Wayne's inspection of the fort had shown him that it was very strong, mounting many heavy guns and having a large garrison of regular troops. Moreover, the fort was protected by a deep ditch in front of a lofty earthen parapet, surmounted by strong abattis. He saw that it would cost the lives of many of his soldiers, so he wisely concluded not to sacrifice his troops, and precipitate war between the two countries by making the attack. The Americans contented themselves with proceeding immediately to burn and destroy all the supplies and buildings without the walls of the fort, McKee's residence among the number. While this ravaging and burning was going

on, the British stood sullenly by their guns, it is said with lighted torches, but not daring to fire, well knowing what the result would be. After razing and burning everything within the vicinity of the fort, Wayne sent out his cavalry and destroyed the Indian villages, and laid waste the corn fields for miles up and down the river. After staying in the vicinity of the fort for three days, Wayne marched slowly back to Fort Defiance.

Measured by its duration, and by the numbers engaged, this conflict was not one of the great struggles of the world; but estimated by the issues involved, the interests at stake, it was one of the most important battles in the history of the race. The peopling of a vast empire, the development of untold riches, the spread of a beneficent civilization, all awaited the result of that cautious march of Wayne's little Legion, and their valorous and irresistible charge among the fallen timbers of the Maumee.

THE EVOLUTION OF TRANSPORTATION AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

BY DENISON B. SMITH.

There is no more clear and forceful evidence of the rapid growth of our country in all lines of trade, population and wealth, than in the evolution of transportation, of its inland commerce by land and water, and in the great expansion in the size and capacity of its commercial methods and instrumentalities. Very few men are living whose active connection with transportation began in 1834, sixty-four years ago, and whose business life for so long a period has been steadily engaged in pursuits closely grouped with it. This is a part of *my* history, and when the old members of this Association begin to talk of early dates, they are mighty sure to talk of "what runs in their head"—that is, *themselves*. Some people grow *old* and *loquacious*. I rather admire the man who said he was 81 years *young*.

But if my friends will indulge me in a brief relation of personal experience, I will state that in the Autumn of 1834 I entered the counting office of Messrs. Joseph Sloann & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y. It was a grain and transportation firm on the banks of the Erie Canal. In March, 1836, I left Syracuse for Perrysburg, on this river, and entered the office of Messrs. John Hollister & Co., which was composed of John Hollister and my older brother. This firm was engaged in receiving merchandise from New York and forwarding it to the owners at Defiance, Fort Wayne and interior from thence, to points on the Wabash river. For that early period this firm were large builders and owners of steam and sail vessels. The

passenger steamers Commodore Perry, General Wayne and Superior, ran between Perrysburg and Buffalo. The Cincinnati, between Perrysburg and Cleveland, and the Gov. Vance to Detroit. In the steamers Commodore Perry and Superior, Captain David Wilkinson and his brother James were largely interested.

In 1838 I embarked for my own account in the same line of receiving and forwarding business at lower Maumee, under the walls of old Fort Miami, and later, in addition, furnishing provisions to the contractors who were constructing the Wabash and Erie Canal. Do all of you now, within the sound of my voice, know what an interesting spot is this old Fort Miami? The form of the fortification and its embankments are well preserved. It can be reached from Toledo, Maumee and Perrysburg for ten cents, and will well repay a visit of an hour.

It was only twenty-five years after its occupation by General Proctor and Tecumseh, when I commenced business under it. The river front of the Fort had been previously destroyed by excavation to build a dock, and I suppose by an illegal desecration.

The canal was completed in 1843. It was very clear to me that its commerce could not be terminated at Maumee, and in the spring of 1844 I commenced the same line of business at Toledo, where I have since resided, and where I have constantly been connected with business cognate with transportation. A feeling of loneliness sometimes creeps over me when I remember, that of the thirty gentlemen engaged in this business in Toledo in 1844, only two besides myself are living, Mr. Alonzo Godard, of Toledo, and Gen. Egbert B. Brown, of Missouri, and the end is not far distant for the remaining three. And this feeling of loneliness is emphasized when I pass along Water street and find no vestige of the old forwarding and transportation business remaining.

While the range and scope of my paper is intended

to present contrasts during *my life* on the river, it may be interesting to relate a little transportation history at the beginning of this century.

In 1802, Col. Thomas Hunt was in command of the First Regiment of the United States army, and was stationed, with a part of his command, at Fort Mackinaw. He was ordered to Vincennes, at the mouth of the Wabash river. The only means of transportation for his troops, baggage and supplies, were the large canoes, or peroques made from the long trunks of trees, and keel boats, all propelled by poles. With these rude instrumentalities, they carefully skirted the shores of Lakes Huron, St. Clair and Erie, and arriving at the mouth of Swan Creek, now Toledo, encamped in Fort Industry, located at what is now the corner of Summit and Monroe streets, and twenty feet above the present level of that locality. The late Gen. John E. Hunt stated that he was then four years of age, and remembered the arrival of the troops in the river, by an accident that probably shocked his senses and freshened his memory. A soldier fired at a duck, and his piece exploding, blew off his thumb with a sharp spurt of blood. The chances are that Col. Hunt's troops found the *tramping* part of the way from Toledo to the forks of the Wabash, 25 miles below Fort Wayne, through a dense and almost trackless forest, quite as toilsome and difficult as the propelling of peroques.

I presume that was the method of locomotion. I was not present, and have not had access to the records of the War Department. But another item of the history of that movement has come to me, and it is this: Arriving at the forks of the Wabash river, now called Huntington, Ind., Col. Hunt built a *covered flat boat* for his suite and family, and floated down the river to his destination. When too near the banks of the river, good management was necessary to prevent the water snakes, which were sunning themselves on the low branches on the river side,

from falling into the boat. What an enchanting reminiscence for those who love snakes. Upon arriving at Vincennes, Col. Hunt relieved Gen. William Henry Harrison, the uncle of our late President, from that command. The relation of this little bit of history with the topic of my paper is, its lessons of crude and inadequate facilities, and heroic endurance of hardships in early transportation compared with present advance on all lines.

About 1832, passenger steamers began to be earnestly needed on Lake Erie by the increase of travel westward. These boats were also freight boats to the limited extent of transporting the merchandise received at Buffalo from the Erie canal and the house furniture of emigrants. There was no east-bound commerce. Ohio was a frontier western state, and the products of the farms that had been opened to agriculture were consumed within her borders. The building of passenger steamers rapidly increased, and in 1836 at my connection with lake transportation, there were ten of them in commission, each of about 350 tons burthen.

I will not attempt to review the conditions of transportation *before* the completion of the New York and Pennsylvania canals, when the limited commerce of the State of New York was conducted on the Hudson and Mohawk rivers in primitive boats, and in Pennsylvania by six-horse teams over the Alleghany mountains, and from Pittsburgh down the Ohio river in flat boats, but let me return to transportation facilities and rates of freight in 1836. As I have said the merchandise and emigrants' furniture was transported to Perrysburg by steamers and an occasional sail vessel. From thence by wagons to the head of the Maumee rapids, which was then Providence. Thence by keel boats and peroques propelled by setting poles, up the Maumee to Fort Wayne. From Fort Wayne another portage to the forks of the Wabash was necessary, and from thence down the river.

Mr. Elijah Herrick and Mr. S. H. Cately, both *since* members of our association and residents of Fulton County, were then the owners of the teams that formed the transportation line extending from Perrysburg to Providence, and two most worthy gentlemen they were. The late Capt. Calvin Herrick was an employee of his brother. The rate of freight on sugar, molasses, liquors and other heavy commodities from New York frequently cost 3c. to 4c. per pound, and the native sugar was used whenever possible. Light goods cost 5c. to 10c. per lb. But even these exorbitant rates were the *beginning* of the *decline* that has culminated in the present low cost of freight on similar commodities.

Let us indulge ourselves in an inventory of contrasts. Compared with the rates I have named of from 3c. to 10c. per pound in 1836, we now have rates of 12c. to 50c. per 100 pounds or $\frac{1}{8}$ c. to $\frac{1}{2}$ c. per pound. The maximum freight cargo of vessels was then 6,000 bushels of wheat. Now it is 300,000 bushels. The passenger steamer of that day, of an average speed of ten miles an hour, has been succeeded by the palaces of to-day with a speed of twenty miles. Rates of fare, with sumptuous living, are now almost cheaper than remaining at home. Our *railways* have annihilated distances. Instead of a Winter trip by stage to New York, occupying a week we are now transported thither in nineteen hours. And *yet we are not happy*, but are constantly striving for something better and something faster.

The completion of the Wabash canal in the Autumn of 1843, and of the canal to Cincinnati in 1845 were great events in Western transportation—Western commerce and the commercial history of Toledo. The only then known method of transportation was by water, and the Maumee river and Toledo were on a line with the water route to the seaboard. Her canals were expected to increase the commerce, population and importance of

Toledo, and those natural results were *realized* until the railways began to be instrumentalities of commerce. The canal could only be maintained by the collection of tolls, which, added to the necessary carrying charge soon gave the railways the advantage.

The building of railways in all directions has greatly increased, solidity of track, capacity of cars and power of locomotion have proved to be a great diffusive element of commerce. They have changed the natural currents of commerce and trade. Traffic that we once claimed as legitimately tending hence, has been divided and depleted. But Toledo is the center of a large commercial traffic which her enterprising merchants will, I believe, forever maintain. Toledo is not an experiment. What is now required for the support of increased population is increased manufacturing, which is the twin sister of commerce, and we can depend upon it, that this increase of growth will, in the future, prove to be in the ratio of this increase of manufacturing industry. There is a natural and positive limit to the support of population by commercial traffic, and to-day our expectation of increased future growth must depend upon this supporting element.

The growth and prosperity of Toledo is closely grouped with and concerns the people of the Valley. Great improvements radiate, on all lines, from any commercial and manufacturing center, and similar results may confidently be anticipated from the growth of the leading city of the Maumee.

I want to offer my warm congratulations, not only to the agricultural element of our membership, but to all who are present, old and young, upon a year of prosperity, and the fair prospects for the future. The crops of 1897 have been disposed of at fairly remunerative prices, and above the averages of late years. When the interests of agriculture prosper, the country at large shares it. The products of the soil, the labor of the farmer, the

manufacturer and the mechanic, are the basis of the wealth of *any* nation. As compared with all other countries, ours is a system of educated labor. We are thought to be boasters by some of our European critics, but the *fairest* judgment, at home and abroad must acknowledge, that the sources of general information to the laborers on the soil and all other industries, are more widely diffused in America than in any other country. We are *all* laborers. I toil as many hours at eighty-one years of age, as any one. No one *loves* labor, but its habit is a cultivation. It is a Divine command—"With the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and, as I have said, the results of labor are a benediction upon all mankind.

But, dear friends, these contributions to our intelligence, which I have just now commented on, entail great responsibilities.

This intelligence equips us with a knowledge of the theory of our Government, and we are challenged by it to uphold and preserve our rights and liberties upon the basis of virtue, morality, justice and devotion to the constitution under which we live. I think I can discover around us a weakness of partisan ties. Less of cast iron obedience to party obligations, and I hail it as a blessed signal from a virtue and liberty loving people. An evidence of an enlightened and devoted Americanism may be found in *him* who ignores the claims of party when he finds the best and purest man on the other side.

In closing, I want to refer to the short, brilliant, sharp and decisive contest we have recently closed with Spain. I am not going to worry you with details. You all know as much about it as I, thanks to the diffusion of information I have talked about. It has cost great loss of life, intense suffering of our men, and a great many millions of dollars. But as to its *glorious results*, no war of its duration can be compared to it. It has silenced the

sneers and contemptible comments of Europeans on our inability to conduct a campaign commenced upon purely humanitarian causes,—upon our love of liberty and hatred of oppression.

The procession of human rights—a love of liberty—of a government by the people, moves very slowly. Sometimes its pathways are through suffering and streams of blood, and sometimes by a natural and peaceful growth, but in either direction it is the inspiration from above, and its final triumph is as sure as are *His* immutable plans. The life of Gladstone illustrates a large but peaceful movement of suffrage by the people of England. In contrast to this, the same government is now offering its treasure and the blood of its people in a war to redeem Egypt from the bonds of despotism, ignorance and superstition. The result of our contest with Spain has spread out before us a new field for our beneficent influences, by enlarging the happiness of a new people in the teaching and practice of enlightened free government, equal rights and a higher education and standard of morality. It is a heritage from our fathers which we are bound to perpetuate.

It has elevated the standard of the power and influence of this great Republic all over the world. It has closely cemented the bonds of sympathy between England and ourselves, in readiness for an Anglo-American instead of Anglo-Saxon alliance. But what of its immediate results to *us*? That is the burning question at home. I am not a young man, but also I am not a moss-back. I believe in holding such possession of every foot of soil that our brave troops and ships have conquered, as will redeem its people from the barbarism of oppression, ignorance and brutality. Our people will stop to *count the cost*, but the expansion of our commerce and market for the products of our manufactures will compensate four for one for all it costs. I conceive these opportunities to offer us a glorious mission, and worthy of a glorious Republic.

GENERAL WILLIAM HULL.

BY REV. G. A. A.

A Chicago paper of last week had a cartoon, headed: A FEW WANTS.—WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A SCAPEGOAT. ONE WHO WILL ADMIT THAT HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR UNSANITARY MILITARY CAMPS.—ONE WHO WILL SAY THAT HE IS TO BLAME FOR LACK OF MEDICINES, NURSES, SURGEONS, HOSPITAL COTS AND FOOD FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—WANTED ALSO, AT ONCE, GOOD REASONS FOR COURTMARTIALING GENERALS AND OTHERS WHO ARE OFFENSIVE TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

This cartoon would have admirably described the condition of things at the close of the war of 1812. Mr. Eustis was Secretary of War, and Gen. Dearborn had command of the armies by which it was expected to wrest Canada from the hands of England.

As the management of the war fell upon these, and the administration, their mistakes had made a necessity for a scapegoat, upon whom could be laid all the sins of omissions and of commission of that disastrous time.

This want arose from the fact that the impossible had been attempted, without any previous preparation. That impossibility was the wresting of Canada from the British. For this purpose, Gen. William Hull, who had been governor of Michigan, was placed in command of the army in the West, composed of about 2,000 men. This army was to make the assault upon Canada from the West, while others attempted to defeat the British forces in the East. This expedition started from southern

Ohio, and cutting its way through the woods, camping on the prairie which received his name, crossing the Maumee and the Raisin, finally reaching Detroit, and there crossing the river into Canada, began the preparation of his artillery in order to make an assault on Fort Malden. While waiting here some of his officers were impatient and anxious to be permitted to assault the fort at Malden, even without artillery.

It is reported by one who was present in the officer's quarters, that one officer who had received orders to make a reconnoissance of Malden, declared that if God let him live, he would not return until he had taken the fort. But his courage seemed to have passed away as he drew near the fort, for stopping there and sending back for reinforcements, he received orders to return to camp, which he did, but ever after regretted he had not disobeyed orders and made the assault on the fort.

In the commanding general's opinion, the circumstances did not warrant an assault or an advance, and so ordered a return to Detroit, where he occupied his force in efforts to keep open his communication with his base of supplies, a matter of considerable difficulty, with the woods full of Indians. One fight for this purpose under Col. Miller, occasioned the loss of 68 men, who were either killed or wounded.

Word had reached Detroit through an intercepted letter of Mr. McKenzie, at Fort Mackinac, which had fallen into the hands of the British, that 1,500 or 1,600 men, voyageurs and traders of the Fur Company, were on their way from Mackinaw to aid the British at Malden.

While things were in this condition, Gen. Hull, on the 14th of September, sent out a detachment of 360 men, who were all chosen men, under the command of Colonel McArthur, to the Raisin, in order to convoy Capt. Brush, who was there with a hundred head of cattle, and needed help to reach Detroit. Col. Cass accompanied this expe-

dition, which seems to have been sent out in the expectation of a speedy return, the men going without supplies.

This was the condition of things when General Brock, who had water communication by vessel, appeared at Malden, and on the 15th demanded the surrender of Fort Detroit. This demand was answered in the negative. At the time the demand was made, the expectation was that at any hour the 360 men who were gone to the aid of Brush, would report at the fort.

It seems from the histories of that time that this appearance of Gen. Brock with ships and men was unlooked for, and only made possible by an arrangement made between Sir George Provost and Gen. Dearborn, by which all fighting at the eastern end of the field should cease, while the western end was left to take care of itself, a singular fact to say the least.

This armistice at the East operated to liberate the troops at the East, and permit their concentration and operation at the West.

Of this advantage Gen. Brock at once availed himself by embarking his troops on the vessels which he had concealed off Long Point, and proceeded at once to Malden, from whence he sent, on the 15th, his demand for the surrender, a demand which was peremptorily refused.

As Gen. Hull had at that hour 360 men out in the woods, who knew nothing of the presence of Gen. Brock, he became naturally solicitous for their safety, and for their speedy return to the fort. According to ordinary calculation, the detachment should appear before morning. But in point of fact, it did not return until after Brock had prepared for his assault by cannonading the fort, and was actually on the march to make the assault before it appeared, when it was too late to change the fate of the day.

One historian, who seems to be anxious to prove that Gen. Hull was a traitor and a coward, lays it down as a fact that Gen. Hull, when he sent McArthur and his

360 men out of the fort, knew that Gen. Brock was at Malden, and had been secretly visited, and had made the arrangements for his surrender, and that McArthur and Cass were sent from the fort to have them out of the way, when the bargain would be completed by the surrender.

In order to make this point, the historian found it necessary to challenge the truth of Gen. Brock's report, that he made his demand upon Gen. Hull for the surrender of the fort at Detroit on the 15th. Gen. Brock was dead when this historian charged him with putting a falsehood in his report. Gen. Brock died at Lundy's Lane, or this historian would not have ventured to charge him with publishing a lie, in order to shield the man who had surrendered the fort to him.

It must be supposed that Gen. Brock told the truth when he wrote his report and fixed the date of his demand for the surrender on the 15th.

This date must then be considered as the true one, and the account of the secret meeting as *entirely fabulous*, as well as the malicious interpretation given as to the motives of Gen. Hull, for sending out of the fort on the night of the 14th, his most reliable Colonel, and the hero of the reconnoissance of Fort Malden.

On the next day, the 16th of September, Gen. Brock, having received notice from his scouts of the absence from the fort of a large body of men, appeared before the fort at the head of 800 regulars and 700 Indians to finish the assault which had been begun by the artillery, which was concealed and protected by a house opposite the fort, a ball from which, according to the account written by Gen. Hill, killed three officers almost in the very presence of Gen. Hull. The historians all say that Gen. Hull was at this time a good deal agitated.

There was reason enough for his agitation without thinking him a coward. The women were screaming and running to cover. One of his surgeons was killed before

his eyes. An enemy who 36 hours before, he supposed, was at the eastern end of Lake Erie, was before him at the head of a solid body of troops, together with the warriors of Tecumseh and their allies, ready to complete the work of slaughter as soon as a breach had been made through the stockade. And his best troops were somewhere in the woods coming towards certain destruction, unconscious of their danger. Under such circumstances, most any man would have been agitated.

The responsibility for deciding whether the fight should go on, and the lives, not only of the soldiers in the fort, but of the people of Detroit and those in the woods be put in peril, and exposed to the massacre which usually followed a contest in which the Indians were successful. That responsibility if decided one way might bring in personal glory, no matter what it cost in life, but if decided another way, might save all the lives and deprive himself of his standing as a military man. He chose the latter. His aide, Wallace, says he chose deliberately. He could have done it all under the exigency of a military necessity, which demanded that he yield to the man who had command of both land and water.

He decided that under the circumstances it was best to save all the lives of the people at the fort at Detroit, and of those who had gone for supplies. And so he made the surrender, which included those in and those out of the fort.

Such a surrender has been made in our day, one which included a whole province, and several stations, and the officers and men in them. The Spanish General Toral has not yet been tried before a court of enquiry and we do not yet know what Spain may think of the matter. But it is quite certain that the American people think the surrender was the act of a man who could see that further strife on his part *would be a crime against humanity.*

The surrender of Detroit and the force under Col.

McArthur, naturally angered the people, who knew that *somebody was to blame*, and were helped to fix the blame on the man who made the surrender, while those who, by bad generalship, had made the surrender a military necessity, were wholly overlooked.

The occasion, however, furnished its Pando, as the surrender of Santiago and all the posts included in the Province, has given a Pando to Spain to excuse Toral or Sagasta. Our Pando, who had his life saved by being included in the surrender, hastened to Washington with his mouth full of charges against his late commander.

He was the discoverer of the scapegoat for the Secretary of War and his Major General. A scapegoat who could be held in reserve for the final sacrifice which a court martial could easily prepare, and in due form offer, and, who could carry the sins of the Secretary and his associate in war, into the wilderness and so appease a disappointed and angry people. All that was necessary to do to complete the sacrifice, was to make *sure* of the *right* organization of the Court. As this was in the hands of the Secretary of War it was easily done by making the organizer of the fatal armistice its president, and securing as an assistant to the judge advocate, one of the most able lawyers and accomplished politicians, Martin Van Buren, and then calling on the *Pando* of the occasion for his opinion of the case.

At this day it seems almost like a travesty of justice that a court thus organized should have power to declare that a man's life and reputation were forfeited, and that on no other ground than the *opinion* of his accusers.

The accusers caused their charge to be sufficiently broad to secure a capital sentence. He was accused of both treason and cowardice. Such an accusation partook of the character of those suits for damages which speculative lawyers induce people who have met with accidents to bring against a city whose walks are so irregular as to

cause an occasional fall. They must be large enough to allow for a fall in judgment. The charges of the accusers were large enough to allow a good deal of shrinkage and still reach the desired object, which was the ruin of the man who was to bear the curse of the failure in the management of the war, which ended without having added a foot of territory to the United States, after all our battles on the Thames, and Erie, and Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane.

The judge advocate's assistant, Mr. Van Buren, according to Mr. Wallace, who should have been a witness on that trial, set that charge aside with the remark: "That the charge of treason was not only unsupported, but unsupportable." This was said on the trial which only took place after a full year of waiting. The testimony of Mr. Wallace, which would have been most worthy of being heard, was not before the court, owing to the inability of Mr. Wallace to reach the place of trial in time, coming in as Mr. Van Buren was making his speech. This was unfortunate for Gen'l Hull, since Mr. Wallace had acted as his adjutant and was better qualified by his close relations with the General to give an opinion on the real question which came before the court, viz: whether General Hull was a coward?

The court without taking the adjutant's opinion, decided the case according to the opinion of the Pando of the occasion, whose life, it is altogether probable, the General saved by including him in the surrender, and so taking him out of the hands of the Indians, who, as subsequent events showed, were capable of ambushing and desirous of having the barbaric pleasure of shedding the blood of the ambushed.

The decision was "That General William Hull was a coward," and condemned him to death.

The President, as commander-in-chief of the army, in view of his distinguished services in the war of the Revo-

lution, changed the sentence to a dishonorable discharge from the army.

And thus the public men furnished the scapegoat for the occasion and gave the historians, who saw no inconsistency in calling a man brave under one set of circumstances, and a paltroun, when the eyes of a whole nation were upon him, an opportunity to lay the disgrace of the failure to conquer the British in Canada upon the general whom they had sent through the wilderness, with unmounted guns, to destroy forts and meet the combined forces of the British and Indians.

A more critical view of what was taking place would have resulted in laying the failure upon those who had made the bad and foolish moves on the chess board, by which they had checkmated themselves. The game was badly played by those who were directing the moves. A good many men were sacrificed at Fort Erie, at Chippewa, at Lundy's Lane and other places, and not a foot of land could be shown as the trophy of the war. The army under Hull was pushed into Canada without a single mounted cannon, causing a delay of weeks while the artillery was being mounted. It was pushed up into a wilderness 250 miles from its base of supplies without a single vessel by which supplies of men and food and ammunition could be forwarded.

The enemy had ships. The armistice which existed at the eastern end of Lake Erie and which left out the western end, was made exceedingly useful by means of these ships, which General Brock used to convey his unoccupied troops to Malden.

It took Perry a whole year to construct vessels with which to fight the battle which destroyed the fleet of Proctor. But when Perry had fought his battle and destroyed or captured the British fleet, the recovery of Detroit was at once secured. Proctor without a fleet dare not hold Detroit. And as some unthinking histor-

ians might say, "he disgracefully evacuated it." And yet he was not tried for cowardice and condemned on the opinion of novices in war.

The evacuation of Detroit, as the result of Perry's victory, was the justification of Hull for its surrender the year before.

General Hull knew more about war than all his young men, who in their morning gowns, were criticising the conduct of their commander, an offence, for which, in our day they would have been liable to a courtmartial and severe punishment, and he knew that with water communication cut off from his fort, and with a fleet in the hands of the enemy, and with his own force weakened by the absence at that critical juncture, of 360 of his best men and his most reliable commander, that the surrender of the fort was a military necessity to save alive those under his care.

He is no coward, whatever the Falstafs may say, who dares to act according to his convictions, and from what can be gathered from those who were with him on that occasion, to whom he opened his heart, it is certain that he had the moral courage to decide the case against himself and in favor of those whose lives had been entrusted to his care. The odium of the surrender should have rested on those who left him out of the armistice, and thus enabled the commander of the British force to concentrate a sufficient force at Malden to warrant him to demand an immediate surrender, and on the refusal of Gen. Hull, to attempt to take him by force. With the fleet Brock was strong; and without it Hull was weak. When Perry had put a fleet into the hands of General Harrison, and taken away the one on which Proctor relied, then he was strong enough to make his march into Canada, and fight the battle of the Thames.

When General Toral, at Santiago, found himself without a fleet, and unable to get away, it became a mili-

tary necessity to surrender to General Shafter a force of 23,000 men, an army over twice as large as the force to which the surrender was made.

It is, in these days, considered a crime against humanity to fight and destroy, when, from a military point of view, the case seems hopeless. This was the view taken by the great generals of the war for the liberation of the slaves. General Lee and General Johnston each had a large number of troops when they surrendered and abandoned the cause. This law required Gen. Hull to surrender when he found his case hopeless, and there was no one on the ground whose opinion was worth a cent against the judgment of an old and experienced warrior, who had once been invited to become an aide to General Washington, and declined the flattering invitation, because Baron Steuben wanted him to remain with him in order to drill and handle the troops.

This military history saved his life, but the opinions of those novices in war, destroyed his military character. Such a work nothing but the most unequivocal overt acts would justify. Character should always be a shield against calumny. And that character which has been gained in one war and recognized by his contemporaries, who had placed him in positions of great trust, should not only have saved him from death, but also from official degradation. But when a scapegoat is needed, the opinions of novices and ambitious young men are sufficient, it would seem, to warrant the blackening of an honorable name.

But history, sooner or later, takes up the case, and then it often happens that the scapegoat of one age becomes the man to be honored in the next. The fathers kill the prophets, but the children build their monuments.

The people generally desire that justice be done, and that the wronged should be righted. And it is not at all a thing which can be considered impossible, that, when the history of that surrender comes to be written by one who cares only for facts and not for opinions, it may be found to have been a surrender for which General William Hull shall be held in high honor, as the best possible move which could be made under the circumstances.

COMMUNICATION WITH GEN. LAWTON.

WHITEHOUSE, O., Sept. 20, '98.

GEN. LAWTON, Santiago, Cuba.

Dear Sir:—At the reunion of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association, held Sept. 10th, at the Old Court House at Maumee, Ohio, upon motion of Hon. James M. Wolcott, Mayor of Maumee, you were elected to be an honorary member of the Association. It was there reported that you were, in an early day, a citizen of Maumee. The members of the Association take great pleasure in your preferment and success and hope you may live to serve your country many years.

Yours, etc.,

J. L. PRAY, Sec'y.

INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16th, 1898.

SECRETARY MAUMEE VALLEY PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

Dear Sir:—Your favor dated Sept. 20th, from Toledo, Ohio, and postmarked Whitehouse, Ohio, Oct. 15th, has been forwarded to me and was received to-day.

I desire to express to the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association my high appreciation of the honor they have conferred upon me by electing me a member of their Association. It is very gratifying indeed to feel that in the simple performance of plain duty, my conduct has been so heartily approved and appreciated by my friends.

I have observed that there has been some controversy among some of my friends relative to the place of my birth, and that there may be no misapprehension on that point with the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association, I desire to state that I was born in Manhattan, (near Toledo, Ohio,) March 17th, 1843, although my parents removed almost immediately to Maumee City, Ohio, where I spent my boyhood.

Very respectfully,

H. W. LAWTON,

Maj. Gen. U. S. V.

LETTER FROM GEN. CROGHAN.

An original autograph letter was presented to the Association by Mrs. George B. Knaggs, of Miami. The letter is held by the secretary. It explains itself;

WASHINGTON, 9th October, 1845.

My Dear Sir:—Not having received an answer to my letter written about the 20th of last month, I take for granted either that it miscarried or that you remained longer from home than you proposed when we parted. Be this, however, as it may, you are now, I trust, with Mrs. Knaggs by your own fireside and in the full enjoyment of health. I am detained here by official duty but hope to get away in the course of a fortnight as I have not as yet seen my family who are now on the North River with my father-in-law, Mr. Livingston. My residence is Philadelphia, but we are not due there before the middle of November.

I will visit Baltimore next week for the purpose of effecting a life insurance which will be inclosed to you together with my note, agreeably to the understanding between us. Should I not hear from you in the meantime, I shall at all events take it for granted that you will be informed by the 15th of November.

Should you write please direct your letters to this place. Make my kindest regards to your wife and believe me,

Your friend,

G. CROGHAN.

TO GEORGE B. KNAGGS,

Maumee City.

MEMORIAL

OF

MR. JOHN E. BAILEY.

BY D. B. S.

Mr. John E. Bailey passed away at his residence, corner of Collingwood avenue and Bancroft street, Sunday A. M., August 21st, at 5:30 o'clock.

He was taken seriously ill some three months ago, and has since been confined to his bed. Recently the disease developed into pneumonia, and for several days the family have realized that there was no hope. A wife and two daughters—Mrs. H. E. Marvin, of this city, and Mrs. John G. Croxton, of Philadelphia, survive him.

John Emery Bailey was born in Burk, Vermont, September 30th, 1817. When he was two years of age his parents moved to Ohio, settling at Madison. Young Bailey's early life was uneventful, and he finally married and located at Painesville. While there he and his two brothers constructed a ship building plant at Fairport.

In 1868 he and his brother, D. E. Bailey, established a ship yard at the foot of Ash street, this city. They gained a great reputation along the lakes, and turned out some of the largest and best modern vessels ever built, among them being the David Dows (the only five masted vessel on the lakes when it was built,) the Adams, City of Painesville, Wilcox and Halloran. They employed a large number of men, and had as many as five ships on the stocks at one time. In 1877 iron and steel ships came into general use, and the Baileys gave up the business. Meanwhile, in 1875, they bought a controlling interest in the Summit street railroad, and the subject of this sketch

took active charge of the line. At that time it was what might be termed a "one-horse" road. The various lines were extended and improved. He remained at the head of this system up to the time he sold out his interests to Messrs. Ream and Hale.

When the city water works plant was constructed, Mr. Bailey took the contract to build the stand pipe, and with his characteristic energy accomplished the work without accident.

Mr. Bailey always took a deep interest in municipal affairs, and in the late 70's was a member of the city council. As an official he was a hard worker, and a conservative, conscientious public servant. Anything that would advance Toledo gained his support, and no man had greater faith in her future.

He won and deservedly held the high esteem of all business men with whom he came in contact, for his fidelity and uprightness of character.

Deceased was a member of the Congregational church, and for ten years a trustee. He supported the church liberally, and was active in many charities.

MEMORIAL

OF

MARQUISE BALDWIN.

BY D. B. S.

We are indebted to the History of Lucas County by Hon. Clark Waggoner, for some of the details of this brief history.

Mr. Marquise Baldwin was born in Palmyra, Portage County, Ohio, January 22d, 1809. He came to Toledo in 1823 at the age of 14 and entered business life with his brother John in 1828. During this engagement the Baldwins built the first warehouse on the river. It was a log structure and of course of very moderate dimensions. It was located at what is now the foot of Monroe street. When the roof and the punchion floor was completed, an invitation was sent to all the residents of the valley to attend a dance there. I have heard old settlers repeatedly comment on it as an enjoyable meeting. Events of sufficient import to call the people together were rare in those days and of course they enjoyed it. Some of those present have told me that the French fiddler was asleep half the time towards morning, but the fiddle unfailingly responded to "Money Musk" and the "Virginia Reel" *all the same.*

In 1845 Mr. Baldwin removed to a farm in Washington Township, where he remained 16 years, since which he resided in Toledo until his death in 1896. For a while he was engaged in the grocery and provision trade, but the latter years of his life were free from business cares and devoted to the charge of his property.

Mr. Baldwin was married to the widow of his brother,

to whom two children were born, both of whom died at the age of five years. He was a democrat until the organization of the republican party with which he was subsequently allied. He was often solicited to stand for office, but always declined. Throughout a long life of 87 years he retained the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends.

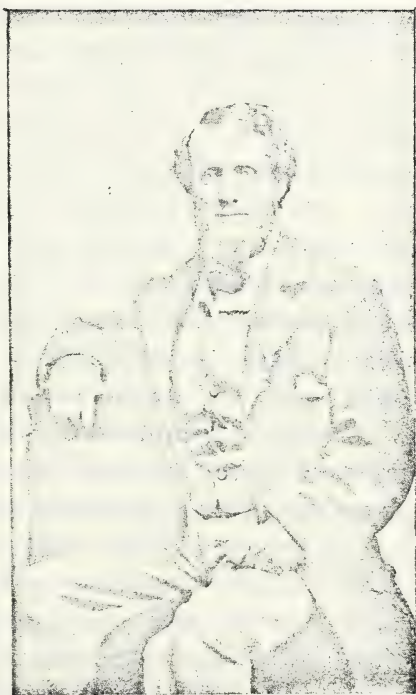
MEMORIAL

OF

ROBERT H. BELL,

FROM TOLEDO BLADE.

Robert H. Bell, a pioneer business man and citizen of Toledo, died at the Toledo Hospital on April 24th, 1898. He was taken seriously ill about two weeks before



ROBERT H. BELL.

his death and gradually sank to his final rest. He was nearly 80 years of age and his advanced years were the real cause of his inability to overcome the attack of his

last disease. A large concourse of sympathizing friends attended his funeral services which were held at the First Congregational Church in Toledo.

Mr. Bell was born in Youngstown, Westmoreland County, Pa., December 16th, 1823. In 1825, the family removed to Middlebury, now Akron, O. When 21 years of age, he went to St. Joseph, Mich., where he formed the firm of Bell & Kent, merchants. In 1845 they removed to Chicago, where they engaged in like business. As a result of the loss of what was known as the "Wabash trade," through the opening of the Wabash canal to Toledo, Chicago soon was brought to a crisis, which largely prostrated its business and reduced its population. After two years of waiting for its revival, Mr. Bell decided to follow the lost trade, and he came to Toledo in 1847. Here, with the late James Deveau, he organized the firm of Bell & Deveau, the first exclusive wholesale house in the city. The firm dealt in pretty much of everything, save hardware, drugs and medicines. During the first year a trade aggregating \$55,000 was built up, and in those days that was considered immense. In 1853 the firm was enlarged, and was known as Bell, Deveau & Co., W. S. B. Hubbell being made a partner. In 1856 another change was made, the firm name being Bolles, Bell & Hubbell. The business grew to such an extent that a division was made in 1858, Bell, Holcomb & Co. conducting the wholesale grocery business, and Bolles & Co. going on with the dry goods business. In 1864 George Emerson purchased Horace Holcomb's interest in the grocery business, and the firm was known as Bell, Emerson & Co. until 1871, when Mr. Bell retired.

The deceased then operated to some extent in real estate, the result of which, in consequence of the financial disaster following the panic of 1873, was unfortunate.

His active life was always identified with the public welfare in different ways. Commencing as a member of

the Chicago Engine company, No. 3, of which he was foreman, he resumed such service on coming to Toledo, and maintained the same for a period of eighteen years, during most of which time he served as assistant and foreman of Engine No. 1, and as assistant and chief engineer of the department, withdrawing in 1866.

"It is safe to say," says a history of the city, "that to no other citizen is Toledo more deeply indebted for the efficiency of its volunteer fire department than to Mr. Bell, whose long and active devotion in that connection was without interruption."

He also placed the people of Toledo under special obligation to him for courageous and effective service rendered during the different visitations of cholera in 1849, 1852 and 1854. "Regardless of personal ease and safety," says the same authority, "and with the open hand of liberality, he sought out and ministered to the needs of victims of that dread scourge, regardless of age, sex, condition or nativity. Like liberality and enterprise have distinguished him in connection with other matters of public concern as occasion offered."

In July 1852, Mr. Bell was a member of Toledo's volunteer police, serving with the following named persons: Gen. Joseph W. Brown, Col C. B. Phillipps, Joel W. Kelsey, Peter F. Berdan, John R. Bond, William Kraus, Andrew Schurtz, I. N. Hathaway, Henry Ketcham, I. R. Nelson, Jacob Landman, W. W. Howe, Egbert B. Brown.

He will be especially remembered for his generosity and patriotism. During the years of his prosperity no citizen of Toledo gave more freely to the needy and destitute, but his kindly heart was always quick to tender sympathy and comfort by word and act to those in sorrow or distress. During the years of the civil war Robert H. Bell was always in the front in every act of patriotic endeavor; and no one was more zealous and earnest in upholding the hands of the government. He was always

on committees to assist in raising recruits and his name as a rule headed the list of those contributing means to promote the success of the war. His liberality to the widow and orphan or those deprived of their natural support and protection, who had fallen in battle or who were at the front risking their lives for their country, was proverbial. No one will ever know the number who were sought out and assisted by the kindness and generosity of Robert H. Bell.

Though never holding an office of profit he gratuitously served his fellow citizens in different public positions including those of councilman and alderman. During the past two years he has been bailiff in Judge Morris' court, and he served in that capacity until attacked by his last illness.

Politically, he started life as a Whig, acting with that party until it was merged into the Republican party, with which he has since acted, and of which he was the nominee for sheriff in 1885, though not elected.

Mr. Bell was married to Miss Delia A. Chittenden, of Akron, February 22d, 1844. They had four children, John M., of Chicago; Nettie T., wife of Alex. Backus, of this city; Roberta, of Toledo, all of whom are dead, and one dying in infancy. His wife preceded him to the grave two years ago.

MEMORIAL
OF
MORGAN L. AND LUCINDA LEWIS COLLINS.
BY S. C.

Morgan Lewis Collins was born February 25th, 1807, in Brownsville, Jefferson County, N. Y., the youngest son of J. W. and M. L. Collins. His father dying in 1810, the family soon after removed to Summer Hill, Cauga County. At the age of fourteen, M. L. went to a sister's in Gaines, Orleans County, where he made his home, and remained in that vicinity until 1834, being some years in business in Lockport. On June 19, 1833, he was married to Lucinda Lewis, at Batavia, Genessee County, N. Y., her grand parents being among the early settlers of western New York. In February, 1834, Mr. and Mrs. Collins came to the then new city of Toledo. As there were no railroads west of Buffalo at that time, they packed their small outfit on a wagon, and with a good pair of horses and two men, started to seek a home in what their friends thought the far west. Driving to Lewiston, they crossed the Niagara river and journeyed through the wilderness of Canada, stopping at night at such country taverns as they could find. On reaching the Detroit river, they found the ice so thin that they were obliged to divide their load as much as possible, and each man chose a different place to cross. Mrs. Collins was placed on a hand-sled and drawn across to Detroit, and I have heard her say she did not think she breathed while crossing, for as the men tried the ice to find safe footing, the water would follow the withdrawal of the pole, and they found great difficulty in landing the horses, the ice giving way

under their weight. On arriving at Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. Collins settled at Tremainesville, where there were a few houses, a store and post office, on land through which Detroit avenue and the Toledo & Detroit and Michigan Central railroads now run.

In the spring of 1836 they removed to Adrian, Michigan, where Mr. Collins engaged in the dry goods business, remaining there until the summer of 1841, when they returned to Toledo, where for many years Mr. Collins was engaged in the forwarding and commission business, and later in the lumber trade. He was for several years a member of the Board of Education, and during that time worked earnestly to secure a high school, and was a member of the Board which purchased the site of the present high school, and erected the building which was burned in 1895. When the First Congregational Church was organized, Mrs. Collins was one of the first members, and in July, 1844, Mr. Collins united with it, which memberships they maintained throughout their lives. Of a kindly, cheerful disposition, Mr. Collins was the friend of old and young, his home a place where all who knew him knew they would be welcomed by both himself and wife. He died April 6, 1865, his wife surviving him until called to her rest August 20, 1897, at the age of 87 years.

MEMORIAL

OF

JOHN EMMICK COWDRICK.

BY N. B. C. LOVE.

John E. Cowdrick was born in Dayton, Ohio, January 19th, 1821. When about two years old his parents removed to New Jersey, the former home of his father, where they remained eight years. The family then came to the Maumee, living in and near Waterville for three years, after which they settled five miles below Napoleon, on a farm now owned by Joseph Rodgers, where Mr. Cowdrick's youth and early manhood were spent. He was the oldest of a family of eleven children, three of whom are now living.

Mr. Cowdrick was one of the oldest pioneers of the Maumee valley, being familiar during his boyhood with Indian life, and the hardships of early pioneer days. Later he witnessed the building of the canal.

MARRIAGE.

In September, 1850, he was married to Miss Sarah A. Clapp. In 1857 he was elected Auditor of Henry County, after which he removed with his family to Napoleon. He occupied the office of Auditor for four years.

After a residence in Napoleon of fourteen years he removed to the present home of his family, on the south side of the river.

ACCIDENT.

On January 12th, 1898, he was thrown from his buggy, receiving injuries which were, at first, not considered serious, but which proved fatal Sabbath noon, January 23rd.

BEGINNING AND ENDING.

"Born January 19th, 1821,
Died January 23rd, 1898."

Between these two lines lie the story of a noble life, a life of action and purpose. Coming to the woods of the Maumee river at the age of ten, he was able to share and remember the hardships, privations and joys of the pioneer—for there was a joy in that wild free life that the earlier pioneers never forgot, and that still binds the few that are left with a strong tie. Hunting the deer by torch light in bark canoes, spearing fish at the rapids, shooting wild turkey, were enjoyable. Eating corn bread regularly, no fruit, no newspapers nor schools, snow blowing through the roof in winter, were hardships and privations. His first serious work in life was cleaning his father's farm from bail debt, incurred by being on the bond of a defaulting county treasurer. He bid the farm in at public sale. The commissioners gave him time, and he paid the amount claimed by raising corn in summer and hauling saw logs in winter.

PUBLIC OFFICER.

At 37 he was elected auditor of Henry county, moving from his farm to Napoleon. This was over 40 years ago. He was elected to a second term, filling the office with credit to himself and satisfaction of the people of the county, irrespective of party. He was next appointed administrator of the estate of T. S. C. Morrison, the first editor of the Democratic Northwest. To illustrate the confidence then existing among business men, he often told of how, hearing that Mr. Morrison had money deposited with A. Pilliod, county treasurer, he went to the treasurer's office and asked Mr. P. about the matter. Mr. Pilliod made no reply, but opening the door of the safe and getting down on his knees in front of it, clawed out with his hands a collection of silver and gold coin and

notes, and placing it on a table in front of father, said : "There, that belonged to Tom," "What is the amount?" was asked. "Oh," replied Pilliod, "I don't know. Tom had that shelf, and he just put his money in and took it out as he pleased." I don't know if the money and notes were counted then or not, but it made no difference as both were honest men.

BUSINESS LIFE

About 1868 to '70 he engaged in business in Napoleon, buying the grocery store of D. Harley. , This not proving suited to his tastes he bought the farm near Napoleon, where he has since lived, moving there in 1873. He was secretary of the Union school board in Napoleon for twelve or fourteen years, and had as much concern and worked as hard to secure the building now in use as any other man. In 1880 he was appointed by Judge Owen as one of the three men to divide the Yeager estate among the heirs, serving with Mr. Barber and Col. Brigham, of Fulton County. None but men of good and sound judgment could have apportioned this large estate, and no trouble ensued. He also served with John Wilson and D. Welsted as appraisers on the same estate. He was one of the three men chosen to appraise and divide the Patrick estate. These two estates were the largest in area, if not in value, ever settled in this county.

The last fifteen years he led a peaceful retired life. Not obliged to work hard, he enjoyed the society of his children and friends. Loved to attend the annual meetings of old settlers, enjoyed his fire-side in winter, and his shade of maple and peach trees in summer. Was active for a man of his age, liked to drive a lively horse, read current literature, kept up with the times, being ever cheerful and hopeful.

He died at 12 o'clock noon on Sunday, after lingering for a few weeks suffering from the injuries received by

being thrown from his buggy. Mr. Cowdrick was more seriously hurt in the accident than was at first supposed. Before discovered he lay unconscious on the cold earth for half an hour, which helped to end his earthly work.

A PIONEER.

At the time of death deceased was 77 years and four days of age, having been a resident of this county for 64 years, 40 years of which time was spent in Napoleon and Harrison township. He came to Wood county, this state, with his parents from New Jersey in the year 1831, and three years later moved to this county. He was married in September, 1850, to Miss Sarah A. Clapp, to which union was born four children, three sons and one daughter, all of whom are living, and who together with the stricken wife, are left to mourn the departure of a kind husband and indulgent father.

Mr. Cowdrick was a prominent and useful citizen of the county, whose death cast a deep gloom over the community. He was honest and upright, and his character was above reproach. He was among the few old original pioneers of Henry county who are living at this time, and his reminiscences of the early history of the Maumee Valley were varied and instructive. Some of these are published in the Pioneer Manual of 1898. The funeral took place from the family residence in Harrison Township on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Donahey of the Presbyterian Church conducting the services.

A CHRISTIAN.

Mr. Cowdrick has lived in the Christian faith for more than fifty years. Those who knew him best in the home and in the community testify to the integrity and the consistency of his faith, while a member of the Baptist church, yet he fellowshipped all Christians. He worshiped mostly with the Presbyterian congregation. No self interest ever blinded him to the right. The man

over whom he had an advantage was sure to get the best of the bargain. When told he must use the liquor influence in order to be elected Auditor, his reply was, "Then I will be defeated." His judgment in all the affairs of life was most excellent and his opinion was sought and valued. He was a man of fine sensibilities and possessed a quick, poetic sense of the beautiful, while a quaint fund of humor relieved what might have been otherwise the too great seriousness of his character. But above all, beneath all, permeating all was the development of deep, steadily strengthening spiritual life. A friend writes, "As we stood beside all that was mortal of our friend we saw, nay felt, the smile ineffable that transfigured a face which had been lined by care and pain and time. Death had touched it with mysterious fingers, and lo, the lines were smoothed away, the face had grown young again and strangely beautiful, with a look as though the departing spirit, seeing beyond the gates into the holy city, had left its imprint—a something for which nothing in the natural world will account. It sheds light upon bible mysteries, yet is itself a mystery—a glorious one! Even 'Death swallowed up in victory' "

Said another who stood beside his coffin: "I would an Ingersoll could stand here. I think I could ask him a few questions that he would find it hard to answer." "And he was not; for God took him."

The day before his death he was heard to say: "Swept and garnished and ready for the Master."

It was even so. The sheaf of ripened grain laid on his coffin by loving hands was typical of the sheaf he has 'ere this laid at the Master's feet.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MEMORIAL

OF

THOMAS DANIELS,

BY D. B. S.

I am indebted to the Lucas County History by Hon. Clark Waggoner for many facts concerning Mr. Daniels.

Mr. Thomas Daniels was born in Wales in 1822, and came to Toledo with his father's family in 1837. He was first engaged as a clerk by Doctor Charles McLean, a druggist at 313 Summit street. Doctor McLean soon removed to Washington City and not long afterwards Mr. Daniels established himself in the same line of business and continued it to the end of his life, July 14th, 1898.

At the date of his advent here, the late Hiram Walbridge was a teacher of a private school, and the late Edward Bissell, senior, was the president and manager of the Erie and Kalamazoo railway bank and resided at the corner of Summit and Vine streets. The house is yet standing. The stumps had not yet been removed from Cherry street, now a compactly built and paved thoroughfare. Skating from Adams street on the flats to Monroe street was an easy accomplishment.

The author of this memorial desires to add to the universal sentiment of respect and esteem for the character of Mr. Daniels, his own high estimate of his character during a period of fifty years. His unsullied reputation for integrity in business, the kindly spirit that characterized his intercourse with all people, the affection for his family and devotion to the church were leading elements of his nature which endeared him to a wide circle of friends. The lot falls to only a few to live so long and blameless a life, and great numbers are sorrowing for his loss.

MEMORIAL

OF

JOHN C. DILGART.

BY MRS. D.

John C. Dilgart was born June 24th, 1823, in Buck County, Pa. His parents moved to this county when he was ten years of age. They traveled overland by wagon. They were twelve or fourteen days passing through the Black Swamp. Reaching Perrysburg they crossed the river on a scow and settled three miles west of Maumee, at that time a wilderness, where they erected a log house. The location was inhabited mostly by Indians, further west of them being an Indian settlement, and they were obliged to pass their house every three months on their way to Maumee for their quarterly pension, oftentimes stopping on their return to seek lodging, and were always friendly and generous with gifts of venison and honey.

His father, Henry Dilgart, sat on the first jury trial ever held in Lucas County, the county seat then being at Maumee. At the age of 26 the subject of this memorial was married to Miss Adelma Thompson, daughter of the late R. C. Thompson, of Sylvania. The surviving members are his wife, two sons and families. The deceased, with his family, moved to Toledo, O., in the spring of 1865, taking up their residence in East Toledo, where they lived until the death of R. C. Thompson. They then moved to the old homestead near Sylvania and remained there two years. They returned to their present home in Auburndale where the deceased has lived until the time of his death which occurred Saturday, June 25th, 1898, in his 75th year.

MEMORIAL

OF

BENONI T. GEER.

Benoni T. Geer was born in Chittenden County, Vermont, in 1825; moved to Avon, Lorain County, Ohio, in 1832; at the age of sixteen went to Norwalk, O., to attend normal school, graduated, and immediately began the study of law; went to Cincinnati in 1852 to complete law studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1853. In the same year he removed to Swanton, Lucas County, Ohio, and commenced the practice of law, which he continued during life.

He married Louisa Jones at Norwalk in 1842, from which union one son, Frank B., was born. After her death he married Velina L. Marsh, of Swanton, in 1860, who died in 1871 and was interred at East Swanton. From this union were born Wakely W., Elsworth W., Louella V., Ernest B. and Edith L. In 1872 he married Sarah E. Dixon (who survives him), at Wauseon, O., and to them were born Otis A., Grace B. and Ray P.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. N. B. C. Love, of Elmore, O., who had been sent for the occasion. The text chosen was St. John 10, 10th verse: "I came that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly."

Dr. Love's sermon was eloquent and at times touching. Referring to the deceased, he said he had known him for a quarter of a century as a true friend, a loyal citizen and a man of irreproachable integrity. In closing, Dr. Love read a brief sketch of Mr. Geer's life as given above.

Judge H. H. Ham, of Wauseon, representing the Fulton County Bar Association, was present and spoke eloquently and well of his deceased brother lawyer, after which he read the resolutions of respect unanimously adopted by that association as follows :

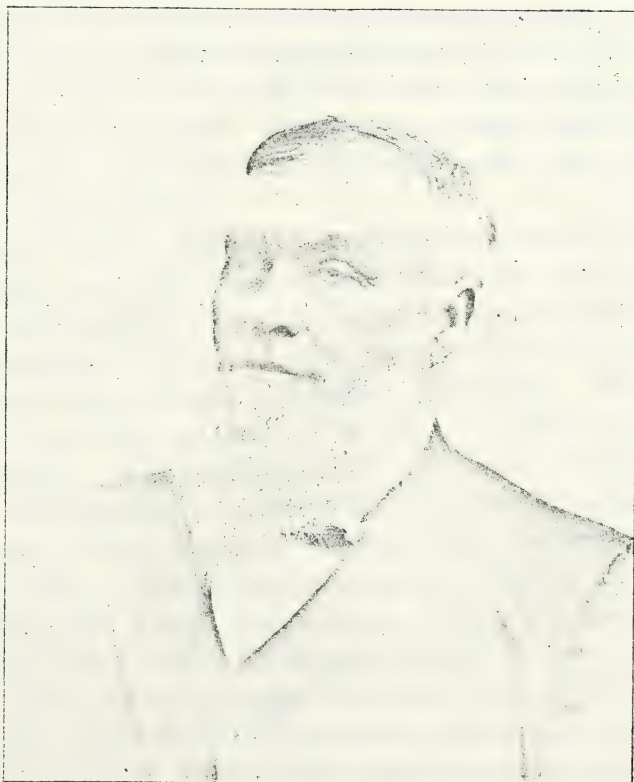
We, the bar of Fulton County assembled at the Court House on this 6th day of June, 1899, to pass such resolutions of respect to the memory and fidelity of our deceased brother as should be a just tribute of respect to his memory and fidelity to his chosen profession. The following resolutions were offered, and unanimously adopted by the bar there assembled :

BE IT REMEMBERED, That Benoni T. Geer has been an active, practicing attorney at the bar of Ohio for the half century last passed, and has borne the enviable reputation of having stood manfully by the multitude of clients that he has represented, not only in the State, but in the Federal Courts of Ohio. That he was not only courageous to the Court, but convincing in argument to his juries, manly and dignified to the opposing counsel, firmly and unflinchingly upholding his case when seemingly it was imperiled, fighting to the finish and resisting, with a power which he peculiarly possessed, all inroads upon his side of the case, sought to be made by the opposing counsel. He never has been accused of bribery or infidelity to the interest that he represented. He was always on time, and never seemed to take his mind from a case while it was in progress, even though the same continued for days at a time. He was honest; his accounts with his clients were kept with the strictest fidelity. He was never known to oppress the poor or needy, but on the contrary his giving hand was always out-held to many in distress, and from his purse many dollars have been passed over to the needy, who in turn have showered their prayers and blessings upon the deceased brother.

He was a man fearless in litigation, yet he carried the tender heart of a child in his bosom.

He is dead. He has gone to that bourne from which no traveler ever returns. Therefore, be it again remembered, that in his loss we, the bar of Fulton County, lose a high-minded lawyer, a companionable and social friend, a successful jurist and amiable gentleman, and the people surrounding, a good and noble citizen.

Mr. Geer was spending last Sunday at the home of his son Otis, and said he felt unusually well and happy. At about 4:45 o'clock he walked about the room and bade those present good-bye and gave a parting hand-shake. He then went to the home of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Charles Trumbull, was taken suddenly ill and died at 5 p. m. Interment took place at East Swanton.



BENONI T. GEER

MEMORIAL

OF

WARREN B. GUNN.

BY I. N. V. T.

Among the staunch and highly respected pioneers who have been called from among us within the past two years, is Warren B. Gunn.

He was born in what is now Waterville Township September 5, 1820. He was the third of eight children born to Willard and Elizabeth (Grant) Gunn. The father of Warren R. Gunn was a native of Massachusetts, being reared on a farm, where he remained until 1816, when he removed to Ohio and entered land near where the town of Waterville is situated. At this time there were very few settlers in the region, there being only two other families in the vicinity.

Willard set to work industriously and soon had a comfortable log cabin erected, into which he moved his family. He brought a supply of seed and grain from his eastern home with which to plant his new farm, and soon had several acres cleared and under cultivation. He enlisted as a private in the war of 1812, in which he saw active service. The grandfather of our sketch was Martin Gunn. He was also a native of Massachusetts, and came with his son to the Maumee Valley, where he remained until his death. His ancestors were from Scotland.

Warren B. Gunn, the subject of this sketch, was reared on a farm, where he remained until he was nineteen. At this time he bought his time of his father, and began attending school at Waterville, where he secured a very fair education. During his earlier years he attended

school in the little log school houses of the vicinity for only a few months during the winter of each year.

In 1837 he was in charge of a force of men who were building the canal, and was a member of the engineering department for about a year. For a time after the completion of the canal he, with a brother, was engaged in the saw milling business. This business was successful. Warren sold out to his brother, and rented a part of his father's farm.

About this time the canal lands were placed upon the market, and Warren purchased two hundred acres in what is now Monclova Township, and for which he paid \$2 an acre. This land was all in the woods and swamps, and he went to work zealously to clear and subdue the land. He built a log cabin and did most of the work himself.

In 1844, January 4, he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Jane Martindale, daughter of Elisha and Clara (Conant) Martindale. She was born on a farm where Maumee now stands, October 26, 1826. The father of Mrs. Gunn was a native of Massachusetts, where he was reared and received his education. He came to Ohio in 1818, and settled first in what is now Lucas County, but later removed to Wood County, purchasing two hundred acres of land which is now included in the corporate limits of Bowling Green.

In politics our worthy subject was a staunch Republican, and always took an active interest in the various campaigns in which the party was concerned. He held the office of clerk for six years after the township was organized. He served the same number of years as Justice of the Peace. He was public spirited and took a deep interest in whatever promised to advance the interests of his township, city or country.

In 1892 the subject of our sketch removed from his farm to Maumee, purchasing a pleasant home on Broadway, where he and his estimable wife enjoyed for a num-

ber of years a well earned retirement from the harder service of the farm.

He was stricken with cancer which resulted fatally on January 22, 1898. At the time of his death his age was 77 years, 4 months and 17 days. He was an honored member of the Carver and Gunn Reunion Association, and was the first to die after its organization in 1896. Socially he was a Mason, being at the time of his death a member of Northern Light Lodge No. 40, of Maumee. He was appointed by the Grand Master of the State to organize Wakeman Lodge at Waterville, where he served two years as Grand Master. He was for five years Master of the lodge at Maumee.

From 1886 to 1891 he was President of the Lucas County Pioneer Association, there being but one older settler born in the county. He never united with a church, but believed in and practiced the Golden Rule. In business life he was prompt and capable. In private and social life he was regarded with affection and respect for his many genial and honorable qualities.

Memorial
OF
COL. NAT HAUGHTON.
FROM THE BLADE.

Colonel Nathaniel Haughton, founder of the Haughton Machine and Foundry company, ex-soldier and well known politician, died at St. Vincent's hospital, January 30th, 1899 of pneumonia. He was 65 years of age and leaves a family of a wife and five children.

The first illness of Colonel Haughton was announced a week ago. He was suffering at that time from the effects of a severe fall on an icy pavement. Later he was taken to the hospital, having developed pneumonia, and died this morning. The funeral will take place on Thursday from his residence at the corner of Missouri street and Collingwood avenue.

Colonel Haughton was probably one of the best known men in Toledo, having lived in the city all his life. He was born on a farm in Washington township, located on what is now Central avenue, on February 12th, 1834. At the age of 16 years he joined one of the first overland expeditions to California in search of gold. He prospected in the west for four years, and then returned to Toledo. After a short residence here he went to Ypsilanti, where he took a course at college, and returning again to this city, entered the grocery and dry goods business at the corner of St. Clair and Monroe streets. He was successful in business and conducted the store until the breaking out of the civil war, when he enlisted in Company K, of the Twenty-fifth O. V. I. He was elected first lieutenant of the company and served

throughout the war, being mustered out as colonel of the regiment, and breveted brigadier general. The regiment was mustered out on June 18, 1866, and for some time after the close of the war was stationed at Charleston on garrison duty. He was at the battle of Chancellorsville, Body's Ford, the capture of Charleston, and was severely wounded at the battle of Gettysburg.

After being mustered out, Colonel Haughton returned to Toledo where he entered the foundry and machine business, the firm being Haughton & Kniesser. About three years ago the firm was reorganized as the Haughton Foundry and Machine Company, and Colonel Haughton retired from the business. He has been connected with the waterworks department as inspector, and retired from that position at the first of the year.

In politics, Colonel Haughton has always been quite prominent. He was a staunch Republican, and active in party affairs. He has never held office, and was only once a candidate, that time for the position of county treasurer. In the days of the old-time torchlight processions, Colonel Haughton was always the moving spirit in the parades and always took charge of the marchers. He was well known in Grand Army circles, and was a member of Toledo Post, holding the office of junior vice commander. He was also a member of the Union Veterans' Union.

The news of his death will come as a shock to many of his old comrades, few of whom realized that his sickness was of such a serious nature. His death will be mourned by many who knew him as the kind, whole-souled old gentlemen who always had a kind word and pleasant smile for his acquaintances.

The funeral was held from the residence, the members of the Grand Army acting as escort and pallbearers.

MEMORIAL
OF
DRESDEN W. H. HOWARD,
BY N. B. C. LOVE.

Dresden W. H. Howard, the subject of this sketch, needs no prefix nor suffix to his name to add lustre to it. His name for half a century has been a household word in the homes of the great Maumee Valley. No one of the pioneers, living or dead, had a larger personal acquaintance. He had the happy faculty, unknown to himself, of awaking self-respect in the minds of all with whom he came in contact.

He was one of the connecting links uniting the first settlers of the Maumee Valley at the beginning of this century, with their worthy decendents, now its happy occupants. Space in our Annual forbids that this remembrance of one so prominent in pioneer life should be more than a brief memorial.

Dresden W. H. Howard was born November 3, 1817; came to this valley with his father on June 17, 1821, landing at Fort Meigs. The family moved to Grand Rapids, on the Maumee, eighteen miles above, in May, 1823. On the opposite side was an Indian village, called Kinjoino or Apatowajowin. The only schooling he received in childhood was at an Indian mission maintained by the Presbyterian denomination, some ten miles above Fort Meigs. He attended this school some four years and graduated when he was about ten years of age. He tells us that Rev. VanTassel and Elder Coe were his principal instructors. This was indeed the only school

for white children as well as Indian at this early period in the Maumee Valley.

He was a quick, lively boy, and learned language easily, and while yet in his boyhood was in continual demand as interpreter. For a number of years he was engaged in this life, traveling on foot or with Indian ponies the wild territory west of us, then uninhabited only by the Indians. In bark canoes he traveled the long coast line of the great lakes of the interior; up beyond Mackinaw, through Lake Huron and Lake Superior and the rivers tributary, and all that vast region where the only commerce was bartering with the Indians and half-breeds for furs, skins and pelts.

In 1832 and again in 1838 he aided the government in removing the Indians from the Maumee country and portions of Michigan to their homes west of the Mississippi.

VARIOUS DUTIES.

In 1840 he was sent by a fur company to establish trading posts on the waters of the Upper Missouri and the branches of the Yellowstone, and while engaged in that work in 1842, at the death of his father, he returned to this Maumee country, he relinquished what he deemed his life's business, and commenced the more quiet and domestic life which he led till the time of his death. Mr. Howard was in the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln to the presidency in 1860; was a presidential elector in the fifth district, and a delegate to the Baltimore convention that nominated Lincoln for a second term in 1864. He was a member of the Board of Equalization in Ohio in 1870, and a member of the State Senate for 1872 and 1873; was appointed a trustee of Toledo asylum for the insane April 1, 1887, under appointment of Governor Foraker.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

He was a continuous resident of the Maumee Valley,

and ever had for it an increasing love. It could hardly be otherwise with Col. Howard, for in him was an ardent love of all that is beautiful in nature; and did not Lake Erie with its island at the mouth of the Maumee, and the river, with its long expanse of calm scenery, up to Maumee City, and then up the Rapids for eighteen miles, and upward to its source, meandering among primal overhanging forests, gratify this love? He never wearied describing the picturesque scenery of this garden of the continent.

UNSELFISH.

He rejoiced in the advancement made by the pioneers and their descendents in all the arts of civilization and with the heart of the optimist rejoiced in the good achieved as a prophecy of still better things to come.

AN AMERICAN.

He loved his country both geographically and politically. His father, Edward Howard, impressed upon him the value of freedom. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and his grandfather, Thomas Howard, a soldier of the war of the Revolution. He even wished that the benefits of this free government should be extended to all living under the stars and stripes. He was not only, therefore, the friend of the Indians, seeking their civilization, but of the black man whom he did not disdain as a brother.

Each public act of his life, whether at home feeding the fugitive from oppression, or in the lawmaking body of the state, was on the side of right and liberty. During the civil war he was the staunch friend of the Union and its martyred executive, Abraham Lincoln.

FRIEND.

The prosperity of his friend was to him a source of happiness. In one respect he differed from many of his early co-adjutors. His sympathy was largely with the red men, who, while at the beginning of the century were

cruel and committed many acts of hostility, would have been friends instead of foes if by our government they had been cared for then as now, and not as barbarians. The Indians were his trusted friends, and they never wronged him. He was a man of peace and a peace-maker equally loved by the red and white men.

TILLER OF THE SOIL.

The life in the country was his preference, and while he was well prepared to act his part in society, having all the politeness of the old gentleman, yet he enjoyed the toil and recreations of rural life.

He was a promoter of intelligence among farmers by the aid of organized educational efforts.

The golden grain, waving in the summer sunlight, and the grazing herds upon the green pastures, were an inspiration, while the domestic joys of the intelligent farm home were highly prized.

INTEGRITY.

Those who differed with him in judgment believed him honest. His purpose was to do right, and few have succeeded as well as he. He was true in his friendship, and even suffering inconvenience he did not falter. He was temperate in all things and strictly moral in his private life. He could be trusted. He had all the virtues of the noblest among the red men and none of their vices, and the early training in the mission school of the staunch Presbyterian church bore fruit in after life. Four years of faithful instruction given a boy with the native nobility of nature of D. W. H. Howard would prove a lasting benefit. Perhaps this had more to do with his after life than many imagine.

AN HISTORIAN.

His memory was reliable. His perception was clear and comprehensive. Nothing escaped his attention, so that in his old age he possessed a wonderful fund of

knowledge. But he also was a careful and extensive reader. What he narrated could be relied on as true. He dealt in facts and his hearers around the fireside, or the many at the pioneer meetings could rely upon his statements. His descriptions did not lack in interest, for as he talked once again the Indian chieftains seemed to be seated in council, or the whole companies of the Indians surrounding, after the day's journey or chase, the roaring camp-fires. The pioneers in social gatherings again appeared upon the scene as they did in reality sixty or seventy years ago. His descriptions of pioneer life, if reported as given, would have added wonderfully to our pioneer historical data. His extempore narrations as well as his written newspaper articles evinced a polish seldom found in the productions of men who have been denied college training. This is not surprising to those who personally knew Col. Howard. We fear there cannot be found among his co-adjutors any who by voice or pen can so well delineate the old time people and their social, business and intellectual life.

EMIGRATION.

How great the change and how wonderful the progress of the Maumee Valley during the sojourn of Col. Howard in it!

A vast wilderness, battle-scarred by the tribes of red men contending together for the mastery, and afterward, by the remaining tribes of red men and the aggressive back-woodsman. When he and his parents, in 1821, came to Fort Meigs, there were remaining in the soil the footprints of the stately-headed elk which had only a few years before been sought by the soft-footed hunters. And still in large herds were the beautiful red deer and cunning American cougar. The valley was then the wonderful source of supply for the hardy pioneers.

These pioneers were Puritans from New England, cavaliers from Virginia, Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania,

trappers and hunters from France. Many of these were intelligent and religious, but many more were adventurers, men who delighted in war and the chase. They had fought in the Revolution, had met defeat under St. Clair on the Wabash, or victory under Mad Anthony Wayne on the Maumee. The women who came when Howard came were lion-hearted and were use to hardships and could when necessary engage in war or chase.

TRANSITION.

A transition was in the air. Those white people were coming and the red men were going. With them were vanishing the bear, panther, wolf, lynx and other animals, also the varied wild fowls which frequented forest, prairies, lakes and rivers. The wigwams were supplanted by the pioneers cabin. The warrior had little use for his war paint, and the war dance had lost its inspiration. When engaged in, it simply gratified the love of excitement. The cruel "fire water" of the traders was doing its work of demoralization. The nobility of the red men, by its potent power, was destroyed. The real pioneers lamented the selling of liquor to the red men, but were powerless to prevent it. They protected their own cabins as a rule from rum's fearful ravages, yet using it, as most did, it was as medicine and with moderation. Enshrouded here and there in the wilderness of the Maumee Valley they were rich, having over their heads their own roof and warmed by their own fuel and fed from their own fields and forests.

All the pioneer conditions were changed in the lifetime of Col. Howard. Now the Maumee Valley is a garden of fruits and flowers, free from the dangers and hardships of the wilderness. The canoe and pirogue have been superseded by the beautiful naphtha launch and swift steamer, and the wagon train by the locomotive and cars on the net-work of rail roads that bind together the

whole land and fine villages and cities with modern improvements and conveniences.

The churches and factories, the school houses and places of trade stand together while our Christian civilization, like the sunlight of heaven, sheds its blessing on the rich and poor. In all this the aged patriarch rejoiced, knowing well that he had done his part in securing such grand results.

AT HOME.

He was a kind, unselfish husband and father, and his aged partner waits for a blessed reunion, while his children, emulating his example, arise and call him blessed. His home life was beautiful.

RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

His religious views were not drawn from any creed, but were broad, embracing the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Whatever revealed to him anything of the all-wise Father he received, and whatever was narrow and savored of human selfishness he rejected. Having the thought of God correctly formulated according to the teachings of nature, as well as of the Divine Spirit, he had a conscience that held him to the paths of rectitude and kindness.

He was ready to die when the summons came, and died in hope, we believe, of immortality.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

We cannot give in this memoir all that should be known and remembered of this noble man's last days of pain and anguish and preparation for death. He anticipated it and made ample arrangements for it, selecting the minister to officiate and the friend to deliver his funeral oration, the pall-bearers, and the place of his burial. The minister was Rev. T. W. Lily, of Hicksville; the orator, Gen. J. Kent Hamilton, and pall-bearers, Dr. Ramsey, Grant Williams, H. T. Brigham, Thomas Mike-

sall, Col. E. L. Barber and Alfred Schaffer. His resting place was to be at Winnemeg Hill.

Mrs. Howard, who survives him, was united in marriage with him in 1843. She is now in her 79th year and is bright and hopeful, and a helpful companion for so many years of this worthy man.

We close this with a sonnet dedicated to his memory :

Men and boys and white covered train
Men defiant, boys active and brave,
Women as fair as Maumee's rippling wave—
All moving forward in sunshine and rain.
Through primal woods these pioneers came.
One fair lad, saw, heard, felt much that was good
Among the tribes of Indian brotherhood ;
He of all was to achieve the greatest name.
He into manhood grew, great in thought and love ;
None sought his favor too early or late—
In men he saw the Father from above,
And welcomed all to his heart's open gate.
The pioneer train rests beneath the hillside green,
The boy, the man, sleeps at Winnemeg serene.

MEMORIAL

OF

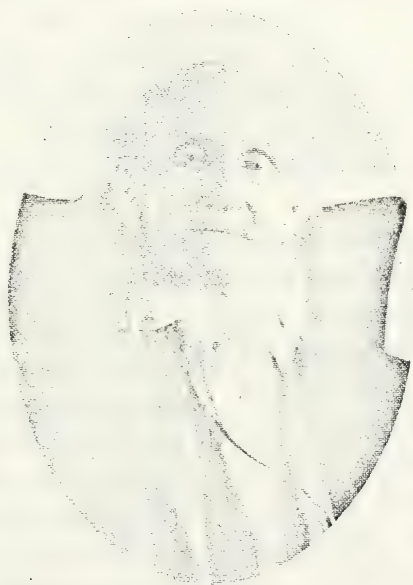
BRICE HILTON.

FROM DEFIANCE RECORD, JULY 20, 1899..

Brice Hilton is dead.

The sure and unfaltering hand of death this morning affixed the period to the life of the grand old man, and the volume of a noble career is closed.

Venerable Brice Hilton, honored and respected by the entire community of which he was its oldest citizen and



VENERABLE BRICE HILTON.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON HIS NINETY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.)

earliest settler, has passed from the trials and troubles of this world to reap his reward in the next.

To pause and reflect over such a life as led by the

subject of this obituary, cannot help but cause one to feel that his was a life truly well spent, and in the minds of all who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with him, a thought of the pure and honorable years he passed through will ever remain.

The sturdy old pioneer ventured into this part of Ohio when it was almost an unbroken forest, when the Indians were still roaming about in tribes, and but small settlements of white people were here and there scattered about, and he remained here since, and not only witnessed but helped to develop this part of the State.

It is difficult for people living at this date and enjoying the pleasures of the advanced civilization to realize the condition this city and territory surrounding it was in, and the view that presented itself to Mr. Hilton, when in 1822 he came here and built the first log cabin in the vast wilderness between this place and Fort Wayne.

Mr. Hilton was an interesting relator of reminiscences of the early days, and many of the tales of the hardships and adventures through which the early settlers passed were thrilling.

On the ninety-first anniversary of the birth of Mr. Hilton, which occurred March 19th of this year, a party of citizens called on him at his home in Brunersburg and spent several pleasant hours in his presence, which the old gentleman enjoyed greatly. He was then able to be about. His health has been failing rapidly for the past two months, and for six weeks has been unable to leave his bed. This morning at fifteen minutes to six, the grim reaper beckoned his soul to leave its earthly domain, and as one passing into a peaceful sleep, did his life pass out. He remained conscious until he closed his eyes for the last time on earthly surroundings.

His death was, as had been his life, beautiful, for he died surrounded by those he loved, and beneath the roof he had passed so many useful years.

No character ever lived in Defiance county who was held in higher esteem or more greatly loved by those who were acquainted with him than the grand old pioneer, Brice Hilton.

The funeral services took place Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock at his late home in Brunersburg, and the body was laid to repose in the pretty cemetery on the bank of the Tiffin river opposite the village in which he so long resided.

Dr. E. L. Rexford, of Columbus, who for a number of years was a warm personal friend of Mr. Hilton, conducted the services.

The history of Defiance county contains the following sketch of his life:

Brice Hilton, one of the few remaining pioneers of Defiance county, was born March 13, 1808, the son of Joshua and Hepzibah (Hilton) Hilton, both of whom were born in Stark, Somerset county, Maine, the former June 17, 1780, the later July 2, 1785. His grandfather, Benjamin Hilton, was a resident of the same county and a miller by trade and occupation. Joshua and Hepzibah Hilton were married in Somerset county, Maine, October 10, 1805. Joshua was a miller, like his father, and made milling his life pursuit. His children were Mary, born August 2, 1806, married Clark Philbrick, March 15, 1827, and the same spring moved with her husband to Geauga county, Ohio. Brice, the subject of this sketch, born March 13, 1808; Thomas H., born June 25, 1810, died September 6, 1826; John, born October 14, 1811, died February 9, 1838; Ezra, born June 4, 1813, died September 28, 1846; Horace, born August 31, 1815, died in Osborne county, Kansas, December 28, 1874; Eben, born August 24, 1818, died September 16, 1848; Benjamin and an infant daughter, deceased, born September 10, 1820; Benjamin died November 5, 1865; Richard, born September 18, 1823 died August 18, 1848.

In September, 1817, Joshua Hilton with his family emigrated in a three-horse wagon from Maine to Ohio, reaching the town of Reading, Hamilton county, December 2. The following April he moved to a farm in Butler county, paying a cash rental of \$100 for one year, at the expiration of which he removed to Carthage, and in the fall of the same year (1819) moved to Miami county, where he remained until the fall of 1822. In January, 1822, he made a journey afoot to Defiance and vicinity, having with him maps of the surrounding townships, for the purpose of selecting a farm. While here he stopped at the tavern of Robert Shirley. Mr. Hilton returned home, then went to Piqua, where the land office was located, and entered 140 acres on the south side of the Maumee immediately above the plat of West Defiance, where he removed with his family, December 3, 1822.

In the spring of that year, he had come with his son Thomas to plant a crop of corn, but having no land cleared, Judge Shirley permitted him to put out as much corn as he wished on the land opposite the old fair ground on an old Indian improvement. With his ox team he broke the blue grass sod and planted six acres, which yielded enough corn to last the family one year. Mr. Hilton erected the first log cabin between Defiance and Fort Wayne on the Maumee, except one, built by a Mr. Rodger, five miles below Fort Wayne. Mr. Hilton also built the first brick house in the county, except two at Defiance. He was a Whig, and died August 15, 1830. His wife died September 24, 1850.

Brice Hilton spent his youth in working for his father and attending what schools were then available. During the winter of 1820, he attended school in Cincinnati, remaining about nine months. After he reached Williams county with his father, his educational advantages were indeed meager, but he had already mastered Stephen Pitts' Arithmetic, Bonnicastle's Algebra and Greenleaf's

Grammar. He studied surveying and practiced it to some extent. From 1825 to 1830, he cleared land, boated on the river, split rails, hunted and worked on the farm. He then went to live with Dr. John Evans, reading medicine with him, and after practicing it six months, abandoned the profession. In May, 1834, he went to Brunersburg with a stock of goods, having formed a partnership with Foreman Evans. At the end of twelve years, he sold out to his brother, Benjamin Hilton, and bought a farm adjoining Brunersburg. He has ever since followed farming, but in connection with it has been engaged in other pursuits, among them stock dealing, taking contracts for building bridges, building embankments, etc. In 1850 he purchased the Brunersburg Mill property and in 1854 erected a grist mill, which he still operates. In 1855, he built a saw mill just opposite, which he ran till recently. In 1844, he bought the Brunersburg Tannery and operated it for thirty years in connection with a shoe shop. About 1863, he built, on lot 182, Brunersburg, mostly with his own means, a Universalist church, which now has a membership of sixty-two.

Mr. Hilton was married, December 4, 1836, to Sophia Umbenhaur, who was born near Winchester, Virginia, July 29, 1821, and emigrated with her father's family to Williams county in 1835. Of their two daughters and ten sons, but five sons survive—Walter, born February 12, 1845, a merchant of Defiance; Ezra, born January 7, 1847, now a merchant at Pioneer, Williams county; Gilmore, born August 9, 1850, now living at Brunersburg; Lyman, born January 29, 1860, at home; John, born September 2, 1862, at home, teaching school. Mr. Hilton in early life was a Clay Whig and is now a Republican.

BRICE HILTON,

He is Visited by a Number of his Friends.

FROM DEFIANCE EXPRESS, MARCH 13, 1899.

This afternoon two 'bus loads of gentlemen drove to Brunersburg and paid their respects to the venerable Brice Hilton, who was celebrating his 91st birthday.

The visitors took a handsome chair along as a gift to their friend. Mr. Hilton was rejoiced to see his friends, and gave them a hearty welcome. After a general passing of compliments, L. E. Beardsley, who accompanied the party, took two negatives of the old gentleman. There are only two other pictures of Mr. Hilton extant. One was taken when he was 50, and the other when he was 70 years old.

After this had been done, the visitors and Mrs. Lyman Hilton and daughter Hazel gathered in the front yard, and Mr. Beardsley took a snap shot at all of them.

Mr. Hilton is at the home of his son Lyman, and the company received a gracious welcome from him and his wife and Filmore Hilton.

The party was made up of the following gentlemen, who came to Defiance in the years noted: Rev. B. W. Slagle, 1862; Adam Wilhelm, 1839; E. P. Hooker, 1859; K. V. Haymaker, 1856; L. E. Beardsley, 1865; Dr. C. E. Slocum, 1871; Charles B. Squire, 1858; Rev. A. E. Smith, 1895; L. E. Myers, 1852; L. G. Richardson, 1848; H. B. Harris, 1853; Edward Squire, 1858; E. E. Carter, 1856; W. A. Kehnast, 1861; John W. Slough, 1847; George Bechel, 1860; J. P. Buffington, 1853.

The press was represented by Charles Sampson, N. R. Webster, John Ury and W. H. McClintock.

Mr. Hilton looks quite feeble, but he stated to the Daily Express man as he bid him good bye: "When I am dead and gone, don't say that Brice Hilton died of old age."

BRICE HILTON,

Of Brunersburg, will be 91 Years Old Next Monday.

FROM DEFIANCE DAILY EXPRESS, MARCH 11, 1899.

On Monday, March 13, 1899, the venerable Brice Hilton, of Brunersburg, will celebrate the 91st anniversary of his birth. He was born at Stark, Somerset county, Maine, March 13, 1808. He came into the Maumee Valley in the spring of 1821, and was married to Sophia Umbenhaur, at Brunersburg, December 4, 1836. Mrs. Hilton died September 27, 1897. There were born to this worthy couple 12 children. Of this number the following are living: Walter, Ezra, Filmore, Lyman L. and John C. Hilton.

Brice Hilton was the son of Joshua and Hepzibah Hilton. They were married October 10, 1805. The father died in Defiance, August 15, 1835, and the mother August 15, 1850.

The Hilton family in America sprung from three brothers, Benjamin, Ebenezer, and Isaac, who sailed from England and landed near Philadelphia about the year 1600. Brice Hilton was a descendant of Benjamin, and is of the 7th generation down the line.

Brice Hilton is too well known to need any introduction to the readers of the Daily Express. Columns of matter have been published touching his life in the Maumee valley, while a comprehensive story of his life is published in a history of the county and valley, and is open to everybody. He has been a giant physically and mentally, and now, upon the eve of his ninety-first birthday, his mind is as clear as a bell. He is a faithful reader of the daily and weekly press, and there is not a man in Northwestern Ohio who has kept in closer touch with the march of events than Brice Hilton. The old gentleman has been in fairly good health during the winter, and still possesses vigor enough to warrant the thought that he will climb the

ladder for many years to come. He is making his home with his son Lyman L. Hilton, at Brunersburg.

In this connection we give the story of the moving of the Hiltons from Maine to Ohio, which was recently dictated by Brice Hilton himself, and related by Mr. K. V. Haymaker.

"Brice Hilton says that in 1817 his father, Joshua Hilton, moved from Maine to Ohio with his family, which then consisted of his wife, Hepzibah, and the following children: Mary, Brice, Thomas, Ezra and John. At that time Joshua and his brother Edgar, lived in what had been their father's old homestead at Stark Mills, Somerset county, Maine. This old homestead was a large double house, and each brother with his family, lived in either part. Joshua and his brother Edgar, were owners of the grist mill, and Joshua and his oldest brother, Richard, owned the saw mill. These mills were located on a small mill stream, which emptied into the Sandy River about a mile below, which river in turn emptied into the Kennebec a mile further down. Brice says he remembers seeing the mill dam and the mill destroyed by flood. My mother has often told me the story, which she learned from Hepzibah, that it was on account of the loss of these mills, and being too much discouraged on account thereof to attempt to again rebuild them, that Joshua resolved to remove to the west. These mills had only been rebuilt a few years before, possibly within a year, prior to the time the flood swept them out. It was in the spring of 1817 that this loss occurred, and they spent the summer in preparing for the journey to Ohio.

Brice states as another reason why his father desired to leave Maine, was that every winter he was afflicted with ulcerated sore throat, the same disease of which Joshua's father had died. The hope of finding a milder climate, was one of the strong incentives which induced him to come to Ohio.

"The trip was commenced in September. In addition to Joshua and his wife and five children above named, they were also accompanied by Rachel Hilton, Hepzibah's sister, then a young woman of 18 or 19 years; and also by a young man named Hilton, who was a second cousin of Hepzibah, and whose first name Brice cannot recall. He states that this young man was a brother of Jesse Hilton, who had come to Ohio before that time, and who then lived at Hillsboro, in Highland county, Ohio. After their arrival in Ohio, this young man, who furnished one of the three horses with which they made the trip, left Joshua and his family, to join his brother Jesse at Hillsboro, and Brice cannot now recall that he ever saw or heard of him thereafter. Jesse Hilton, some years after, perhaps in 1824 or 1825, came to northern Ohio, and settled near Defiance, and was the first man to raise a crop of wheat in the Maumee Valley.

"The trip from Maine was made in a wagon drawn by three horses. Aside from the living freight, the load consisted of but little save the wearing apparel of the moving party. The trip was made in a remarkably short time, and without any serious mishaps. The final halting place was at Reading, near Cincinnati, Ohio, where they parted company with the young man who had accompanied them. Brice related to me a number of incidents which deeply impressed themselves on his childish mind during that trip. Among them was the fact that on one occasion as their wagon was going down a rather steep hill, one of his brothers, Thomas, I believe, fell from the wagon and the hind wheel passed over his arm, but from the soft condition of the road, or by reason of a rock or other obstruction catching the weight of the wheel, his arm was not broken or seriously bruised. They passed within sight of the city of Boston, but not through it. In Pennsylvania they crossed the Juniata River on a bridge, which to his boyish eyes seemed little short of a miracle.

It was a chain bridge, suspended from and upheld by immense chains, the ends of which were securely anchored in the lofty hill on either side, and which suspended the bridge at a considerable height above the bed of the stream. The floor of the bridge was not solid like that of our modern suspension bridges, but sank under the load and raised up before and behind as the team moved along. It made a deep impression on his mind to look over the side of the bridge and see men working at quarrying stone and loading it into wagons in the bed of the stream far below him.

"He also related another incident of that trip, which was his first contact with political contests. The party stopped over for a day in a thickly settled part of Pennsylvania, to do necessary washing. This was election day, and the excitement of the men going by the polling place, was a revelation to the lad who saw such things for the first time. Two rival candidates were supported by enthusiastic partizans who rode by on bare back horses, at full speed, first one crowd cheering at top of voice for their candidate, "Hurrah for William Finley," to be immediately answered by the partizans of the opposing candidate with cheers, "Hurrah for Joseph Easter." As Brice remembers it, these were candidates for governor.

"At the place where they crossed the Little Miami River, as they approached the end of their journey, they bought some oats for their horses. The expenses of their trip that far had exhausted their stock of silver coin, and there for the first time they began to spend their gold. The coin which was offered by them to pay for the oats was gold of foreign mintage, and the farmer had never seen any like it, and had no idea of its equivalent value in American money. Neither could Joshua say what it was worth. After discussing the matter for some time, the farmer settled the matter by saying that rather than run any chance of either being cheated, by fixing a wrong

value, they should take the oats without pay, as he had an abundant stock, which was of very little value to him any way. On this trip they were not required to camp out of doors at night, as they found accommodations for shelter every night at farm houses or village taverns along the way.

"Joshua and his family lived for four years in Hamilton county and in Miami county near Piqua, on rented farms, and for one season Joshua run a large saw mill located near the city of Cincinnati in the valley of Mill Creek. The desirable farming lands in that locality had been mostly taken up, and were of such value that they were beyond the slender means of Joshua to purchase. So in the spring of 1821, Joshua and his two oldest sons, Brice and Thomas, with two horses, Joshua riding one and the two boys the other, rode from Miami county to Fort Defiance.

"This point was then a frontier post, with garrison, and with but few white families located here. Joshua looked over the public lands which were then open for entry, and selected about 130 acres just above the fort. A family named Shirley was then here, and Joshua rented some cleared bottom land of Robert Shirley, and with the assistance of his boys, constructed a fence of logs and brush around it, plowed and planted to corn and potatoes. They also chopped trees for rail cuts, on the land which he had selected for entry. After this was done, Joshua and Thomas mounted one of the horses and returned to Miami county, leaving Brice, then thirteen years old, to cultivate the crops, and split the rail cuts. Brice tended the crops until the corn was so far along as to need no further cultivation, and in his leisure time split rails sufficient to enclose eighty acres of the land his father had selected. This work being completed he bestrode the horse and rode back to Miami county, to help harvest the wheat and other crops. The distance from Piqua to

Defiance is about 100 miles. That fall, the family moved to Defiance and settled on the land which Joshua had selected, and on which he filed a certificate of entry on this return to Piqua in the spring. The federal land office for this district being then located at Piqua.

"The log house which Joshua built for his family on his arrival, was considered a marvel of size and pretentiousness. It was a double log house, two stories in height with an open passage between the wings, and for a considerable time the highest type of architecture in the Maumee Valley. Some years later Joshua burned brick and erected a two story brick house, which is still occupied as a residence by the present owners of the farm."

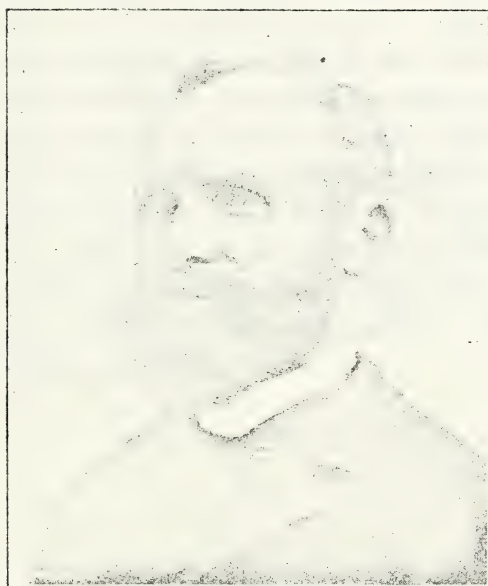
The brick house referred to in the above is on the Smith farm, west of the city near the water works.

MEMORIAL

OF

BENJAMIN F. KERR.

Benjamin F. Kerr, of Grand Rapids, Ohio, died March 24th, 1899, in his 57th year. He was for 33 years one of the most prominent business men of Grand Rapids. Before coming to Grand Rapids he was in the army, serving in Jim Steadman's Regiment, the 14th O. V. I., and



BENJAMIN F. KERR.

later in commissary department in 111th O. V. I. Mr. Kerr was of Scotch origin, tracing his ancestors back to 1708, when they first came to New Jersey.

His parents were Jesse and Eliza (Evans) Kerr, of Monclova township, Lucas county. His brother, Captain John W. Kerr, now owns the old homestead.

Mr. Kerr was born February 7th, 1843, in Richland county, Ohio; was educated in Maumee City; served through the war, and returning in 1866, he bought the general store of Laskey & Bro., and remained in that business until his death.

In 1851 George Laskey succeeded Frank Hinsdale, who in 1838 succeeded Nicholas Gee, who was the first general merchant of the community. Hence Mr. Kerr's business was a continuation of the pioneer trade.

On October 24, 1867, Mr. Kerr married Ann S. Pratt, and their family are Mrs. Carrie P. Williams, of Delphos, Clifton C. Kerr, of Grand Rapids, (also married,) and Jessie May, Frank and Glenn, the latter three still at home.

During his short life time, Mr. Kerr saw the wilderness of Wood and Lucas counties transformed into the beautiful garden it now is, from cow paths or Indian trails into level stone roads, railroads, electric street car lines, etc.

His brother John W. now lives in Toledo, Thomas B., also of the 14th O. V. I., is at Dayton, Ohio, William E. is a merchant at Grand Rapids, Ohio, J. Charles F. is in San Antonio, Texas. His only sister is Mrs. N. A. Walters, of Swanton, Ohio.

W...



MEMORIAL

OF

WILLIAM OLIVER.

How he Saved Fort Wayne and Fort Meigs.

BY C. W.

The brave and timely act of Lieut. Hobson, in sinking the Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago, will constitute a specially prominent part in the history of the Cuban war. For daring bravery and skill it could hardly be excelled, and may justly be recognized.

Heroism has often found notable ways and means for manifestation, and it is due to the memories of those who opened the way for what we are now permitted to behold in the Maumee Valley, to say, that they were not without such quality. In proof of this, it will suffice here to cite the case of William Oliver, known to very few of the present generation, though so prominent in earlier days.

Fort Wayne bears conspicuous part in the events of pioneer life. A structure wholly of wood, built in 1794, it had come to dilapidated condition when the war of 1812-15 with England occurred. Encouraged by the inexcusable surrender of General Hull in August, 1812, a force of 500 Indians laid siege to that fortress. The garrison, amounting to less than 100 men, was under Captain Rhea, an old man not in mental or physical condition fitted to his charge. The entire country was wilderness, with no possible means for defense from attack.

Oliver was a resident of Fort Wayne, but at the time in question went to Cincinnati. On his return he learned that the Indians had appeared before the fort, and he returned to that city to urge the troops to hasten for



its relief. This accomplished, he set out with all possible speed for the fort, hoping to reach it with word both of warning and encouragement to its imperilled inmates. On his way he found at St. Mary's river an encampment of Ohio militia, with whom was Thomas Worthington, then Indian Commissioner, and afterwards Governor of Ohio. To him Oliver communicated his purpose to enter the fort or perish in the attempt. The result of the interview was an agreement under which the two were to co-operate, though different frontiersmen would dissuade them from the perilous attempt. They secured 68 militia and 16 Shawanee Indians to accompany them. They had been but one day on the march, when 36 of the party secretly deserted and returned. The remainder continued the march, and from their camp heard the evening gun of the fort, 24 miles distant. In view of the reduced condition of the force, Worthington was not willing to continue the march. When Oliver, with three Indians, pushed ahead with great caution, five miles from the fort they found holes dug on each side of the road by the Indians for concealment, to cut off approach. Thus warned, they abandoned the road, and crossing the country, reached the Maumee river one and one-half miles from the fort. Here, tying their horses, they cautiously passed through the forest to learn whether or not the Indians were already in possession. With feelings of relief and joy, they found the stars and stripes waving at the fort. Not deeming this even as conclusive as to the condition, Oliver approached the east side until he discerned the blue uniform of a sentinel, and recognized the wearer as an acquaintance. They then returned, and remounting their horses, proceeded onward. Finding the gate locked, they were compelled to pass down the river bank and ascend at the northern gate. In this way they were favored by the withdrawal of the savage enemy in carrying out their plan for taking the fort by strategy.

It seems that the hostile chiefs, with true Indian methods, had been employing a flag of truce for intercourse with the garrison, a result of which was such development of Capt. Rhea's weakness as much to encourage them in their movements. They had arranged in a semicircle on the west and north sides of the fort, and at a short distance from it. Under pretense of treating with the garrison, five chiefs were to pass into the fort and council room, with scalping knives and pistols secreted in their blankets. They then were to assassinate two subaltern officers, seize Capt. Rhea, with expectation that he would order the gates thrown open to the attacking force.

Such well laid plan was being carried out when Oliver reached the gate. An hour sooner or an hour later would probably have been fatal to him and his party, and to the inmates of the fort. Parties of Indians for eight days upon the roads in different directions, at that time had been called to aid in the proposed attack. Winnemack, Five Medals and three other hostile chiefs, with their treacherous flag of truce, were greatly surprised at meeting Oliver and associates at the gate. Coming from different directions and screened by the fort, they were not visible until that moment. Winnemack, with expressions of surprise and disappointment, hastily returned to the Indian camp with information that their stratagem had failed.

Oliver at once dispatched a note to Worthington, stating the situation, sending the same by his Indian associates, who dashed off at full speed. They were soon pursued by hostiles. The race was perilous, but they escaped, their shout of triumph rising high and falling gratefully on the beleaguered garrison. The message was duly delivered to General Harrison, who in a short time arrived with ample reinforcements. The enemy had continued the siege until within a few hours of his arrival, and with such perseverance that nothing but the hope of relief could have kept the garrison from surrender, amid the burning arrows of the savages.

But Fort Wayne was not the only object of young Oliver's brave ventures. The next year, (1813,) his heroism was shown in connection with the two sieges of Fort Meigs, involving no less of sagacity and peril. At the first siege, General Harrison desired some one to bear a message of warning to Gen. Greene Clay, then approaching with a body of Kentucky volunteers. The selection fell on Oliver. The service was specially dangerous, as the Indians were already in strong force about the fort. Oliver decided to make the attempt, notwithstanding Gen. Clay warned him of the special danger of any effort to penetrate the enemy's lines. Oliver, in reply, spoke of his knowledge of the country and Indian stratagem, urging the special importance of Harrison's knowing of the approach of relief, and informed his commander of his purpose to go at all hazards, unless positively forbidden to do so.

With 15 picked men of Ohio militia, Oliver boarded his boat, and upon leaving, Clay grasped his hand, saying: "Farewell, Oliver. We shall never see you again." Approaching the fort at midnight, Oliver found everything in darkness, the cannonading of the enemy across the river, constituting the chief indication of the condition. Informed the day before by two British deserters of the purpose to attack the fort that night, Harrison had extinguished the lights, the garrison being on their arms awaiting the enemy's approach. Mistaking Oliver's party for the British advance, these were fired upon by the sentinels, but without injury. The result of Harrison's interview with Oliver, was prompt arrangements for the ensuing day, so memorable for the landing of Clay, the defense of the fort and the defeat and death of Dudley across the river.

It was but two months later, when some 5,000 British and Indians again invested Fort Meigs. Gen. Clay, then in command, called Oliver to his quarters, and implored

him, if possible, to make his way through the Indians to Harrison, supposed to be at Upper Sandusky, 70 miles away. "I will reward you liberally, if you succeed," said Gen. Clay. Oliver's reply was, "I shall not put my life in the scale against money or promotion. My country has higher calls upon me than these, and from sense of duty to her, I will make the trial." Col. John Miller, afterward Governor of Missouri, was second in command to Clay. Learning of Oliver's purpose, he inquired if the report was true. "Yes," said Oliver. "Well," rejoined the General, much excited, "You are a fool. Why is it that you are always called for these perilous services?" Clay having requested Oliver to take with him any desired men, he applied to a regular officer, who begged to be excused. Finally he secured as companion Captain McCune, of Ohio militia, and a Petersburg volunteer.

About nine o'clock that night, Oliver and party left the fort, just as the British band struck up the tattoo across the Maumee. Within 80 rods they came suddenly upon a camp of Indians, who, disturbed by the noise of the approach, sprang up and ran at them, when they reined up and awaited the movements of the enemy, apprehending serious results. Fortunately, their animals, as if aware of the situation, stood perfectly still, and the Indians passed around without discovery of their presence. Oliver and his party, going in different directions, dashed into the almost impenetrable forest of the "Blank Swamp." McCune, unaccustomed to the woods, separated from the others, who continued in the proper direction, the Indians being in full pursuit on horseback. At nine o'clock the next night, Oliver reached Upper Sandusky, his body covered with bruises from contusions against trees, and nearly naked as a result of briars and brambles tearing his clothes. There Oliver learned that Harrison was in the vicinity of Fort Stephenson, and notwithstanding his extreme fatigue, he continued on, reaching the General's

camp near Seneca at 11 o'clock the next day, after a circuitous trip of more than one day and two nights, covering a distance of over 100 miles. McCune finally reached the camp the next day. Wishing to retain Oliver for other service, Harrison sent McCune back to Gen. Clay with verbal message as to his intentions. He safely made the trip, though pursued for several miles by a party of mounted Indians.

By the opportune arrival of McCune, the fort was saved from the ingeniously devised stratagem of the wily Indian Chief Tecumseh. Toward evening a body of British infantry were secreted in a ravine below the fort, and the cavalry in the wood above, the Indians and part of the British being stationed in a forest. A severe battle ensued just before dark, resulting in complete success of the American forces.

Such recognition of Major Oliver's effective heroism and sagacity, becomes specially fitting here, from the fact that it is made within sight of the spot where stood Fort Meigs, whose two deliverances were so largely due to his patriotic devotion and unsurpassed courage. In his case are features rarely found in such service. More noble sentiment could not guide a man to heroic acts, than was that so considerately stated by him to Gen. Clay, and we may well honor and recognize it here. Would that more of public action were controlled by the same unselfish spirit.

It becomes fitting here to state that Major Oliver's connection with this region was by no means limited to his distinguished army service. As a member of what was known as the "Baum Company" of Cincinnati, he was identified with the very start of what is now "Toledo," in connection with the projected town of Port Lawrence, in 1817, which movement then proved premature, was renewed in 1832, contemporaneous with that of its rival, Vistula, which two soon were merged and became Toledo.

Major Oliver continued prominently identified in that connection until his death in 1851. Under management of a son-in-law, James C. Hall, the Oliver House was subsequently projected, constituting, as it did, the most of an advance in hostelry ever made in Toledo, being opened with special demonstration in 1859.

As a citizen, Major Oliver ever held a standing for integrity and usefulness consistent with the rule which directed his unselfish devotion in military service, an example well worthy to be followed in all lines of action.

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. AMELIA PERRIN.

FROM PERRYSBURG JOURNAL.

Mrs. Amelia Perrin, of Perrysburg, died at the age of 88 years, at the family residence in that city. She was the widow of the late Jonathan Perrin.

This death was rather a departure, a euthanasia, of one who has lived through a long earthly life, in full activity to the last hour, when, her earthly education being completed, she, in the full possession of all her powers, graduated into that other life for which preparation had been made for her by Him who left the promise: "I go to prepare a place for you." Her education, which began a hundred or more years before she was born, in the lives of martyr ancestors, and ministers of the gospel, was continued by diligent labors in the church, and by reading the best books till the end.

Descended from Richard Wightman, who was burned at the stake for his religious opinions, and of a long line of ministers of the gospel of that name, who wrought effectually for religious liberty in Connecticut and Rhode Island and, she naturally, when uniting with the Methodist church in 1830, followed in their steps, and was ever true and loyal to the church with which she had connected herself; and also when the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized, in honor of her revolutionary ancestors, she became a member.

She was born, in the flesh, November 15, 1810, in Cleveland, Ohio, and with her parents came to Orleans in the valley of the Miami of the Lakes, in 1811.

She was married to Jonathan Perrin in April, 1830, and the same year was enrolled upon the records of the Methodist Episcopal church, on which her mother's name stands first.

For nearly seventy years her home has been the one place for old time residents to visit, and the place she loved and from which she desired to depart when her earthly pilgrimage should end. This desire of her heart was happily gratified.

She was the mother of seven children, three of whom are living. She leaves seven grand children and eleven great grand children, to all of whom the memory of this faithful Christian, and cultivated and patriotic lady must ever be a blessing.

Her funeral services were conducted at the M. E. church by Rev. J. C. Shaw of Upper Sandusky, and the remains placed at rest in Fort Meigs cemetery.

MEMORIAL

OF

HON. EDWIN PHELPS.

BY G. P. BUFFINGTON.

One by one the hardy pioneers who emigrated from the Eastern States to form new homes for themselves in the great West are passing away, until only now and then one, like the sturdy oaks of the forest that have breasted many storms, are left, awaiting the call of the Master.

It commands our admiration as we review the lives of the heroic men and women who opened up to civilization the beautiful valley of the Maumee, who spent the best years of their lives in hewing out from the trackless forests homes for themselves and families. It is difficult for us of the present day to realize the great privations they had to endure from savage foes and wild beasts that surrounded them on every side, and worse than either, the want of needful food and shelter from inclement weather.

In clearing up this beautiful valley many fell by the wayside, the result of climatic influences incident to a new country, and need of proper medical attention. But nothing daunted, the survivors closed up the ranks and bravely marched to final success. With them there was no such word as fail, and they stamped upon the minds of their sons and daughters an unconquerable spirit of loyalty and love of country that has borne rich fruits in our mighty efforts to maintain a united country.

To review the lives of the noble men and women who opened up the pathways of civilization in the great forests

of the northwestern portion of Ohio, is a duty we owe to the living as well as the dead.

The subject of my sketch, the Hon. Edwin Phelps, was a man richly endowed with every element necessary to make an energetic and successful pioneer. He was born December 30th, 1815, at Richville, St. Lawrence county, New York, and at an early age he removed to the village of Defiance, long before Defiance county was established, and died September 28th, 1897. In the evening of the day of his death, he retired to his room in his usual health, and in the morning when his family called him to breakfast, he did not answer. Going up to his room they found him resting upon his bed apparently asleep. The angel of death had called during the night and bore his spirit away to its eternal home. Mr. Phelps was a man imbued with a loving Christian spirit that commanded the respect and love of all his friends and neighbors, which comprised the whole community in which he lived and labored for more than sixty years.

Throughout his long and busy life, he was intimately connected with many of the best interests of Defiance, and his official life, of many years, was without a blemish. He came to the county when it was a wilderness, and bravely bore his full part in the hard work of developing Northwestern Ohio, until it has become one of the most productive portions of our great State. He studied law, was admitted to the bar and was elected prosecuting attorney of Paulding county, which then comprised a portion of Defiance. In 1838 he was elected the first clerk of the county of Defiance, and served in that capacity or as deputy for thirty-three years. The work that he performed in this office will ever remain a lasting monument of his untiring industry and correct business habits. In 1862 Mr. Phelps was the Democratic candidate for congress in this district, in a tri-angular contest between J. M. Ashley and Morrison Waite, late chief

justice of the United States. After a spirited contest he was defeated, and Ashley was elected for his fourth term.

As a citizen, husband and father, he was universally honored and respected by the entire community, who had perfect confidence in his honesty and ability to discharge every trust confided to his keeping. Mr. Phelps was twice married. In 1841 he was married to Emily R. Eaton, of Cecil, Paulding county; of this union three daughters were born, Adelaid V., who is dead; Emily G. who married Charles Seymour, and died in February, 1874, and Ida R., who married John W. Gensheimer, and now lives at Erie, Pennsylvania.

His first wife having died, he was married again in 1862, to Evaline Richardson, who, with four children, survives him; Mary Alice, now Mrs. J. W. Ackley, now living in Granville, Ohio; Abbie, now Mrs. F. P. Wisenberger, living in this city, and Helen D. and Edwin J., who live at home with their mother; worthy representatives of a noble husband and father, who has left them the precious legacy of an honorable and well spent life.

He was a Mason and Odd Fellow, and in point of years, was the oldest member of either local lodge. In life he was honorable, patriotic and just, and in his death he left a memory that will long be remembered and cherished, not only by his many personal friends, but by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance.

MEMORIAL

OF

HENRY S. LASKEY.

Henry S. Laskey, a pioneer of the Maumee Valley, who lived in this vicinity more than 65 years, was born near Newton Abbot, Devonshire, England, March 29, 1833, died at his home in Toledo, May 23, 1899.

When he was four months old his parents made the long move, that so many people were then making, to far off America, at which time a voyage across the Atlantic meant six to eight weeks of sailing.

They landed at New York; thence by canal to Buffalo, from Buffalo to Detroit, and on to Toledo, which then consisted of two small ports, Port Lawrence and Vistula, with forest trees on the banks of the Maumee between the two towns or settlements.

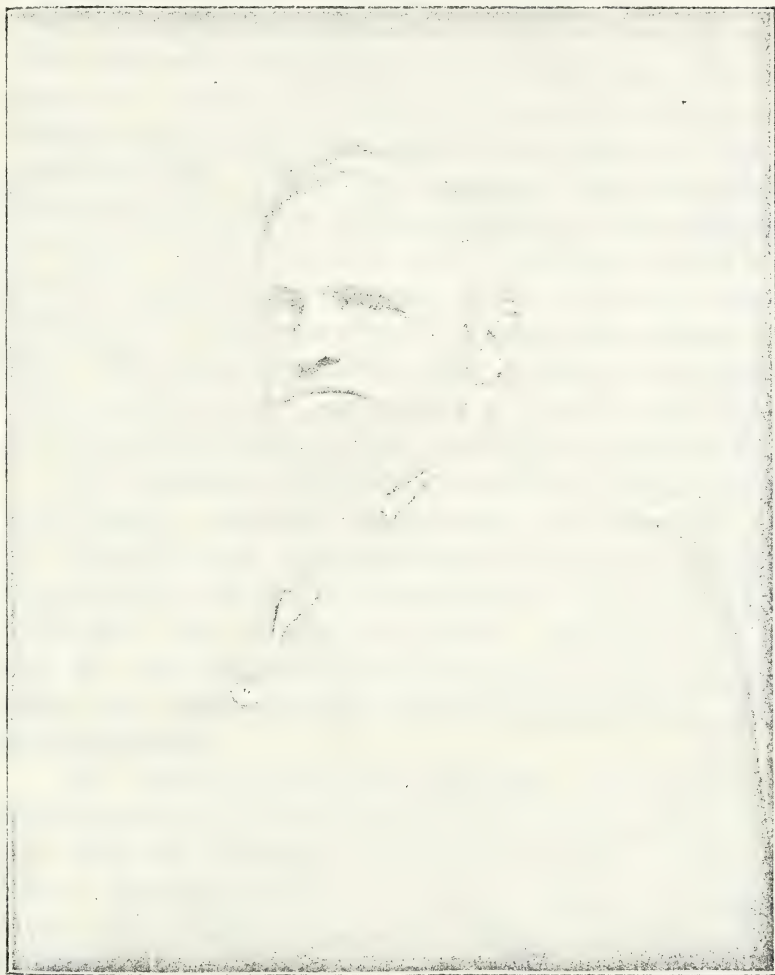
Older members of the Southard family, brothers of Mr. Laskey's mother, had preceded them here and located in Washington township, where this family joined them and settled on a farm of eighty acres, part of which is located in Michigan.

On this farm his childhood days were spent. When Henry was ten years old his father died, leaving the mother with a large family to care for and the farm to manage.

On May 1, 1856, Mr. Laskey was married to Miss Nancy Phelps, of Monroe county, Michigan, and located on a farm in Bedford township, Monroe county, Michigan, where they lived but a short time, because of the fact that his younger brothers had left the old home to which he

returned, and cared for his mother until her death in February, 1878.

In 1880 he moved with his family to Grand Rapids, Wood county, Ohio, where he resided about thirteen



HENRY S. LASKEY.

years; moved to Toledo six years ago. He served his country in the war of the Rebellion as a member of the 130th O. V. I., enlisting in 1863 and remained with the

regiment as long as it was in the service. In his army life he became a Christian.

Nature had given him noble traits of character, and he at all times aimed to be a moral, upright man in his young manhood, but christianity enriched him and broadened his ability for usefulness. His life was not one of wide influence and greatness as viewed from the standpoint of a public man, but it was replete with deeds of kindness and a good influence that was effective upon all who knew him. He was always found in the fore-front of movements for reform and good works in the community in which he lived; was firm in his convictions, ready to so give expression to his opinions, and he did this in such a manner as to retain the respect of those who differed from him. His character was such that at times of community suffering and sorrow, all turned to him for wise counsel and sympathy because of the confidence reposed in him.

The example of his life of constant, even disposition and temper, continued self-sacrifice, his steadfast faith and trust in God, his hopefulness in adversity as well as in prosperity will be an inspiration to many who knew and loved him, as long as memory shall last to the end that we may perpetuate that influence among our associates that was so clearly exerted by his brotherly, manly and upright life.

He leaves to mourn his departure and at the same time rejoice over the fond memories attending his life, a wife and six children, all of whom reside in Toledo: Effie L. Bertholf, Elmer W. Laskey, Arthur B. Laskey, Myrta M. Walters, Carrie E. Wright and Walden L. Laskey.

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. SARAH F. WALTER.

BY N. B. C. L.

Sarah Force Walter was born in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1809. Her father, William Love, was born in Ireland, and was of Scotch-Irish parentage. Her mother was Susanna Force, of New Jersey parents. Both her father and mother were members of the Methodist Episcopal church. She was the oldest of a family of nine children, while the youngest is Rev. Dr. N. B. C. Love, of the Central Ohio Conference. Her parents, when she was about ten years old, removed to Cadiz, Ohio, where for several years her father taught school, as he had done in Pennsylvania. In the school in Cadiz she was in the same class with Matthew Simpson, afterward Bishop Simpson, for two school years—the school he last attended before his uncle, Judge Simpson, sent him away to an academy. When only a little girl she was converted, so that now for more than eighty years she has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. In her twenty-first year she married Mr. James Walter, of Rushville, Ohio, and in Defiance, Ohio, and in Circleville, Ohio, the most of her life has been spent. The past twenty-five years she has mostly lived in Defiance, Ohio, and was there well and kindly known as “Grandma Walter.” A part of her family are residents of that city—Mr. Coulson Walter. Mrs. Arl Smith, Mrs. Oleon Try, Miss Emma Walter and Miss Caroline Walter.

She was the mother of eleven children; two of these, with her husband, have gone on before her to the better land. Mrs. Walter had a good English education, and

was a wide reader and able writer, and even her last years were strong and clear in intellect. During the loneliness and deprivations incident to very old age, she always kept cheerful; she had for all kind words, and often evinced her wit and humor by her apt sayings. She made the most of life. She had implicit trust in her Heavenly Father, and said in her last sickness she was ready to go. She spoke of those gone before as really existing as those she was leaving behind. Said she: "I have lived a long while and am so tired, but there cometh rest." She was intelligently religious; death to her was but a gate into life.

MEMORIAL

OF

ISAAC VAN TASSEL,

BY I. N. V.

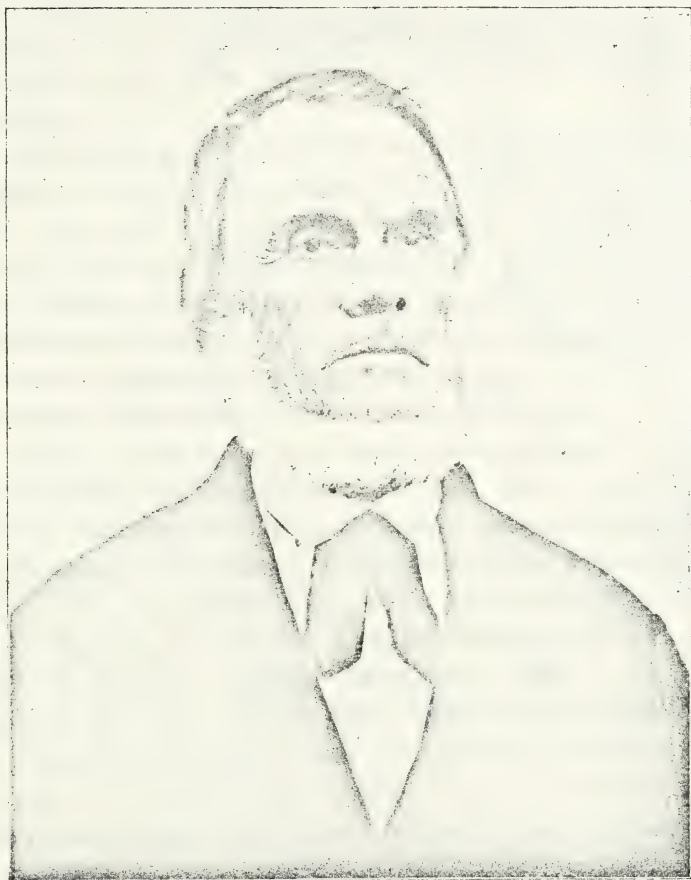
Isaac Van Tassel was born at East Durham, Greene county, New York, June 28, 1810. His ancestors were of that hardy Dutch stock that came from Holland and settled the New Netherlands during the stirring colonial period of this country's history. These people were noted for thrift, contentment and loyalty to their government. Many of the family took an active part in the Revolutionary War. Settlements of the family are yet found at Tarrytown and at other points in the vicinity of the Hudson River.

The immediate ancestors of the subject of our sketch took up their abode in the region of the Catskill Mountains, when that portion of the state was new to the civilizing hand of the white settler. Many families of the name still reside in this favored portion of the Empire State, satisfied to make their permanent abode in a region so favored as to climate and picturesque scenery.

Isaac's father was Theodorus, a humble farmer who raised a family of fifteen children of which our subject was the eldest. The family was made up of ten brothers and five sisters, all reaching the age of maturity, and all marrying except one sister who died at the age of twenty-two. It is said that the family were never all assembled at one time, the older children having left the parental roof before the younger members had made their appearance upon the stage of action.

Our subject early determined to procure all the edu-

cation within his grasp, and attended the district school making the best possible use of his time. At the age of seventeen he was asked to teach the home district school. This he consented to do with some reluctance, but after having procured a permission to teach he took up the work and successfully carried it.



ISAAC VAN TASSEL.

After two or three years teaching in his own neighborhood he decided to try his fortunes in the Maumee Valley, where he came about 1829, at the request of his uncle, the Rev. Isaac Van Tassel, who had been placed in charge of the Indian Mission station a few miles above

the town of Waterville on the river. At this mission the subject of this sketch served as teacher of the school, which was made up of the children of the Indians with quite a per cent. of white children that came in from the families scattered up and down the valley for several miles. Of this school he remained in charge for about two years. One of the pupils in the school was a girl of about nine years who, thirteen years later, became his life partner.

After leaving this school he entered Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio, where he studied two or three years. He paid his expenses in part by teaching select school at Warren, Wadsworth and other points in eastern Ohio. Owing to ill health he was compelled to abandon his studies and engaged in the work of teaching in Wood and Lucas counties, having had charge of schools at Waterville, Miltonville, Weston and other points.

In 1843, June 9, he was united in marriage to Miss Martha Louisa Martindale, daughter of Elisha and Clara (Conant) Martindale. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. Benjamin Woodbury, a minister of the Presbyterian church. To this union were born eight children: Mrs. John P. Barton, of Leipsic, Putnam county; E. H. Van Tassel, of Monroe county, Michigan; Prof. I. N. Van Tassel, of Bowling Green; Mrs. Robert Dunn and C. S. Van Tassel of same place, are the surviving children.

Isaac Van Tassel, our subject, was an ordained elder in the Presbyterian church and helped in the organization of a number of the society's churches in this part of the country. His purpose in early life was to enter the work of the ministry, which plan was abandoned only after the fact was manifest that his health would not permit it.

He purchased a farm of the government in Milton township, Wood county, where he removed with his family in 1845. Here he labored industriously in subduing his new farm and succeeded in making it a most

pleasant and attractive home. Here he reared his family and the most pleasant years of his life were enjoyed. His neighbors honored him with various local offices. He served fifteen successive years as justice of the peace, was ever active in works of charity and philanthropy and was universally known as a man of unusual integrity and upright character, and his industry was remarkable.

His was a most cheerful, boyant, hopeful temperament and in the darkest hour yielded not to discouragement. He was ever self-forgetful and ready to sacrifice personal comfort and health for those dependent upon him. He was a noble, upright Christian man and ready to all good work. In December, 1876, he removed with his remaining family to Bowling Green, his health having given away under his too arduous labor on the farm. His death occurred June 12, 1877.

MEMORIAL

OF

REV. W. W. WILLIAMS, D. D.

BY J. T. GREER.

The subject of this sketch was born in Mt. Vernon, New York, on the 25th day of October, 1821, and after receiving thorough collegiate and theological training in Eastern colleges, and devoting five years to the ministry as pastor of a church in New York State, he came to Toledo, and was settled as pastor in September, 1853, over the First Congregational Church, and continued his relation with this church until the time of his death, which occurred at his residence in Toledo on the 7th day of July, 1898.

Too much cannot be said about the great work he accomplished as pastor of this church, how he commenced work with a small, but heroic band of worshippers, at a time when Toledo was only a small, struggling village, and that through his wise, untiring and courageous leadership, he lived to see the church, to which he devoted his life-work, one of the largest and most influential in the city.

Others have paid fitting tribute to Dr. Williams as a minister of the gospel, and it is not the design of this brief article to review his great work in the church, so much, as to consider his life as a man and citizen. Although unswervingly loyal to the principles which he espoused and advocated, his life work was not confined to the lines of denominationalism, but extended to the broader lines of the common weal of society.

He was broad minded, and always took an active

interest and part in all things tending to the uplift of humanity and the betterment of society. He had clear perceptions on all questions of duty, and always discharged his duties as a citizen fearlessly and conscientiously, and for the best interests of the public. Notwithstanding the fact that Toledo was a small, unhealthy and unattractive village when he first became one of its inhabitants, he was not daunted or discouraged by any of these untoward circumstances, but went bravely to work to contribute his part in making it better, and he had an unshaken confidence in the growth and prosperity of the city from the beginning of his residence in it, and watched with eager interest the inception and enlargement of the varied industries that have wielded such an influence in building up the city to its present proportions. In the later years of his life he took a just pride in looking at and commenting upon the multiplied industries that formed so important part of the life of the city. During the last ten years of his life, Dr. Williams officiated at the laying away in the city of the dead, many of the early settlers of Toledo, those with whom he had been intimately and pleasantly associated by the strongest ties of friendship for many long years, and while he never indulged in fulsome praise of any one on such occasions, he always had some tender and consoling words to offer to grief stricken ones. He was naturally of a cheerful disposition, and was blessed with excellent health for full forty years of his ministry, and no more familiar figure was seen upon our streets and in the places of public assembly, than his, during the forty-five years residence in Toledo, and now that he has been called to his heavenly home to enjoy the rewards of a just, upright and righteous life, hosts of admiring friends remember him with tenderest affection, and his ennobling influence is still potent in leading others in the paths of duty and unselfish usefulness.

In the hurry and bustle of life, it is well that we should pause and consider our own mortality, and in emulation of the radiant example of our departed friend, each strive to live as he lived, so that when we come to die, we may die as he died, in the triumphant hope of life eternal.

OHIO CENTENNIAL OF 1902.

The pioneer element of Ohio will certainly hail with delight the consideration of the Centennial celebration, marking the 100th anniversary of the incoming of our great State of Ohio into the Union. It seems very fitting that our Pamphlet should carry to the people of the Maumee Valley the very urgent appeal for all, and especially the pioneers, to further the best interests of the enterprise.

OHIO CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION.

HEADQUARTERS SPITZER BUILDING.

TOLEDO, OHIO, June 5th, 1899.

To the Sons and Daughters of Ohio and Northwest Territory:

The Ohio Centennial Association, organized to promote the educational interests of the Ohio Centennial Exposition, 1902, send you greeting. We invite your co-operation, in helping us to make the first Centennial celebration of the admission of Ohio into the Union, memorable in the history of such historical events. Our purposes are to unite the men and women of Ohio and other states, formed from the Northwest Territory—Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota—in an effort to place Centennial programs in every school, club, association and organization, that we may widen our knowledge of the events of the fruitful century passing away. Also to unite in raising a fund for the erection of a Monumental Building on the exposition grounds, consecrated to history and the fine arts, and dedicated to the

memory of the men and women whose achievements have been unequalled in the history of the human race.

We also invite the co-operation of the Colonial states which founded pioneer settlements in Ohio, or furnished troops in the war which wrested the Northwest Territory from foreign domination and a savage foe ; also of the states of the great West, to the founding of which Ohio brawn and brain have contributed so much. We invite the formation of divisions from states and counties ; and branches from cities and towns, and state and national organizations. We invite contributions from individuals, in sums great and small. All names of donors will be preserved for record in the Monumental Building, and the sums received will be added to the funds provided by the State, the building to be erected to be under the care of the State.

Ohio, the first fruits of the Ordinance of 1787, which guaranteed liberty throughout the great Northwest and founded free schools within our western borders ; which made successful statehood in a hostile wild ; which gave the Republic one-tenth of all the soldiers enlisted for the preservation of the Union, and which rallied her volunteers as effectively to free Cuba ; which is foremost in science, invention, literature, art, mining, manufacturing and industries ; should command the best offering her sons and daughters have to give. We would particularly invite the children of the public, parochial and private schools the Sunday-schools, and benevolent schools, under the care of the state and counties, to contribute their part. We want every man, woman and child, Ohio born or of Ohio parentage, wherever found, at home or abroad, from Atlantic to the Pacific, the wide world over, to have a part in the grand structure to be erected on the Exposition grounds, at Bayview Park, on the borders of Lake Erie, within the boundaries memorable alike for victories on land and water, in the development of Ohio and the great Northwest.

For information address the Secretary of the Ohio Centennial Association. Donations and contributions may be forwarded to the Treasurer, who is under bonds for the faithful discharge of his duties. Every one contributing the sum of twenty-five cents, or upwards, will receive the Ohio Centennial emblem free. This emblem will be a pin in the form of a circle with rims of red, white and blue; in the center a buckeye clustre, and the Association motto words, "I am a Buckeye" and O. C. A., 1902.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD, President.

ROBINSON LOCKE,

ELIZABETH MANSFIELD IRVING, } Vice-Presidents
D. J. O'HARA,

EMMA SIBLEY PEASE, Secretary.

GEORGE B. ORWIG, Corresponding Secretary.

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HON. JOHN F. KUMLER, Vice-President Ohio Centennial Commission.

MRS. JOHN F. KUMLER.

MR. C. M. SPITZER, President Ohio Centennial Company.

MRS. C. M. SPITZER.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

ALONZO CROSBY.

BY REV. O. J. B.

The incidents of pioneer life are such, that when the biography of one is recorded, you have largely the experiences of all. The things common to one country and age are the every-day occurrences of all the people, and of greater interest to unborn generation than to those of the age in which they were wrought. There being many biographies of persons along the Moumee Valley, whose experiences for hardships and misfortunes, have already found a place among the records of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Association, that we do not think it necessary to enter very much into detail concerning the subject of this sketch.

Rensaleer Crosby and his wife, Lucinda Crosby, whose original home was in Chautauqua county, State of New York, and where there were born to them eight children, six sons and two daughters, among them the subject of this sketch.

Rensaleer Crosby with his family emigrated to what was then thought to be the "Far West," in the year A. D., 1830, and settled for a time at Waterville on the Maumee River. At this time Alonzo Crosby was sixteen years old, having been born in Chautauqua county, New York, January 16, A. D., 1814. His new home and surroundings had but few attractions for one who was nearing the life of general activities, and hence among the tangled forests and among the Indians who roamed the Maumee Valley at the time, he became early in life inured to the hardships of pioneer life. Among his new found pleas-

ures, he became an expert in the use of the rifle, which served him faithfully in many a close engagement with ferocious animals that infested the "wild wood," his experiences thereby endowed him with the name of "Nimrod, the mighty hunter."

His father's family resided at Waterville about two years, when he, the father, purchased a tract of land near the center of Providence township, Lucas county, and moved thereon, A. D., 1832. This farm is still known as the Crosby Farm, a part of which is now owned and occupied by a grandson. Here Alonzo Crosby spent the next twelve years of his life, dividing his time between working thereon and roaming through the forests in search of wild game. The forests at this time were infested with bear, wolves, deer, wild hogs, wild cats and smaller game in abundance. From this source the family larder was supplied with meat from time to time. He killed over one hundred deer annually and other game in proportion. The skins of deer, bear and all furs were a legal tender for all debts, and in great demand as a source of traffic.

He had now attained the age of thirty years, which he considered a marriageable age, and that without discussing the question as to whether marriage was a failure or not, selected for himself a companion and was married to Rachel Tipton, A. D., 1846, March 12, who still lives to bless his home. They went to housekeeping on what is now known as the Samuel Roach farm, he, Alonzo Crosby, being the owner in fee simple at the time.

The morals of the country may be judged by its amusements, dancing, frolicking and drinking whiskey, were the principal attractions for both old and young. At this time, A. D., 1846, he heard the first Gospel sermon preached with but one single exception, since leaving their home in the State of New York, and at this time became a Christian and was, for some years, the leader

of the Little Class, organized by Elder Tipton, a brother of Mrs. Crosby.

He sold the farm after remaining thereon many years and went in search of a more congenial home, but after traveling over Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, he found nothing that filled his wants so perfectly as he could find in the country he had left; therefore returned and purchased the farm on which he now resides.

To them have been born six children, who have grown to man and womanhood, and have married and settled around him, which is a great blessing to him in his declining years. He has now passed his eighty-fifth mile stone, yet is well preserved, both physically and mentally, and as eager to learn the news from Cuba and Manilla as though but forty.

This sketch would be doubly impaired were I to fain in giving *one* incident of his life which he loves to relate. Not long after the parent family were settled in their new home at Providence Center, the time arrived for the payment of taxes, which were then payable at Perrysburg. His father suggested that some one should go and pay them. The lot fell upon Alonzo, and he therefore proceeded to prepare for the journey which must be made on foot (and without the foot on the pedal of a wheel, either) through an almost trackless forest. He donned his better garments over which he put his hunting frock, shouldered his rifle and is gone. On nearing Waterville he saw at a distance a herd of deer, and on approaching cautiously near, selected a bouncing buck as a target, takes aim and fires. The deer drops in his tracks. With knife in hand he rushes to the spot, but when within a rod or two the deer springs to its feet and makes a plunge for his captor, when the would-be captor took to his heels and ran as fast as a scared hero could. In running he caught his foot in the fork of a dead limb lying in his path, which threw him to the ground. This accident gave Mr. Deer

the right of way, the deer being up and the tax payer down. The deer thinking this an innovation in the art of hunting, stops short to see what trick of the trade would follow. Standing quietly for some time he finally retires a few rods and lays down to watch his victim. Mr. Crosby not daring to move while his foe was so near, now attempted to load his rifle, (Winchesters were not popular at that time), when he found that in arranging for his journey he had overlooked a very important item, that of bullets. He now had the opportunity of his life to become famous as an inventor, as necessity is its mother, and that time had come. Therefore with the genius he possessed in his dilemma, he carved from a hickory sprout a missile which, when "rammed home" proved an extra substitute. Taking good aim at poor deer's optic, he fired, and thereby ends what otherwise might have been a tragedy.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

MRS. ALMIRA BROOKS COOPER,

Widow of James Cooper, Sr., of Waterville, O., Aged 87 Years.

BY G.

The subject of this sketch, while not a pioneer in the sense of one who explores a new country, or leads in its earliest development, is certainly entitled to a place in the society of that noble band, and can take rank with those who have seen and taken part in the great struggle of making this part of our great Northwest to "bloom and blossom as the rose." To have lived fifty-five years in one locality is to see, in this age of progress, wonderful changes both in the face of the country and socially.

Eighty-seven years ago in the little village of Champion, N. Y., was born to Joseph and Thais Brooks, a dark-eyed little daughter, the youngest of ten children. The parents were truly pioneers of Western New York, going there from Massachusetts, when what is now the beautiful city of Utica, was a wilderness, known as the Whitestown Country. Four other young men and their brides went with them, and each took up land adjoining the others, and built log cabins as near together as their farms would permit.

As the Indians were still hostile and troublesome, they all worked together in one field till it was ready for crops, and then all removed to the next farm to perform the same friendly office, till each one was in order, and none grumbled or complained that he suffered inconvenience by thus managing. Those were days when one house was not only "large enough for two families," but five wives welcomed home five husbands each night to one

small cabin, and all rejoiced that they could share each other's company and protection, the only difference being, that by common consent, the courtesy of the one bedstead was accorded to the family with whom all for the time tarried. The rest slept on the rough floor, keeping their guns, axes and other weapons of defense by their sides. At one time the savages sent them word that they were sharpening their knives to kill them all, but these fearless young men returned the answer, "Come on, we have plenty of grindstones here to sharpen your knives." From such stock came the strong willed and sturdy daughters who were not afraid to face the inconvenience, if not the absolute suffering of early days in the Western Reserve.

Joseph Brooks, the father of Almira, was a Revolutionary soldier during the last year of the war for independence, and 1812 found him again in the ranks, giving the strength of middle life, as he had of his young manhood, to the service of his country. During this war he contracted a fever from which he died, leaving a large family, Almira being but nine months old.

Her early life was all spent in Western New York, where she married James Cooper, who was also of Revolutionary stock, in the year of 1841. The fame of the fertile Maumee Valley had penetrated the sterile, rocky country on the St. Lawrence, and the young wife, after a hard struggle of three years against misfortunes, persuaded her husband to try far-off Ohio for a home. The snow was two feet deep in Oswego when the schooner left her harbor carrying the family and their small belongings to their new venture.

Toledo was the objective point, and the last of November, after two weeks' of storm and peril, found them three miles out in the bay, unable to take their craft, drawing eleven feet of water, any nearer. Tugs conveyed them to shore, and the first person to greet them was Dresden Howard, who took the little child from the mother's arms and assisted her to land.

The Wabash and Erie canal had been dug, and was the principal route of travel, and to this thoroughfare our family wended its way through mud and water, there being no sidewalk of any description from the place of landing to the canal, but even in those days Toledo had begun to grade her streets, and showed the thrift and enterprise which has made her the queen that she now is.

So much has been told by others of those earlier days in Toledo, that we pass them by and take up the biography in Waterville, "loveliest village of the plain," where James and Almira Cooper decided to make their home.

Between thirty and forty families constituted the village proper. Of the heads of these, only three are known to be living, Mrs. Lydia Smith and Mrs. Susan Pray, of Toledo, and the subject of this sketch, Mrs. Almira Cooper, of Bowling Green. There was one church, the M. E., in the place, which was supplied once in four weeks, the pastor's circuit extending as far as Sylvania. A small frame school house was also erected, furnished with side desks and long benches, and presided over by a Mr. Spaulding. The school was in a very primitive state, and the advantages correspondingly poor. Mrs. Cooper interested herself in church and social duties, and soon had a sewing society formed of young ladies, of whom Mrs. Col. Moore, of Toledo, was one, the object of which was to buy books for a Sunday-school library. As her children grew older and less care, she established a Sabbath-school in her own house, of which many members still survive. In this good work she continued many years, and has lived to teach the children's children, and receive the grateful thanks of many whose little feet she first started in the way of life eternal. Her home was ever open to the ministers of the two denominations who occupied the same pulpit, and the care of the place of worship fell into her willing hands for many years. She

raised the money for the first coat of paint the church had, and assisted in the work of painting the interior. The terrible years of civil war found her busy in aid societies, knitting and sewing for the soldiers, and the first decoration services in Waterville were brought about by her untiring labors, and were made successful by the maiden efforts of our esteemed Secretary, J. L. Pray and O. W. Ballow, they being the orators of the day.

There were but few soldier graves there at that time, and one carriage driven by the Hon. L. L. Morehouse, carrying four ladies, of whom Mrs. Cooper was one, constituted the procession; but the beautiful custom was established, and each succeeding year has found larger numbers and more enthusiasm, till the beautiful cemetery is now thronged with grateful hearts bearing fragrant tokens of remembrance in their hands.

In 1868 James Cooper, the husband, died, since which time the wife has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Capt. L. Black, of Bowling Green, Ohio, but her life has not been an idle one. Ever interested in her friends and the affairs of her country, she has been a source of comfort, inspiration and assistance to many, and the poor have ever found in her a sympathizing and helpful friend.

Grandma Cooper, as she is now familiarly called, has always been endowed with a fine poetic instinct, which with a ready gift of rhyming, has made her the author of a great many beautiful poems on as many different subjects. A large number have found their way into print. The following, with which we close our sketch, was written by her for a pioneer meeting in Bowling Green several years ago:

We give a hearty welcome
To the brave old pioneer
Who came into this country
When all was wild and dear,
And those who turned the old Black Swamp

Into a fertile plain,
And covered it with roads and towns
And fields of golden grain.

The Indian once did roam this track
With tomahawk and gun,
He thought to drive the white man back,
But found that was no fun ;
And so he gathered up his traps
And started for the West,
And gave to you a title clear
Of lands he once possessed.

You came—the waters saw and fled
In ditches down the hill ;
The forest tree by axe fell dead
Like men in battle field;
And e'en the snakes took to their heels,
If heels they had to take,
They saw their judgment day had come
When ploughs the earth did break.

The women baked the Johnny cake,
Of pounded corn and wheat,
With good fresh fish and venison
It made them quite a treat.
Some rich folks had such luxuries
As skillet and iron pot,
And baking kettles too they had,
The poor folks had them not.

In summer time we cooked out doors,
With lug pole, hook and chain ;
Some times the sun was very hot,
Some times it poured a rain.
But what of that ? The land was ours,
Though sometimes hard to find,
For near two feet of water deep
Was not quite to our mind.

But soon these waters had to flow,
They found they could not sleep,
But quickly drained into a ditch
Then plunged into the deep.
And so we labored hard six days,
Then came the seventh you know,
With good mud boat and oxen strong
To meeting we did go.

The school house was our church and pride,
With puncheon roof and floor,
And two small windows side by side

And boards we had for door.
The men could go without their coats
If weather was too warm,
And women wore their home spun dress,
Nor thought it any harm.

We took our dinners and our babes,
To the children 'twas a treat
To go to meeting, stay all day,
At noon have cake to eat.
The preachers were of different kind
From those of recent date,
They'd preach from morning until noon,
Then after noon till late.

'Twas seldom we got home in time
A supper warm to get;
But did our chores, ate mush and milk,
And then to bed we crept.
Our neighbors lived so far away
'Twas seldom they did call,
But relatives of different kinds
Would come both Spring and Fall.

We had ants by the dozens,
And so many cousins
Who would call for a bite
And stay with us all night;
So to keep them away
And not let them stay,
We built a great smoke
And shut to the door,
Then blew out the light
And slept on the floor.

We heard the wolf howl,
And the hoot of the owl;
The orchestra played,
The frogs serenade,
As we feared for the sheep
A strict watch did keep.
The ducklings and hens
We shut up in pens,
Lest the fox should affright
Or catch them at night.

So pioneer life was labor and strife,
Some proofs yet remain, in road or in lane;
By barn or by sty the mud boat doth lie,
But the cart that we rode in when the weather was dry,
Is chafed for a carriage, by fine horses drawn,
While the ox is forgotten, or feeds on the lawn.

The scythe is hung high, not oft taken down,
While the men ride the mowers, like lords of the town ;
The cradles rock only the babies in pain,
And men ride their reapers while cutting their grain.
All's changed but Time's sickle, which angel hands wield
To gather the golden from life's harvest field,
And as they pass by us, they whispering say
Ye too are fast changing—fast passing away.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM ESWORTHY.

One of the spriteliest octogenarians that has been for some time one of the dwellers of the Maumee Valley is Mr. William Esworthy. Everyone in the vicinity of Waterville or the southwestern part of Lucas county knows William Esworthy. He was born on the banks of the Springdale, in Dauphin county, fifteen miles east of Harrisonburg, January 25th, 1817. His father was a native of Chester county, Pennsylvania. His ancestors were formerly from Switzerland. On the 22d of February, 1844, he married Miss Catherine Ann Wise, of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Earnst, of the Lutheran Church at Lebanon. They lived in Pennsylvania, where their children were born until 1868, when they moved to Waterville, and settled on the farm of Thomas Shoemaker. They were blest with two sons and five daughters. Their sons are John N., now a very substantial and flourishing farmer in Waterville township; Samuel N., was a dealer in farm implements and went west several years ago. The eldest of the family was Mary M., who married Mr. Henry Longnecker in 1863 and died in 1870; Eliza, married Joseph Snyder and lives in Providence township, Lucas county; Catharine Ann and Annie were born in Pennsylvania and each died in childhood. Mr. Esworthy was the constant tenant for Mr. Shoemaker on his farm for over twenty years, his son John N. succeeding him. Mr. Esworthy has been a widower for several years, and is spending his latter years with his children. His health is excellent for his years. He is not a communicant of any church and is a non-combatant in politics.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

DAVID FINKENBINER.

BY W. E. K.

David Finkenbiner was born April 25, 1818, near Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. His parents, Henry Finkenbiner and Catherine Kitch Finkenbiner, came to New Philadelphia in 1824. They had a family of four boys and two girls; only David and his brother Samuel are now living; Samuel lives in Providence township, Lucas county, and is 79 years old.

The subject of our sketch lived in New Philadelphia until twenty-three years old, when he came to Stark county, learned the blacksmith trade; came to Grand Rapids (then Gilead) in 1850; boated on the canal until war broke out. He enlisted in 21st O. V. I., served two years, and erysipelas in the face caused the loss of sight of right eye, and he was discharged. When his erysipelas was cured he re-enlisted in 14th O. V. I., with Captain J. J. Clark, and remained until close of the war. He was wounded in the ankle and draws a good pension. Was married in 1846 in Stark county, to Susan Snyder. His children are, Mrs. Louise Meinert, Tontogany, Mrs. Mary Wall and George Finkenbiner, Grand Rapids, and has nine grand children. He lives with his wife on his farm east of Grand Rapids. His health is good, working a little every day, and chops his own wood. Votes the Democratic ticket; uses tobacco sparingly; never recovered sight of right eye.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN GRANT.

BY H. MADDEN.

John Grant, of Monroe township, Putnam county, Ohio, is the oldest living pioneer and farmer of the township, and was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, July 11, 1822, of evidently Scotch descent. His grandfather, also named John Grant, was a native of New Jersey, and plainly came from an anti-Revolutionary family. From New Jersey he moved to Washington county, Pennsylvania, and thence came to Ohio and settled in Stark county. There he underwent all the vicissitudes of frontier life, but eventually developed a farm of 160 acres from the forest, on which he passed the remainder of his life. He had married in Washington county, Pennsylvania, a Miss Cosner, who, with him died in the faith of the Presbyterian church.

Mr. Grant was a man of splendid physical development, and like most powerfully built men possessed a kindly and admirable disposition. In politics he was a Jacksonian Democrat.

David Grant, father of our subject, was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, was reared a farmer and there married Rebecca Raps, this union resulting in the birth of the following children in the order here named: Mary A., John, Joseph, Harriet, David, Lytia, George, Eunice, Rebecca, Runie and Jeremiah. Coming to Ohio from Pennsylvania, David with his family resided in Jefferson county, and then went to Sandusky county, and there he bought a farm of 160 acres near Fremont

and took possession of it ere there had been built a cabin, but from the wilds of this tract he eventually brought forth a farm that was both productive and beautiful. At this time there were a few cabins scattered about the neighborhood and a few white settlers, but there were plenty of wigwams and Indians and wild animals. Mr. Grant became one of the most prominent residents of Sandusky county, was a leader in the local politics of the Democratic party, and a pillar in the Methodist Episcopal church. Financially he was well conditioned, and consequently greatly respected.

John Grant, the gentleman whose name opens this sketch, was reared to agriculture and received as good a literary education as could be obtained at the pioneer log school house of his early boyhood. His first start in life was as a stock dealer. He married Miss Rebecca Sanford, a native of Seneca county, Ohio, and daughter of John and Rebecca (Cassidy) Sanford. This happy union resulted in the birth of the following children: David, Frank, Joseph, Lecta, Alice and Lewis. In 1850 Mr. Grant settled on his present farm, there being at that time but two spots in the whole township that was cleared. Bear and deer and other game abounded as well as wolves and panthers. He wrought out from the forest a home of which he may well be proud, and after undergoing all the privations and hardships of a frontier life in this county, has been rewarded by a competence consisting of his well improved homestead of 160 acres, and an additional farm of 40 acres in Defiance county. He has been able besides to generously assist his children in their life start, and also to place some of his surplus capital at interest, thus providing for his declining years.

His faithful life partner survived until July 25, 1893, when she expired in the faith of the Methodist Episcopal church of which she had been a life-long member.

Mr. Grant before the war was a Republican and was

always a patriotic unionist, and when the rebellion broke out volunteered in defense of the national flag, but his services were declined on account of disability evidenced by the oncoming of age. He still adheres to his political proclivities, and as a Republican he served as township treasurer nearly thirty years and has also filled the office of trustee and supervisor of his township. As a Methodist he has fully lived up to the teachings of his church, the meeting house of which denomination in his township, he largely aided, through his contributions, to build. He is largely known throughout the country, and his venerable but still comparatively upright form, is revered and honored wherever seen.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

ISAAC GROFF.

BY W. E. K.

Born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, November 27th, 1818; married to Margarette Campbell, and came to Columbus, Ohio, in 1840. Of a family of six, only three are living. Isaac and Mary live in Columbus, and Mike has a farm near Grand Rapids. True love does not always run smoothe, and separation divided this family. Mr. Groff went to Fort Wayne four years, then came to Grand Rapids in 1865, having married a widow, Mrs. Mains, of Columbus. They live on a farm near Grand Rapids. Mr. Groff began the miller's trade when a boy of 14 or 15 years old, and followed it 39 years. He run a mill for Mr. Comstock in Columbus, during the early part of our civil war, and tells many incidents very interesting. He also loves to tell of the blacksmith, Jim Bear, of Bloomfield, Ohio, who could make a horseshoe complete with one "heat," and could make stump speeches, and stumped the State of Pennsylvania for W. H. Harrison in 1840. Many old men still remember Jim Bear's work and speeches. Mr. Groff cast his first vote for Harrison, and has always been Whig and Republican.

Mr. Groff is well and strong, very active for one of his age. He never used whiskey or any intoxicants. His father, Michael Groff, was in the Revolutionary War.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN KIMBERLIN.

BY W. E. K.

John Kimberlin, of Grand Rapids, Ohio, was born in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, February 2, 1820. His grandfather, George Kimberlin, was born in Pennsylvania, and served under General Washington. His father, Henry Kimberlin, also born in Pennsylvania, and served seven month under General W. H. Harrison. The subject of this sketch with his brothers George and Jacob, served in the civil war, in Company I, 144 O. V. I. His father came to Wayne county, near Dalton, in 1827, and to Wood county in 1831. In 1836 he bought the farm where John, Millie and Eliza still reside, these three never marrying.

When Henry Kimberlin came to Wood county his neighbors in Wayne county told him he had better take his coffin with him, yet he lived to raise a large family and died of old age, being 74. His wife also died of old age at 81. One daughter died at eleven and these three are the only deaths on this farm since 1834 where two families have lived nearly all the time.

John Kimberlin's sisters, Mrs. Mary Ann Gilmore and Mrs. Delilah Dull are both deceased; also Martha Jane who died when eleven years old. The other members of the family living are Mrs. Frances Older, 77 years, living in Michigan; George, 75, Bowling Green, Ohio; Jacob, 73, Millie, 71, Eliza, 69 and Mrs. Katherine Brown, 67, all living in Grand Rapids township. Our subject is in good health for one of his age and is in the dairy business. He never used intoxicants and has been a member

of the U. B. church for many years. His father was a U. B. preacher and farmer. They were old line Whigs, Abolitionists and Republicans. Our subject only lacked four months of being old enough to vote for Gen. W. H. Harrison, and tells many incidents of that memorable campaign. He was the best chopper in this region and could cut down the trees and split 300 rails a day at 50 cents a hundred, making \$1.50 a day when the usual wages were 50 cents a day. Harvest wages was usually a bushel of wheat for a day's work.

When they came to this place, Arnold Donaldson, Alex. Brown, John Gingery and Jacob Crom, were the only families on Beaver Creek, and their "neighbors were anyone who lived within twenty miles around."

BIOGRAPHY

OF

ISSAAC LUDWIG AND WIFE.

BY W. E. K.

Isaac Ludwig was born in York county, Pennsylvania, ten miles from Little York, February 21st, 1819, and has lived in Providence township, Lucas county, O., for over 50 years.

He bought 64 acres when he first came here, where he established his home, and has added hundreds of acres to his possessions since that. He was a carpenter and shipbuilder, and built boats on the canal after he came here. Not many years ago he had a large flouring mill built on the Providence side of the river, and spent a large amount of money on it, but not understanding the milling business, he sold it to Augustine Pilliod, a practical miller, and it is doing a great business.

In 1843 Mr. Ludwig was married to Miss Christena Ness (or Nees some call it) and they have five sons and one daughter all living: Frank, Mary, Charles, Nelson, William and Hiram. Mary married Jacob Heeter, and live in Iowa. Charles lives in Snohomish City, Washington, William in Continental, Ohio. Mr. Ludwig is a large, healthy man, good for many more years, and his wife will be 80 years old in October, 1899. Her brother, Mike Ness, is well known in Lucas county, and her sisters, Mrs. Henry Strayer and Mrs. Amos Perry, are widows, living on farms near Ludwig's.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN PLACE.

BY W. E. K.

John Place, of Grand Rapids, Ohio, was born in England at Littleport, Cambridgeshire, July 18, 1820 and came to America, June 25, 1850. He lived four years in Medina county, then came to Providence township, Lucas county in 1854, bought a farm, cleared it up, added to it and lived on the same place ever since. In 1843 he married Lydia Banyard, the youngest of eleven children. Mr. Place was the youngest of four children. His father, John Place died of consumption when young John was nine years old. Mr. and Mrs. Place joined the Methodist church in 1843 and have been faithful Christian workers ever since.

In the early days and in cholera season, in fact until just lately, Mr. and Mrs. Place have assisted in making shrouds and burying nearly everyone who died in that vicinity. Always kind and obliging, a good neighbor, honorable in all things.

During the war when hands were not to be hired, Mr. and Mrs. Place raised and harvested with no other help, 526 bushels of grain. John cut it all with the cradle and Lydia raked and bound it all. They have done their share of labor and all he has to say to us is, "Be prepared we know not when we may be called home."

BIOGRAPHY

OF

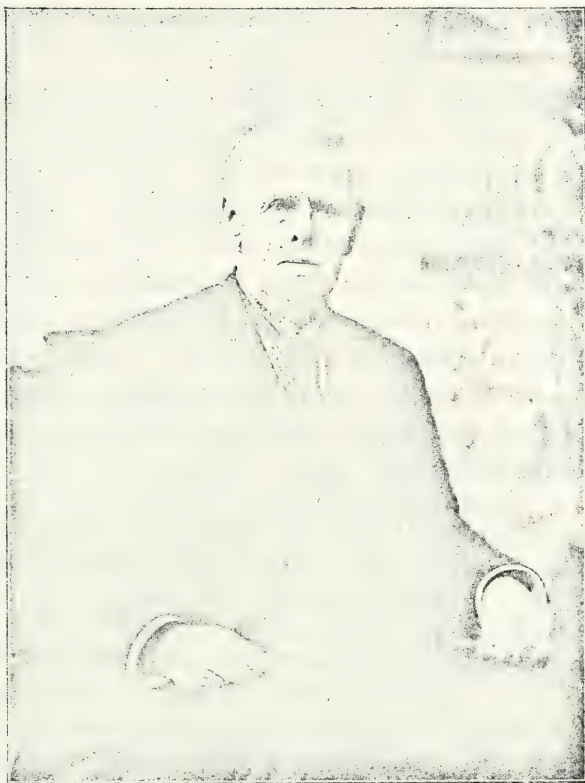
GEORGE W. REYNOLDS.

BY F. E. G.

One of our rather old-timers, George W. Reynolds, born February 2d, 1809, near Rome, New York State. In 1830 he went to Natchez, Mississippi, and engaged in merchandizing. After 10 years he became disgusted with results of slavery, and sought a free State where to rear and educate his family. In May, 1841, he came to Maumee, a young city of great promise, with the purpose of building a saw and flour mill, as people must have lumber and flour. General John E. Hunt, city proprietor, had and furnished him a good mill site, for water power, from the Wabash, Miami and Erie Canals, which was completed, and water let into the Maumee on the high level with $62\frac{1}{2}$ feet fall—canal to river. Plems & Whitney were finishing a side cut into the river for boats to lock down to river, where, at Miami, Smith & Hazard, two enterprising young men from the East, had already a warehouse well stocked with salt, iron nails, etc. Mr. Reynolds soon erected a saw mill, cut timber for the flour mill, and before winter the Pearl mills were enclosed. As soon as finished, he advertized to grind for all customers from 100 miles South, East, North and West. He built extensive sheds for teams, a good lodging house, with clean straw beds, and plenty of wood at its door. Soon an army of hungry men came with two and four-horse loads for grinding. The mill ran all night, so that comers could load and start home in the morning, over new but bad roads, many of them two days' journey. The rush soon made it look to outsiders that the mill was coining

money. But after the boom of 1836-7 had busted, no money in circulation, and the price of every farm product very low, it was very hard to get silver money, even to pay postage. Fortune making was at a discount.

In 1846 Mr. Reynolds, needing regular transportation for the output of his mill to Buffalo, enlisted Messrs.



GEORGE W. REYNOLDS.

Spencer & Moore to join him in building the propeller Globe, which was a success, making weekly trips between Maumee and Buffalo. Later, when a telegraph line was being built from Buffalo via Maumee and Toledo to Detroit, the builder came to Mr. Reynolds for help to continue it from Sandusky to Maumee. Mr. Reynolds fur-

nished money for the same, and received pay all in telegraphing. Later, Judge Lane, of Sandusky, and others projected the Junction Railroad, from Cleveland via Sandusky and Perrysburg, Maumee and West to Fort Wayne. Mr. Reynolds was made managing director at this end, and entered actively into its construction, locating and putting under contract from 12 miles east of Perrysburg, its grading and ties to Swanton, including the 777 foot Howe truss bridge over the Maumee river at Maumee, being 50 feet high, and Mr. Reynolds procured all the money from city, township and county bonds, and paid every dollar for right of way, grading and ties ready for the rails. In about 1858, he, with Spencer & Moore, put in the frame of a 700 ton steamer, and planked the same in front of Judge Wolcott's residence. Some Cleveland builder looked at, liked the model, and bought it for upper lake trade. In 1863 Mr. Reynolds, with John A. Moore, built a smaller boat to run between Maumee and Toledo, called the George W. Reynolds, (much against the will of Mr. Reynolds.) Capt. Swift furnished and put in a low pressure engine, and run the boat.

In 1859 Mr. Reynold sold the Pearl mills to W. B. Dicks, and bought the croton mills built by Garrett & Merwin, and rebuilt the interior entire. With S. W. Flower, now of Toledo, operated the same till 1874.

Mr. Reynolds served as mayor of Mamuee, and also as commissioner of Lucas county a term.

But the bell rings to stop this, and prevents our naming other enterprises of this one man. He with others projected the Narrow Gauge Railroad from Toledo via Maumee, Waterville, Grand Rapids, Delphos and Kokomo to St. Louis. He was Vice-President; secured all the right of way, put all grading and ties under contract, and superintended its building to Maumee, purchased rails and rolling stock for same, and after the track was laid to Waterville, sold out his interest to D. W. H. Howard. In 1876 Mr. Reynolds went to Texas, but now resides in Minneapolis, Minn. He will be 90 years old February 2d, 1899. He is in good health at this writing, July 1899.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

JOSEPH REYNOLDS.

BY W. E. K.

Joseph Reynolds, of Grand Rapids, Ohio, was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, May 1, 1820, and came to Gilead, now Grand Rapids, in March 1841. The M. & E. canal was not finished then, the Wabash canal being finished to LaFayette. Mr. Reynolds was a hand on the first packet running on the Wabash, called the "Red Bird Line." After residing in Gilead five years he spent twelve years in Wood and Hancock counties, and in 1857 came to Texas, Ohio, where he lived about 27 years.

In 1861 Joseph Reynolds enlisted in the 14th O. V. I., with General Steadman, an old friend of his, and served four years and went through all, he says, "without a scratch." He is in excellent health for one in his 80th year, and prospects for many years yet.

He was married March 29, 1847, to Mary A. Ensinger, of Hancock county. Fifty friends surprised them on their golden anniversary and the occasion will never be forgotten by all who were there. Mr. Reynolds has been in the employ of the State Board of Public Works for thirteen years, but his regular trade, like Grant, was a tanner and currier. When a boy he worked in Portsmouth, Ohio, and in Wayne county, clerking in store and post office and shoe store. He tells of 30,000 people gathering in Chillicothe in 1840 during the Harrison campaign and staying there two days and nights. Greatest and most exciting campaign ever in this country.

Mr. Reynolds father was a Frenchman, Joseph Rey-

nolds, a surgeon under Napoleon Bonapart about 1815, and died in Wayne county, Ohio, in 1825. Mr. Reynolds had the honor of seeing and shaking hands with General LaFayette in 1824. They carpeted the sidewalks and all school children were vieing with their seniors in showing him honor. Mr. Reynolds tells of the cholera season of 1833. Not a bird was heard in that vicinity for three or four weeks; the town depopulated; many dying and others moving away. Flies were nearly as scarce as the birds, only a few lingered around the tannery. He also mentioned the meteoric shower of November 13 and 14, 1833 as never to be forgotten. No children. His name may have been spelled differently in the French.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

WILLIAM SAVAGE.

BY W. E. K.

William Savage, of Grand Rapids, Ohio, was born January 18, 1819, near Reading, Berks county, Pennsylvania. His father, Joseph Savage, lived to be 85 years old, as did his grandfather. His mother's maiden name was Mary Stahl.

Mr. Savage lived in Pennsylvania until he was about 36 years old, when he moved to DuPage county, Illinois, where he lived about four years. He then came to Providence township, Lucas county, where he has lived ever since, nearly 40 years. When he was about 23 or 24 years old he was married to Mary Schatz. Nine children blessed this union; one died in Pennsylvania about four years old; Mrs. Sadie Killen and Mrs. Lina Algie are both dead. Sadie left one daughter, Rebekah Killen. Levi Savage lives in Toledo, is a grain inspector; James, Walter and William live at home; Mary lives in Napoleon. His wife died in 1872 and four years afterwards he married her widowed sister. She died about eight years ago. Mr. Savage is hale and hearty, straight as an arrow, a good, kind neighbor and has seen many developments in his time. He tells of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, the first he ever saw, also of the Mexican war, Civil war and Spanish war, although he never was a soldier. He was always a Democrat until lately, now he chooses the best man. He is a member of the German Lutheran church.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

HEROD STOCKING.

BY W. E. K.

Herod Stocking, of Grand Rapids, Ohio, was born in Dover, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, July 5th, 1819. His father, Joseph Stocking, was born in Ashfield, Mass., and lived to be 95 years old. His mother, Jane Fisher, was born in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and lived to be 82. They lived together nearly 60 years. They came to Ohio in 1816, and spent the remainder of their life on the same farm, and the youngest son still lives on the same place. Herod was one of eleven children. Justus lived to be 70, James Smith 80, S. Scranton 86, Richard Weldon 70, Abner 40, Mrs. Abigail Finney 40, Mrs. Jane Chadwick 78, Martha Ann 62, Joseph, still living on the farm at Dover, about 73.

Herod Stocking was married in 1841 to Adaline Fitch shortly after the election of W. H. Harrison. He moved to Angola, Indiana, in 1845, and lived there seven years, when they returned to Cuyahoga and Lorain counties. He came to Wood county in 1866 or '67. They had five children, but only one lives to comfort their declining years: Frank, born 1843; Roselle 1845, living 14 months; Joseph, born in Angola in 1847, only lived 16 months; Joseph Chester, also born in Angola, in 1851, died in Toledo March 11, 1899. Willis, the one now living, was born in Dover, Ohio, January 31, 1861, just after Fort Sumpter was fired on. He lives in Auburndale, Toledo, with his wife and one son, Lynn, 12 years old. Frank died a year ago, leaving one daughter, Addie, now

living with her grandparents. Joseph C. left a widow and three children: Ernest, now married, Ethel, who graduates from Toledo High School, June, 1899, and Myrrl, about 14 years old.

Mr. Stocking cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison, and tells of the crowd shouting "Hurrah for Harrison." When a neighbor said "Hurrah for the Devil," Mr. Stocking retorted, "every man hurrah for his own candidate."

REMINISCENCES OF A PIONEER OF FULTON COUNTY, OHIO.

BY W. K. LOVE.

While not among the oldest of the pioneers of the Maumee Valley, I am greatly interested in all accounts of early settlements; and being a pioneer of Ohio and an early settler of the Maumee Valley, I will cast my "mite" of early recollections by giving a very brief account of my first coming into the State, and my subsequent settlement in the Valley.

On September 12, 1841, my father and mother with a family of eight children left New Jersey to try their fortunes in the western wilds. After ten years of hardships in Huron county, Ohio, father resolved to go farther west and, accordingly, in the autumn of 1851, we removed to Iowa. The journey was made with ox teams and took seven weeks and two days.

The privations which we underwent, with sickness, sore eyes, and all the hardships incident to a new country, can only be understood by those who have, themselves, undergone such privations. At the end of two years we were forced to return to Huron county, where I remained until 1866, when I first came to the Maumee Valley, stopping at Washington Station, now known as Colton.

The country was new and wild, but, clearing land, ditching, and making railroad ties was work in which I gloried in those days. Making only an approximate estimate, I am safe in saying that I have cleared 150 acres of land, and dug ditches for the drainage of many more acres. I do not say this boastfully, although it seems to

me that pioneers have a right to boast. We have transformed the wilderness into a garden fit for the habitation and enjoyment of the present generation, and of generations yet unborn.

I am now 67 years old, but I delight to indulge in reveries of by-gone days. I sometimes think that were I young again, that strange influence of the wilderness which can be felt but not expressed, might again entice me into its enchanting wilds, regardless of the hardships to be endured. For :

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER LIFE IN SWAN CREEK
TOWNSHIP, FULTON COUNTY, O.

BY JOHN B. WAGGONER.

My grandfather was a native of Switzerland, and came to this country in 1772. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, he joined in the defense of his new country, and after a service of seven years settled in Pennsylvania, and later moved to Hagentown, Maryland, and in 1794 he moved to Perry county, Ohio, with a friend named Poorman. Each had a horse, and their goods were packed on the horse's back. They were the first white settlers in that locality, and endured many hardships. I have often heard my father tell how plenty all wild game was, and how they lived on wild meat and hominy. During the war of 1812 my father joined General Harrison's army at Lower Sandusky, and marched through the Black Swamp to Fort Meigs. He had resolved that at some time he would locate near Lower Sandusky, but did not until April, 1826, when he located about six miles this side of where now stands Fremont. I was at that time six years of age. Our family was joined with three other families and formed a colony. This was enjoyable, and we were happy. One day the farm labor would all be on one farm, and perhaps the next day on another, and so on around, so that we were generally all working together.

There were no ministers or lawyers among us—we did not seem to need any. At length others came, and while some would only stay a short time, some would remain and share the hard times. We had no schools in our midst until I was 16 years of age. We were obliged to work hard and live hard, but that was better than medicine. We had plenty to eat, such as fresh venison and

"turkey hominy," or green corn, and for our beverage we had spice-wood tea which some people called fever tea. During the third year of our stay, a mill was put up in the neighborhood by which corn meal was ground. The first seed wheat sown in our neighborhood was procured by my father. It was raised at Melmore, south-east of Tiffin. It took him six days with the ox team to get three bushels, which was sown and yielded 45 bushels. We reaped it with a sickle, and threshed it with an "Armstrong" machine, which we called a flail. By that time we had a log barn in which was a puncheon floor keyed together, and a saw ran through the joints to let in light. Our fanning mill consisted of a shovel with which we would scoop to one end and then to another, against the wind. The wheat was ground like corn, and sifted with a fine sieve, so we were enabled to have wheat bread. By that time there were probably a dozen families in the neighborhood, and a minister came to preach to us. The devil broke loose among us and a lawyer was necessary, and he came, and soon another minister and another lawyer.

Indians were very plenty. They spent their time hunting and making maple sugar. They were Wyandottes, Potawatomes and Shawnees. In those days they were generally friendly and harmless, and often came to our home. We thought them good people. They taught my father to tan deer skins for our pants and moccasins, which we generally wore. The present generation has but a feeble idea how the early pioneers lived and did. Our log cabins were built without a single nail or a sawed board. The floor was split out of logs, and hewed down even. So was the material for the doors with cross pieces pinned on, which also served for hinges, and a wooden latch was on the inside with string that could be pulled in at night. Our meat supply was principally jerked venison. Deer were plenty. I have seen as many as fifty in

one group. If it had not been for the abundance of wild game, we would have suffered greatly. The Indians did not waste meat, nor kill when they did not need.

We were troubled some with ague, but if it came upon one of us, usually an Indian medicine man would come along with a cure, and they never charged anything. We brought sheep along with us, and my mother carded the wool on a hand card; after it was spun on a small wheel. My uncle made a loom, and my aunt wove it into cloth.

Those days we knew nothing of Java or Rio coffee. Our coffee at first was made of corn, but later of rye and sweetened with maple sugar, of which we were generally well supplied, but it did not sell. Honey was very plenty, but there was no market for it. But beeswax, deer skins and fur skins would sell readily.

At that time Lower Sandusky had only four log cabins, all of which were used by traders with the Indians. If a white man was trading with the trader, and an Indian came in to trade, the white would step back and let the Indian trade first.

We came to Swan Creek township, Fulton county, in 1852, and I entered my land from the government. It was then two-and-a-half miles to my nearest neighbor. Here we were troubled considerably with fever and ague. During the year three families settled near us, but did not stay the first year out. They sold their land for less than the government price, and they went back east where they came from, and never got a foot of land again. I bought more land for less than government price, and it is true that our land was poor then with swamps and marshes, and fever and ague was prevalent. Soon more came and left as others had before, but I stayed and worked hard, and lived hard, and I am here yet and in my 81st year. Some of my neighbors came to stay—bought their lands at low price, and now have as good farms as there is in the State. They have good barns with slate roofs,

good horses and buggies—they go to church every Sunday. When we were all poor we were all alike. What one had the other was welcome to use. I had the only team in the neighborhood at one time, but my neighbors were free to use it also, until they could raise their teams.

But my mind seems to return to my earlier days when the young men would frequently go on foot eight or ten miles to see his best girl, and his broadcloth suit would consist of buckskin pants and moccasins. Then we knew nothing of buggies. I have known people to go twenty-four miles to church with an ox team, generally going on Saturday, remaining over Sunday, and returning on Monday. Church service was at my father's house. My mother would sometimes be engaged the whole week caring for the entertainment of the neighbors, and a very enjoyable occasion we would have. We had plenty of venison, turkey, fish and honey. We could hardly cut a hollow tree without finding bees and honey. I shot deer when only ten years of age, and have caught many of them when I was young. I must mention of a bear hunt I was once engaged in. In company with two other men while hunting, we came across a family of bear cubs—the mother bear was absent a short distance. We each caught and took away a cub. One of the party held his little bear's mouth tight so he could not squall, but one of the men and I took the time to tie ours, and their crying called the mother bear, and presently she made her appearance. We dropped the cubs and took up our rifles, but failed to kill the old bear. We finally succeeded in getting the cubs, but the old bear escaped into the woods.

Now I contribute this sketch of our pioneer life, and submit it to the readers of our pioneer magazine as a plain story told in a plain way. My school days were only one term of three months, but I have a long schooling of experience.

OBITUARIES.

ANDREW ADAMS.

On Monday December 5, 1899, Andrew Adams, a pioneer of Wood county, breathed his last at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Barber, in East Toledo, at the advanced age of 88 years.

Deceased was born in Massachusetts in 1810 and came to Wood county in 1852, where he has since resided. For many years he was a resident of Perrysburg, but of late had been making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Robert Barber, of East Toledo.

He was a member of Phoenix Lodge F. & A. M. of this place, having been transferred from Tontogany lodge in 1875. He has also been a faithful and consistent member of the M. E. church for more than half a century.

The funeral services were conducted under the auspices of the Masonic order at the M. E. church on Tuesday, Revs. D. H. Bailey and G. A. Adams of this place, and Jacob Baumgardner, of East Toledo, officiating.

The surviving members of his family are his daughter, Mrs. Barber, and son, John Quincy Adams, of Bowling Green, who have the sympathy of many friends.

MRS. MARY A. BARTON.

On Friday morning, October 7, 1898, the many friends of Mrs. Mary A. Barton, mother of Wm. Barton, of this

place, was grieved to learn she had passed away to her final rest.

She had been slightly ill for a few days prior to her death but the night previous to her demise she was unusually well when she retired.

When morning arrived her son went to her room to call her and discovered that the spirit had taken flight during the night.

Mrs. Barton was born in Prickwillow, near Ely, Cambridge Shire, England, in 1816, and was 82 years old at the time of her death.

With her husband, she came to America in 1848, and resided in Medina county, Ohio, five years. In 1853 they came to Wood county, where she has continued to live up to the time of her death, making her home for several years past with her son Wm. Barton, her husband having preceded her to the other world about 25 years ago. Of a family of six children only two still live—Wm. Barton and Catherine Carpenter.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. H. Bailey at the M. E. church on Sunday last, and was attended by a large number of friends. Mrs. Barton was highly esteemed by all who knew her and her death is deeply regretted.

MRS. NANCY BENSCHOTER.

Mrs. Nancy Benschoter, one of the highly respected pioneer residents of Grand Rapids township, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Black, near Tontogany, of heart trouble. Deceased was 78 years of age, and was married to Samuel W. Benschoter in 1838. Ten children were born to this couple, seven of whom are living, as

follows: William A., of Bowling Green; Jeremiah S., of Grand Rapids; Ella, wife of J. J. Black, near Tontogany; Charles W., of Grand Rapids; J. W. and Curtis E. Benschoter, of Bowling Green; and Lucy M. Benschoter, living at Tontogany.

Mrs. Benschoter was a consistent member of the Methodist church and was a highly respected lady. Her husband preceded her to the grave 15 years since.

The funeral of Mrs. Benschoter will be held Tuesday at 10 a. m., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Black, and the remains will be buried at the Beaver Creek cemetery.
—*Bowling Green Sentinel*.

ELEM BRESSLER AND MRS. MARY A. GALLAGHER.

The Grand Rapids Bulletin of last week chronicled the death of two of the aged and respected residents of that village: Elem Bressler, who died April 23, at the age of 60 years, and is survived by a wife and four children; and Mrs. Mary A. Gallagher, who died April 20, at the age of 77 years, and who is survived by an only son, J. F. Gallagher, a merchant of that village.

The funeral of the latter was held at the M. E. church Saturday, and of the former, at the same place, Monday.

EDWIN CARTER.

Edwin Carter, an aged pioneer of this vicinity, died at his home about five miles south of town on Wednes-

day at one o'clock p. m., aged 89 years and one month.

He was born in East Kent county, England, July 10, 1809, and emigrated to the United States in 1852, coming direct to Wood county, where he lived until the time of his death. In 1834 he was united in marriage with Mary Seath and of this union nine children were born, six of whom are still living, three children and his wife having preceded him to the other world.

The funeral services were conducted at his late residence, on Friday at 10 a. m, Rev. G. A. Adams officiating, and the remains were laid to rest in Fort Meigs cemetery.

GILES COMSTOCK.

Giles Comstock quietly passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. J. Ritchie, in Sylvania July 9, 1898. Although his demise had been long expected, it created a sadness over a very large community. The funeral addresses were delivered by Rev. J. C. Sinclair, of the M. E church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cutler, of the Congregational church, and Rev. Mr. Torence, resident pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Mr. Comstock was born August 5, 1817, at Coopers-town, N. Y., and was the youngest of sixteen children. His ancestors, who came to America at an early day, were prominent, both in the Revolutionary and the war of 1812. He came to Toledo 65 years ago, when it was only a frontier Indian station, with one frame building, where now is situated a city of more than 150,000 people. He was first employed in the construction of the first railroad entering the city, which was then known as the Toledo & Adrian accommodation, and, in the place of steam power, the cars were hauled by horse power. On

the 3d day of July, 1843, he was married to Electa E. Vrooman, daughter of Jacob Vrooman and sister of J. A. Vrooman and Judge H. P. Vrooman, of Chicago.

Mrs. Electa Comstock died July 13, 1891, having lived happily with her husband for nearly fifty years. To this union were born three sons and four daughters, all of whom are living. They are: Mrs. T. G. Chandler, C. N. Comstock, O. S. Comstock, Mrs. J. J. Ritchie, Mrs. A. O. Holloway and Mrs. Dr. Cosgrove, all of whom reside in Sylvania, and Dr. O. G. Comstock, of this city.

Father Comstock, with his young bride, began a truly pioneer life in Whiteford, Monroe county, Michigan, upon land purchased directly from the government and which is the present homestead, having remained in his possession more than 60 years. Few have toiled more strenuously to found a home in the forest and transform the wilderness into a paradise than Father and Mother Comstock. Of toil there was plenty; hardships were many, and luxuries were few. In a log cabin, with punch-eon floor, with no windows, a bed quilt serving the purpose of a door, and surrounded by an unbroken forest, three miles from the nearest postoffice, this devoted couple began life's battle.

On the 4th day of May, 1844, their home was gladdened by the coming of their first-born daughter, whose early playmates were the boys and girls of the red man of the forest.

Father and Mother Comstock, early in their married life, united with the Methodist Episcopal church, of Sylvania, which, fifty years ago, they had helped to establish, and up to the time of their death they were active members, and from which membership God has called them to the church triumphant.—*Toledo Blade*.

THOMAS F. DALE.

Thomas F. Dale, a pioneer of Lucas county, died this morning at two o'clock at his home on Thirteenth street, Toledo. Mr. Dale was 72 years old. He was well known in the city and throughout the county. During the last eight years, he has been an attache of the probate court, and, in the capacity of bailiff for Judge Millard, he gained an extended acquaintance in this city. He was popular with attorneys and others who had business in the probate court, and those who came in contact with him in his daily life, respected and loved him. His acquaintances always turned out to be his staunchest friends.

Thomas F. Dale was born January 18, 1826, at Newton Flotman, Norfolk, England. He came to America in 1852, and located in Maumee. He took charge of the Reynolds mills there, and, for 28 years, successfully managed them. He served the village of Maumee as mayor for several years, and during his incumbency, he made a name for himself for meting out justice in a humane manner. He was particularly indulgent to young offenders, and, when brought before him, he would exercise clemency. Even in probate court, when incorrigible youths were taken before Judge Millard for examination, Bailiff Dale was solicitous for their welfare, and he often expressed himself as believing that criminal tendencies could be corrected without physical restraint and incarceration in reform schools.

In 1891 Judge Millard created the position of bailiff in the probate court, and Mr. Dale was appointed to that post, which he occupied up to the time of his death.

On March 12, 1868, he was married to Blance Birt, a native of Norfolk, England, who survives him. One

son, Thomas Dale, by his first wife, a resident of this city, also survives him.

Mr. Dale was a member of Northern Light Lodge, Masons, and was affiliated with the society for 37 years.

The funeral of Mr. Dale will be held from Trinity church Sunday afternoon.—*Toledo Blade*.

SAMUEL EMERY.

Mr. Samuel Emery, one of the pioneers of Maumee, passed away at his late home in Maumee, Tuesday morning, April 20th, 1898, after a painful illness of six weeks.

Samuel Emery was born in Harpersfield, O., January 2, 1826. He was married to Miss Henrietta Reese, in Maumee, June 4, 1848, and had he survived they would have celebrated their golden wedding this coming June.

Mr. Emery served in the late war, and was a member of Mitchell Post of this place. He has been a prominent K. of P. in Toledo the past twenty years, having served as past chancellor of Pythian lodge, and was deputy grand chancellor under five successive grand chancellors. He was a member of the first building board; also of the J. R. O. A. M. No. 290, and was a member of the Golden Rule. He instituted Lucas lodge, No. 148, in Toledo.

Mr. Emery was a consistent Christian. For many years he was a member of the M. E. church at this place, serving faithfully in the Sunday-school and choir. Honorable in all his dealings, he had the confidence and respect of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He leaves a widow and eight children: Mrs. Church Bassett, of Moberly, Mo.; Mr. James Emery, Dr. C. S. Emery, Mr. E. T. Emery, and Mrs. Louis Fisher, of Toledo; Mr. George Emery, of Newark, O.; Mr. H. R. Emery, of LaFayette, Ind., and Mrs. Preston L. Stevenson, of Findlay.

ROBERT ESCOTT.

Robert Escott was born in Bampton, Dovenshire, England, February 25, 1829. Came to America in 1854 and located for a short time near Maumee. A few months later he removed to Perrysburg where he has constantly resided, living 41 years in the house in which he departed this life. His life has been a quiet uneventful one. He was a faithful member of the I. O. O. F. Lodge at Maumee for a number of years being one of the charter members of Fort Meigs Lodge of Perrysburg, and its first presiding officer. He leaves an only sister, Mrs. Mary Milton, of Miami, a wife and five children to mourn their loss. The funeral services will be conducted on Friday, December 16, at 1:30 p. m., under the auspices of Fort Meigs lodge I. O. O. F. His death is regretted by a large circle of friends.

VALENTINE FINK.

Valentine Fink was born August 22, 1822, at Wattenheim, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, and came to America in 1844. He was a sailor until the Mexican war when he enlisted as a private in company E, 1st Regiment of Michigan Volunteers, serving during the war and was at the surrender of the City of Mexico under General Winfield Scott. After the close of the Mexican war he returned to Perrysburg, Ohio, where he remained until the year 1852, when he returned to his native home in Germany to settle up his parents' estate.

After his return to Perrysburg he was united in marriage with Miss Hannah Shoemaker, April 3d, 1853, and

was engaged in business here until he retired to his farm now located near Lime City.

Death occurred on December 7, 1898, and was the result of paralysis. He leaves a wife and an adopted daughter to mourn their loss.

Mr. Fink was one of the best known citizens of Perrysburg township, and his death is regretted by a legion of friends and neighbors. The funeral services were conducted at St. Rose of Lima church by Rev. Father Rieken of Perrysburg, Griss of Fostoria, and Mertes of Maumee, and was attended by a large number of sympathizing friends and neighbors. The remains were placed at rest in the Catholic cemetery.

ABRAHAM HARTMAN.

Abraham Hartman, who was known to nearly all the old lake seamen, passed away June 12, 1899, at the home of his son, George D. Hartman, No. 2461 Vermont avenue, death being due to old age.

The deceased was born in Columbiana county, Pennsylvania, October 19, 1822, and was therefore 77 years of age. He came to Toledo with his father's family in 1833, and for a number of years they resided in a log cabin on the East Side, right in the midst of a tribe of Indians. During several years of his young manhood, he ran a ferry boat across the Maumee river at this point. This was long before the Cherry street bridge was built. He sailed on the first steamer that plied between Toledo and Cleveland, which was several years before any railroad touched this city. He also sailed on the old General Harrison, and, for a number of years, acted as pilot on the Chief Justice Waite. In many respects, Mr. Hartman

was one of the most interesting and one of the best known of Toledo's pioneer citizens.

Mr. Hartman was twice married. By his first marriage there survives him one daughter, Mrs. Jerome H. Russell, of this city. By his second marriage, there survives him two sons, George D. Hartman, district agent of the American Express company, and Frank Hartman, who is connected with R. H. Lane & Co.

Mr. Hartman's second wife died in 1875. During the past eight years he has resided with his son George, from whose residence the funeral took place at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor of the First Baptist Church.

THOMAS HAYES.

At his home at Fort Meigs, on Monday, September 12, 1898, Thomas Hayes, one of Perrysburg's oldest and most highly respected citizens, passed to the great beyond, at the age of 71 years and 12 days, after an illness of four days. He was the last of the three brothers, Michael, Timothy and Thomas, who have lived here during the past 35 years and had become favorably known throughout this entire section.

Thomas Hayes was born in the parish of Lisronnon, county of Tipperary, Ireland, August 30, 1827. He with his mother, four sisters and his brother Timothy, left Ireland for America, May 16, 1848. They landed here at Perrysburg, August 3d of the same year. He was united in marriage with Mary A. Daily, at Maumee City, November 16, 1857. One son was born of this union, James C., of Dowling, who survives him. Mrs. Hayes

died in March, 1859. The following May Mr. Hayes accompanied by his brother Timothy, went to California and engaged in mining in that country for five years.

In May, 1864, he again returned to Ohio, and with his brother Timothy purchased the Fort Meigs farm, where he resided at the time of his death. On the 28th of September, 1868, he was united in marriage with Ellen Rielly, of Toledo. Seven children were born to them—Thomas, Timothy, Michael, John, Maggie and Mary—with the mother, are still living, Ellen having died October 16, 1897.

The funeral services were conducted at St. Rose of Lima Catholic church, of which congregation Mr. Hayes was a faithful and consistent member, Rev. G. H. Rieken officiating. The remains were placed at rest in the Catholic cemetery on Thursday. The family of the deceased have the sympathy of the community in their great bereavement.—*Journal*.

HENRY HEARN.

On Friday, October 14, 1898, Henry Hearn died at his Perrysburg home, at the age of 82 years, two months and four days. He was born in the parish of Adisham, East Kent, England, and came to America June 1, 1858, at first locating in Maumee, and later removing to Perrysburg, where he has since resided.

He was a devout member of the Methodist church, and his many excellent qualities won him many friends. He was married in England, March 1, 1850.

His funeral services were conducted on Sunday by Rev. D. H. Bailey, and the remains were buried in Fort Meigs cemetery.

JOHN HOFFMANN.

In the death of John Hoffmann, of Roachton, Wood county loses one of its oldest inhabitants.

Mr. Hoffman was born 95 years ago, near Frankfort, Germany, and for the past 60 years has been a resident of Perrysburg township. His death occurred on Saturday last, and the funeral services were held at the Roachton Catholic church on Monday, and his remains buried in the Middleton cemetery. Three children survive him.

JOSEPH G. KELLOGG.

Joseph G. Kellogg passed quietly away at his home in Adams township Saturday, July 22, 1899, at 4:30 P. M. He has been an invalid for nearly two years, suffering from a chronic liver trouble, but the family had had no thought that he was so near his end until within a few days of his death.

Mr. Kellogg was born at the Kellogg homestead in Adams township May 2, 1839. He married Sarah Norton, of Maumee, January 26, 1864. His wife and two daughters, Mrs. Fred Haughton, and Miss Clara Kellogg, are left to mourn their loss. His mother, now 86 years old, and a brother, Isaac Kellogg, of Riga, Michigan, survive him.

Mr. Kellogg was a highly respected citizen, and an honest, upright man. Deafness from infancy cut him off from many of the enjoyments of life; he nevertheless made many friends.

The funeral was held July 24, at 1.30 P. M. at the Dorr Street Union Church, Rev. W. A. Cutler preaching the sermon.

THOMAS ALFRED KUNKLE.

Thomas Alfred Kunkle, son of Henry and Hannah (Swanders) Kunklé, was born at Allentown, Pennsylvania, December 18, 1836, and died at his home in Grand Rapids, Ohio, April 1st, 1899, in the 63d year of his age.

Mr. T. A. Kunkle came to Ohio with his parents in his early youth, and the family settled at Baltimore, Fairfield county. Here he grew to manhood. On September 24, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, of the 55th regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and served to the end of the war of the rebellion, being mustered out at Camp Dennison, June 22, 1865. The regiment was heavily engaged at Chancellorsville, where Mr. Kunkle was wounded, and its next hardest fights were at Resaca and Kennesaw.

Shortly after the war Mr. Kunkle was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Rickley, of Licking county, and removed to the farm in Lucas county, which is still a part of his estate.

In April, 1893, Mr. Kunkle's health failing him, he purchased some dwelling property in Grand Rapids, and removed thither with his family. Here he was able for the most part to oversee his farm, and was for a large portion of the time engaged in clerical work for Mr. B. F. Kerr. Mr. Kunkle's health has failed sadly for the past year or two, and his death was not unexpected.

He leaves a wife and three children, grown up, who have the profound sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

RUDOLPH KINDERVATER.

The funeral of Rudolph Kindervater was held on

Saturday from the Presbyterian church, and was largely attended.

Mr. Kindervater was born in Nordhaus, Province of Saxony, Germany, in 1843, and came to this country in 1852. He was married to Miss Caroline Burdo, December 25, 1865, by whom nine children were born, six of whom are now living. Mrs. Kindervater died suddenly of heart disease four years ago this month.

For the last three years he has been a great sufferer, and finally went to the hospital in Toledo and was operated upon, but was not strong enough to get up the proper reaction, and died.

CHRISTOPHER LIMMER.

At the advanced age of 71 years, 9 month and 10 days, Christopher Limmer breathed his last at his home, about three miles northeast of Perrysburg, on Monday, October 10. For the past year he had been a sufferer from cancer of the stomach, which was relieved only by death.

Deceased was born in Germany, and came to this country a number of years ago, locating in Perrysburg township, where he was favorably known as an honorable and worthy citizen, and has many friends who regret his death. A wife, three sons and two daughters survive him to cherish his memory. The funeral services were conducted at the German Lutheran church on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock and his remains interred in Fort Meigs cemetery.

MRS. STEPHEN MERRY.

Mrs. Araminta Matilda Earll was born December 16, 1813, in Portage, New York, and died Tuesday March 21, 1899. She was married to Stephen Merry October 16, 1841.

Mr. and Mrs. Merry removed from the state of New York to Ohio in 1842, and settled at Miami, Lucas county, from which place they subsequently removed to Perrysburg, where they continued to reside until the death of Mr. Merry, when the widow continued her residence at the old home, cared for lovingly and truly by Miss Lida Pheister until her last sickness, when she was aided by Mrs. Merry's daughter, Sarah Norton, of Lansing, Michigan, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Earl Merry, of Bowling Green, and son Frank, of Dunkirk, Indiana.

In 1849 Mrs. Merry united by letter from the church at Maumee with the First Presbyterian church of Perrysburg, a connection which remained unbroken and honored by her Christian life to the last. At her home her pastor attended the first prayer meeting that he attended on coming to Perrysburg, in 1856. How many others she and her husband, who was an elder in the church, attended during the 49 years of her connection with the church, it would be difficult now to tell, since the attendance was regular every week until the infirmities of years caused a cessation of outgoing in the evenings.

Her home was one of love. Her children had reason to call her "blessed." And now, having had the blessing of a long life among friends and children whom she loved and who loved her, she goes to her grave "like a shock of corn cometh in its season." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They do rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—*Sentinel*.

ELIAS C. MOORE.

The funeral services of Elias C. Moore were held at the family residence at Maumee on Monday afternoon. The Rev. Howard A. N. Richards, a son of the Rev. Charles Richards, a former pastor of the Presbyterian church, conducted the services.

Mr. Moore was born at Westbrook, Conn., May 31, 1822, and received his early education at that place. He came to Maumee in the autumn of 1844, and as there were no railroads around the lakes at that early date he crossed Lake Erie from Buffalo on the old steamer "General Wayne," which touched at Monroe, Michigan, and Toledo, both then small towns.

For three years Mr. Moore was employed as clerk in the general store of Spencer & Moore, at the close of which time he embarked in business for himself with a general stock of merchandise. Maumee being still an Indian trading post.

He continued in the mercantile business until 1872, and in 1873 was appointed postmaster, which position he held for twelve years. He was also agent for the United States and Pacific Express companies for nearly thirty years. In politics, Mr. Moore was a Whig and later a Republican, but always declined to be a candidate for office under these parties, though many times solicited to run, and several years' membership in the board of education was his only occasion of public service.

Mr. Moore united with the Presbyterian church at Maumee in 1845, and in his relation with the church there became manifest one of his traits of character, that of never shirking from any obligation of Christian duty, as he filled at various times the offices of superintendent of the Sunday-school, elder, trustee and treasurer, and in these offices served the church during the greater portion

of his membership. He was elected treasurer of the Maumee City Bible Society in 1851, and held the office until his death, a continuous service of 48 years.

Mr. Moore was married in 1848 to Margaret Emery, of Swanton, Ohio, who died the following year. In 1853, at Torringsford, Conn., he married Jane Ann North, who survives him. These marriages were blessed with three sons, two of whom are still living, James H. Moore and Julian C. Moore, both residing in Chicago.

Mr. Moore was a brother of John A. Moore, of this city, Rev. Wm. H. Moore, of Hartford, Conn.; George C. Moore, Westbrook, Conn., and Charles A. Moore, of New York city.

In the death of Mr. Moore, the community in which he lived sustained a loss which is felt by all with whom he came in contact; his Christian integrity and sterling virtues are admitted by all, and the universal eulogy on his life is: "He was a good man."—*Toledo Blade*.

GEORGE W. NEWTON.

George W. Newton, a pioneer of the Maumee valley passed to the great beyond on Monday, November 7th, 1898, at 6:03 P. M.

Deceased was born near Albany, in the State of New York, January 18, 1818, and was aged 80 years, nine months and 19 days at the time of his death. He came to Ohio in 1840, and has resided in Perrysburg since that time. He leaves a wife and seven children.

Deceased was a member of Phoenix Lodge No. 123, F. & A. M., and at the time of his death was the oldest in membership, having been a Mason in 18—.

His funeral services were conducted at the family

residence on Wednesday at 2 P. M., by the Masonic fraternity and Rev. G. A. Adams, and his remains placed at rest at Fort Meigs cemetery.

MRS. ELIZA A. PARMALEE.

Mrs. Eliza A. Parmalee died at her home, No. 2144 Fulton street, at noon to-day. She was the widow of the late Major Solomon Parmalee, and had resided in Toledo for about thirty years.

She had been ill since last July, and while her sufferings were very great, she bore up with much fortitude. She was well known in Toledo circles, and will be greatly missed by her family and friends. She was a native of New York, and was 82 years of age.

Deceased was the mother of Mrs. M. P. Hubbell and the grandmother of Ed. P. Hubbell, W. S. Hubbell, Mrs. Howard R. T. Radcliffe and Mrs. Walter Gifford.

CAPT. W. P. SCOTT.

Captain William P. Scott, of the police department, died at his home, No. 934 Broadway, at 8:40 o'clock April 21st, 1898, after an illness of one short week. Pneumonia was the cause. He caught a heavy cold a week ago last Tuesday, when he acted as pall bearer at the funeral of his old army comrade—Captain Ferguson. He took to his room a week ago, and never again left it. He became very ill day before yesterday, and yesterday morning his condition was considered critical.

The news of his death proved a great shock to his

close friends in the police department, as well as to hundreds of others elsewhere in the city. The last words spoken by the veteran were addressed to Police Secretary Charles Durian, who called on him at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. The sick man drew his hand wearily across his eyes, and said feebly, "Hello, Snorky." After that, he seemed to take but little notice of other callers.

Deceased was a member of the Union Veterans' Union, Forsyth Post, G. A. R., and Rubicon Lodge F. and A. M. They have joint charge of the funeral arrangements. The police department turned out in a body. The interment took place at Woodlawn.

In years of service, Capt. W. P. Scott was the oldest officer on the police force. He served the city 30 years as patrolman, roundsman, sergeant, detective and chief of police. For the last few years he has acted as day sergeant. He was the first man selected on the old Metropolitan police force, when it was organized in April, 1867. Twice during his long service Capt. Scott was honored by being placed at the head of the department.

As a subordinate and official, his record has been spotless. He was honest as the sun, and his integrity was never questioned. He was the soul of honor. Personally, he was brave as a lion, and knew no such word as cowardice. Beneath a rugged exterior a warm heart throbbed for suffering mankind. He was a physical giant, and his very presence was a terror to evil-doers.

He was born on the banks of the Maumee 60 years ago. In early life he learned the carpenter's trade. He formed a company and received a captain's commission. His company was known as the Twenty-fifth Ohio Volunteers, and was attached to Col. Nat. Haughton's regiment. He served all through the war, and was a gallant soldier. During the latter part of the war he was granted a furlough to come home and recruit up his company, whose ranks had been depleted.

While on this furlough, he married his wife, who survives him. He was married at six o'clock in the evening, and went away with his recruits an hour later. He did not see his young bride again for two years. After the war he built the present family home on Broadway, doing all the work himself. It was a labor of love.

There himself and wife have resided happily for over thirty years. One daughter, Mrs. Alexander M. Young, is left to comfort the widowed mother. The father of the deceased passed away a few months ago, at a ripe old age. All the brothers and sisters are dead. Patrolman Frank Scott and Al. Scott are surviving nephews.—*Blade*.

JOHN SWARTZ.

John Swartz, a well known pioneer farmer of Troy township, died at his home two miles south of Stony Ridge, Wednesday, March 1, 1899, at the age of 73 years. He leaves a wife, five sons and one daughter to mourn his death. The children are: Fred, Charles, George, Frank and William and Katie.

The funeral was held at the Lutheran church in Luckey, Saturday, March 4, conducted by Rev. Lembke, of Luckey, and Rev. John Born, of Stony Ridge. The remains were interred in the Troy township cemetery.

The deceased was born in Germany, February 26, 1826. When he was three years of age the family emigrated to America, settled in Medina county, this state, where Mr. Swartz grew to manhood. In 1851 he came to Wood county and settled on a farm which he improved and on which he spent the remainder of his days.

In 1854 Mr. Swartz was married to Dorothea Karcher,

of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who survives him. Mr. Swartz was an upright citizen, a good neighbor, a kind father and a loving husband. He will be missed by a very large circle of friends and neighbors.

MRS. MARY J. WEBB.

Mrs. Mary Jones, relict of John Webb, was born in Windham, Green county, N. Y., near the head waters of the Delaware, in the Catskill mountains, August 27, 1826 and died March 7, 1899, aged 72 years, seven months, and eleven days.

Her early years were spent in teaching near the place of her birth, from which she migrated at the solicitation of Prof. Wright, then teaching in the Perrysburg school, one of the few schools of the state organized under the Akron law, in which she taught two years. As a teacher she was eminently successful.

In 1851 she was married to John Webb, then, and for a long time after, the county clerk of Wood county. By him she had three children who are yet living—Dr. Lewis Webb, of Bourbon, Indiana, Mrs. Chancy P. Taylor, of Conway Springs, Kansas, and Miss Ella with whom she has lived during the last years of her life.

Her religious life had once been with the Methodist Episcopal church of this place, but for over forty years she formed one of the congregation of the First Presbyterian church with which her daughters were connected. Death has rent the "veil" which separated the outer from the inner sanctuary, into which she has been shown the way, by Him, "who tasted death for every man."

The funeral services were conducted at the residence of Corwin Webb, in Perrysburg, by Rev. G. A. Adams, on Sunday, March 12, at 2 p. m.

MRS. SYBIL H. WHITNEY.

The countless friends of Mrs. Sybil H. Whitney, or "Mother" Whitney, as she was more familiarly called, will be saddened to hear of her death, which occurred on Sunday afternoon, February 5th, 1899, at four o'clock. She had been ailing for a week or more, but was thought to be much better Friday, when she sat at the dinner table with the family, and seemed to be as well as usual, but that afternoon and evening she was taken suddenly worse with pneumonia, and was unconscious after midnight Friday.

Truly, a "Mother in Israel" has fallen asleep. She lived an exemplary Christian life from her girlhood, and was beloved by everybody because she loved everybody. Her great heart took in all the world, especially those who were needing sympathy and help. She was of a very happy and sunny disposition, with a cheery word for everyone, and with a deep solicitude for the welfare of others and of the church which she so dearly loved.

Mother Whitney was 85 years old at her last birthday in January, 1899, and yet she was in possession to a wonderful degree of all her faculties. She had been a great reader, had completed the Chautauque Reading Course, and was deeply interested in all the up-to-date literature. Her Bible, however, was her choice companion, and she not only knew its contents, but lived its teachings. Words cannot tell how she will be missed, especially in her own family, in her church circles and among her many friends.

Mrs. Whitney was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, January 11, 1814, and hence was over 85 years old. She was converted when only eleven years old, but was thought to be "too young" to unite with the church. Meanwhile, in 1827, her father, Mr. Joel Green, Sr., removed to Mation, N. Y., where she, then thirteen years

old, united with the Congregational church. In 1834 her parents, then with a family of eight children, removed to Sylvania, Ohio. Two of the sons were physicians, and practiced here for some time. She taught school in West Toledo until 1835, when she was married to Mr. Thomas P. Whitney, whose sister, Mrs. S. L. Collins, is still living. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney lived for nearly 40 years on Detroit avenue, removing in 1874 to the corner of Monroe street and Whitney avenue, where, very soon after, Mr. Whitney died. The family consisted of six children, three only of whom are still living — *Marion Lawrence, in Toledo Blade.*

MRS. THOMAS YOUNT.

Mrs. Thomas Yount, of Haskins, died very suddenly Saturday forenoon from a stroke of paralysis. She arose in her usual health in the morning and soon after was stricken with paralysis. She lingered about three hours when death relieved her.

The deceased was the mother of three children, all of whom are living. They are, Willard, residing near Sugar Ridge; Mrs. J. F. Weisinger, of Mungen, and Mrs. Francher, residing near Haskins. She was 66 years of age and was highly respected as a neighbor and Christian lady. The funeral was held Tuesday and the remains were interred at Union Hill cemetery.

Mary Ann Peaney was born on the 23d day of September, 1833, in Morristown, N. J. She came to Ohio with her parents in childhood and spent the greater portion of her life in and near Haskins. She was joined in marriage with Thomas Yount on the 17th day of November, 1853, which union was blessed with three

children, one son and two daughters. She united with the Presbyterian church of Haskins on the 17th day of December, 1895. Deceased was a beloved wife, an affectionate mother, a kind neighbor and a faithful and conscientious Christian. She merited the good wishes of all with whom she came in contact, and though gone from us, she will yet be remembered by the good deeds she has done. In the home, in the church and in the community she will be greatly missed. She was faithful until the last and only fell asleep to this world, in order that she might have a pleasant awakening in the next. On the morning of March 4th, 1899, she was not, for her Lord came and took her. She attained the age of 65 years, 5 months, and 11 days.

PETER ZEIGLER.

Peter Zeigler, of Bloom township, aged 92, one of the oldest persons in the township, died at his home last Friday. He was a farmer, and a resident of the county for nearly 20 years.

SHADRACH GROFF.

Shadrach Groff, pioneer hotel man of Toledo, died at his home, 2040 Collingwood, this morning, July 18, 1899, at the ripe age of 81 years.

He was the father of Mrs. Charles Reynolds, and was prominently identified with the early history of the city.

Shadrach Groff was born at East Creek, Herkimer

county, New York, in April, 1818. He was a pioneer of Toledo, and his history is a review of the early days of this city. His wife survives him, and their daughter, Mrs. Charles Reynolds, was the only child. His illness dates from last October, but old age may be given as the direct cause of death.

Mr. Groff is best known in the history of Toledo as a hotel man. He was proprietor of the old Collins House, which was located where now is the wholesale grocery of Berdan & Co. Later he was proprietor of the McKenster House, which was the popular house in the city at the outbreak of the civil war.

In 1869, the demand for better hotel facilities in the city, led to the organization of the Toledo Hotel Company. This was formed in January, 1870, with the following directors: H. S. Walbridge, S. M. Young, C. H. Coy, R. H. Bell, W. W. Griffith, T. H. Hoag and F. J. King. Action was taken at once, and resulted in the building of the Boody House, which was completed in 1872.

The building was leased to Groff & Shears, but Mr. Groff succeeded to the business in 1873. From that date until 1887, Mr. Groff was lessee and landlord of the place, which established a reputation of being one of the best hostelries in the west. In 1887 Mr. Groff retired, and Ferdinand Welsh, the present landlord, succeeded him.—*Toledo Blade*.

JOSEPH A. HUTCHINSON.

Joseph A. Hutchinson, one of the oldest residents in the county, died at his home in Waterville, November 12, 1897, after a very brief illness. Mr. Hutchinson was in

the 62d year of his age and passed away at the homestead where he was born.

He was well known throughout the county and held in high esteem by all who knew him. His mother, Elizabeth Hutchinson, settled in this county in 1810. Mr. Hutchinson leaves a wife and three children to mourn his death. He was a member of the G. A. R., having been a member of Co. I, Fourteenth regiment, O. V. I, in the late civil war. He was also a member of Wakeman Lodge, F. & A. M., at Waterville. The lodge assisted at the funeral services, which took place at his late home, Sunday at 1 p. m.—*Toledo Commercial*.

DEATH NOTICES.

MRS. SUSAN CLARK—October 18, 1896, at four o'clock at her residence on Grand street, North Toledo, aged 83 years, 4 months and 14 days. She lived in Toledo 34 years; was born in Albany, N. Y., June 4, 1812.

MRS. ADALINE DWIGHT CONE—At 1.30 p. m., Sunday, September 5, 1897, at Toledo, aged 73 years. Lived in Toledo 42 years.

LEWIS EASTWOOD—At Waterville, December 25, 1898, aged 89 years and 11 months.

MRS. A. H. GEER—At her home in Miami, February 17, 1897, aged 81 years, 10 months and 18 days. Lived in Maumee Valley 61 years.

SARAH ANN HALL—At Waterville, September 23, 1898, aged 81 years, 11 months and 2 days.

SAMUEL S. HOOPER—At his home, 2135 Hewey street, Toledo, aged 79 years; had lived in Toledo 44 years. His father served with Washington at Valley Forge. One of his ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

MARY P. SOUTHARD HALLARAN—At her home, 1203 Madison street, Toledo, May 17, 1897, aged 52 years. She was a resident of Toledo 52 years.

HARRISON L. HOLLOWAY—At the residence of his daughter, 1033 Huron street, May 8, 1897, aged 64 years and 6 months.

JOSEPH EMMONS HALL—At his home at Waterville, May 11, 1899. Came to this valley in 1836. Was treasurer of this society at the time of his death.

WILLIAM LARKINS—At his home in Adams township, Lucas county, in 1897, aged 94 years. Lived in the valley 55 years.

NICHOLAS NEUHAUSEL—At his home in Toledo, August 3, 1899, in the 90th year of his age. Had lived in Toledo 42 years.

MRS. HARRIET F. ROBBINS—Wife of Rinaldo Robbins, at her home in Maumee, Friday, July 30, 1897.

DAVID S. WILDER—At his home in Toledo, Ohio, November 13, 1898. Lived in Toledo 42 years.

ADALINE HAUGHTON MALLETT—Wife of Giles Mallett, aged 62 years and 9 months.

E. N. SMITH—At his home in West Toledo, January 4, 1899, aged 83 years, 6 months and 19 days.

MRS. SYBIL HASTINGS WHITNEY—At her late residence, No. 2217 Whitney avenue, Sunday, February 5, 1899, at 4 o'clock p. m.

HARRISON WOOD—At his late residence at Holland, Ohio, Monday, February 6, 1899, aged 67 years. Lieutenant Wood was a member of Co. A, 14th O. V. I.

LIST OF PAID MEMBERS.**ANTWERP, PAULDING COUNTY.**

Bissell, C. A.	Pocock, D. A.
Bisber, Henry	Pocock, Clara
Doering, P. P.	Pocock, J. L.
Fleck, W. F.	Pocock, E. E.
Ferguson, H. B.	Snooks, W. N.
Graves, F. A.	Saylor, Jacob
Harris, Henry	Stukey, N. W.
Hughs, D. S.	Woodcox, C. B.
Harris, Jane E.	Zuber, John B.
McCann, A. C.	Zuber, J. H.
Oswalt, Jacob	

BOWLING GREEN, WOOD COUNTY.

Black, Luther	Simonds, Alice
LaFarree, Jas. H.	Thurston, Mrs. M. L.
Phillipps, Aaron	Thurston, Mrs. W. C.
Ralston, Jas. B.	VanTassel, I. N.

CECIL, PAULDING COUNTY.

Colby, Dr. L.	Lattimore, Mrs. Jas. F.
Lattimore, Jas. F.	Simpson, A. N.

COLTON, HENRY COUNTY.

Conley, Michael	Parrott, William
Gramling, Adam	McGarvey, John
Hardy, James W.	Waggoner, John B.
Love, W. K.	Waggoner, Simon N.

DEFIANCE, DEFIANCE COUNTY.

Brown, Mrs. W. A.	Meyers, L. E.
Greenler, J. S.	Perkey, Martin
Gurwell, Martin	Stubbs, Wm. M.
Gurwell, Jacob	Scott, Helen Brown
Hardy, Henry	Saylor, Jacob
Jervis, Mary B.	Smith, Wm. M.
Kintner, George	Thornton, M. E. Stevens
Marcellus, D. W. D.	Wilhelm, Adam
Malley, J. J.	Woodeox, B. B.
Miller, John	Wood, Alonzo H.
Mix, E. B.	

DELTA, FULTON COUNTY.

Carter, S. S.	Merrell, Osias
Carr, M.	Sargent, A. L.
Holt, John	

FLORIDA, HENRY COUNTY.

Andrews, H. R.	Rothenberger, G. F.
Bordner, Mrs. H.	Scofield, Catherine E.
Bordner, Henry	Sisler, Peter
Brubaker, F. N.	Loury, Samantha A.
Brubaker, Emily B.	Weaver, H. S.
Bowen, Jerry	Weaver, David

GRAND RAPIDS, WOOD COUNTY.

Culberson, Eli.	McLain, J. C.
Carr, O. C.	Reynolds, James
Judson, A. C.	Sterling, Thomas
Kerr, W. E.	

GRELTON, HENRY COUNTY.

Bucklin, Osman	Yeager, A.
Johnson, W. C.	

HASKINS, WOOD COUNTY.

Bernthistle, H. P.	Garrett, Mrs. Kate
Garrett, P. F.	

HOLLAND, LUCAS COUNTY.

Gunn, D. A.	Holloway, Chas. B.
Tucker, Albert C.	Holloway, Mrs. Chas. B.

HULL PRAIRIE, WOOD COUNTY.

Goss, Mr. and Mrs.	Tunison, Mrs. John
Robertson, Ameleous	

LIBERTY CENTER, HENRY COUNTY.

Crominger, George	Russell, M. H.
Gunn, Mrs. A. B.	West, John T.
Leist, A. C.	Williams, W. F.
Lamphier, John	Young, C. C.
Pennoek, Edward	Young, Mrs. C. C.

MAUMEE, LUCAS COUNTY.

Bales, William	Hull, W. R.
Brown, Mrs. Thomas F.	Kiser, Laura B.
Batchelder, Mrs. Phoebe	Mitchell, Mrs. R. B.
Blaker, Mrs. Amanda	Nearing, Mrs. Henry
Drummond, C. M.	Rodd, Mrs. T.
Gunn, Mrs. W. B.	Wolcott, Jas. M.

Gunn, Capt. O. N.	Wilcox, John E.
Gunn, Mrs. O. N.	Wescott, John.

McCLURE, HENRY COUNTY.

Durbin, Thomas	Sheppard, D. S.
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MONCLOVA, LUCAS COUNTY.

Coder, W. W.	Lose, William
Kerr, John W.	Van Fleet, Cornelius
Leaming, Hulda	

NAPOLEON, HENRY COUNTY.

Bowers, George	Huddle, John
Bowers, James R.	Leatherman, J.
Bowers, W. R.	Mory, J. D.
Bowers, Mrs. A. C.	Pontius, B. F.
Brooks, William	Kalrick, George
Brown, James K.	Raiser, Mathias
Cadwalader, Mrs. Mary	Scribner, Allen B.
Curtis, S. L.	Shelt, John
Davidson, J. S.	Scott, Robert W.
Foot, Fred	Stevens, John W.
Ferguson, Mary	Senter, H.
Gilson, David	Shelt, Sabina
Gunn, Edwin	Tyler, Justin H.
Hudson, D. P.	Van Hyming, Julius
Hill, Matilda M.	Wheeler, Caleb
Hately, Daniel	Wilson, David
Hague, S. M.	Williams, L. B.
Hufning Julius	

NORTH BALTIMORE, WOOD COUNTY.

Peters, B. L.	Peters, Mrs. B. L.
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NEAPOLIS, LUCAS COUNTY

Britton, O. J.	Keeler, W. H.
Crosby, Darwin	

PERRYSBURG, WOOD COUNTY.

Adams, Rev. G. A.	Powers, C. A.
Baird, C. C.	Ross, Mrs. J. W.
Hellenbeck, D. K.	Rumler, Estella
McKnight, George	Zing, Rudolph
Powell, Frank	

SWANTON, FULTON COUNTY.

Curtis, Newton	White, J. S.
Fairchilds, Alonzo	White, Mrs. Ellen
Love, Rev. N. B. C.	Watkins, Wells
Scott, Dr. W. A.	

SYLVANIA, LUCAS COUNTY.

Andrews, James	Harroun, Mrs. E. J. P.
Cone, Ambrose	Warren, Wm. P.
Harroun, Clara	

TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

Alexander, W. G.	Lemmon, Reuben C.
Andrews, Samuel	Myers, James W.
Abbott, Eunice	Moore, John A.
Blanchard, Samuel	Merikel, W. M.
Boos, Wm. H.	McNally, Jas.
Blinn, N. D.	Morehouse, Wm. H.
Bashore, Milo	Mott, Miss Anna C.
Berdan, John	Norton, C. W.
Bloomfield, Robert	Norton, Mrs. M. D.
Brigham, C. O.	Neubert, H. G.
Brice, R. V.	Nay, Eccler
Brigham, Mrs. M. P.	Nopper, Christ.
Brigham, Stanley F.	Pelton, A. D.
Blodgett, Mrs. Eliza	Pennell, W. E., Jr.
Bradley, A. B.	Pratt, Charles
Baldwin, Mrs. Maria	Pike, Louis H.
Bartlett, Nathaniel	Pheatt, Z. C.
Burdick, Leander	Plant, A. H.
Bond, O. S.	Raymond, E. P.
Brownlee, A. B., Jr.	Raymond, Paul
Baker, Mary G.	Rowland, W. L.
Brainard, W. S.	Romeis, Jacob
Chase, Galusha	Romeis, John
Colton, Abram W.	Raymer, James
Callahan, M.	Richardson, I. A.
Collins, D. A.	Robinson, Jas. B.
Crofts, J. A.	Smith, Denison B.
Corlett, William	Smith, W. H. H.
Conway, John A.	Seaman, Ira K.
Coghlin, Dennis	Snell, A. J.
Chapin, Edward	Southard, Thomas J.
Cowdrick, Vien	Stettiner, Samuel
Contuse, E. C.	Spencer, J. M.

Carter, S. S.	Scott, Wm. H.
Corson, Mrs. George	Scott, Frank J.
Dunlap, Thomas	Smith, E. C.
Draper, James	Stinecamp, Geo. H.
Dyer, Stephen F.	Smith, Mrs. Julia E.
Dowling, P. H.	Sisson, Jesse
Englehardt, Jacob	Secor, Mrs. Francis P.
Ensign, W. O.	Tiernan, Thomas
Eddy, Charles H.	Tracy, J. R.
Eggleston, Mrs. H.	Thomer, Henry
Edgar, John, 606 Platt street.	Thurston, W. S.
Geer, John L.	Thomas, Edwin W.
Gloyd, Mary E.	Tappan, Wm. R.
Goddard, Alonzo	Van Fleet, J.
Granger, V. W.	Van Gunten, John
Gleason, A. W.	Vanstone, Thomas
Gardner, Nath.	Waite, John A.
Hentzler, Horace	Wells, George E.
Howard, Mrs. M. N.	Woods, Dr. T. J.
Howell, A. D.	Walterhouse, J. W.
Hone, Mrs. J. W.	Wilcox, M. I.
Hall, Cecil A.	Willey, Emery
Hubbard, Franklin	West, Charles
Hime, Jacob E.	Winans, James
Harroun, C. H.	Whittaker, C. H.
Jones, Adaline	Whitman, W. H.
Kelsey, Joel W.	Wilcox, Henry
Ketcham, Mrs. Rachel Ann	Wagner, Mrs. Mary C.
King, Frank J.	Woolson, A. M.
Kountz, John S.	Waggoner, Clark
Kenyon, Henry	Woodruff, Jenette
Lane, Frank T.	Young, Mott W.
Lindsay, Mrs. S. B.	Vrooman, George W.

TONTOGANY, WOOD COUNTY.

Mawer, Thos.	Warner, Martin
Mawer, Mrs. Thomas	

WAUSEON, FULTON COUNTY.

Turney, Michael	Whittaker, George
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WATERVILLE, LUCAS COUNTY

Ballou, O. W.	Pray, Thomas
Ballou, Mrs. O. W.	Knaggs, Miss Moriah

Dodd, Mrs. Mary	Shertzer, Joseph
Farnsworth, J. P.	Van Fleet, William
Hoobler, George W.	Van Fleet, Mrs. Jane R.
Isham, Mrs. Sarah	Van Fleet, H. Frank

WESTON, WOOD COUNTY.

Edgar, John	McDonald, C. W.
Huber, Henry	Shepherd, W. H.

WEST TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

Gerkins, Henry	Blanchard, Samuel
Reynolds, George	Banks, W. R.

WHITEHOUSE, LUCAS COUNTY.

Atkinson, William	Pray, Paris H.
Atkinson, Louisa	Pray, M. W.
Burnett, George C.	Pray, J. L.
Butler, Fred A.	Pray, Mrs. Mary E.
Doren, John	Roulson, J. H.
Doren, William	Rakestraw, Yarnel
Goodman, Michael	Sly, Mrs. Martha
Goodman, Mrs. Caroline	Winslow, H. R.

Myers, J. K.	Ayersville, Defiance Co.
Robinson, Jas. B.	Air Line Junction, Lucas Co.
Phillipps, Chas. B.	Blissfield, Mich.
Engle, C.	Bryan, Ohio.
Watkins, George	Chicago, Ill.
Cross, Mrs. Hannah	Cleveland, O., Russell Ave.
Downs, George	Custar, Wood Co.
Hollington, Rev. A.	Delaware, Ohio.
Jones, L. J.	Digby, Wood Co.
Converse, N. W.	Elyria, Ohio.
Moore, J. P.	Fremont, Ohio.
Willson, George H.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Ainsworth, J. N.	Hicksville, Defiance Co.
Fast, H. H.	Holgate, Henry Co.
Whitney, Jas. S.	Jackson, Mich.
Mathews, C. W.	Lancaster, Ohio.
Foster, O. W.	Lamoin, Wood Co.
McCabe, Alex.	Morenci, Mich.
Rodgers, O. D.	New Haven, Ind.
Dunlap, Miss Jennie	7880 Broadway, N. Y.
Freas, George	Okalona, Henry Co.

Hardisty, A. F.	Payne, Wood Co.
McMahan, R. W.	Portage, Wood Co.
Banks, W. R.	Paulding, Ohio.
McDowell, Mrs. C. E.	Prairie Depot, Ohio.
Fenton, H. C.	Ridgeville, Henry Co.
Willson, W. H.	Richfield Center, Lucas Co.
Donaldson, David	San Antonio, Texas.
Tubbs, W. B.	Tubbsville, Ohio.
Lawton, Maj. Gen. H. W.	U. S. Army, Washington.
Rowe, John P.	Vienna, Mich.
Williamson, C. W.	Wapakoneta, Ohio.
Blaker, Sanford G.	Woodville, Wood Co.



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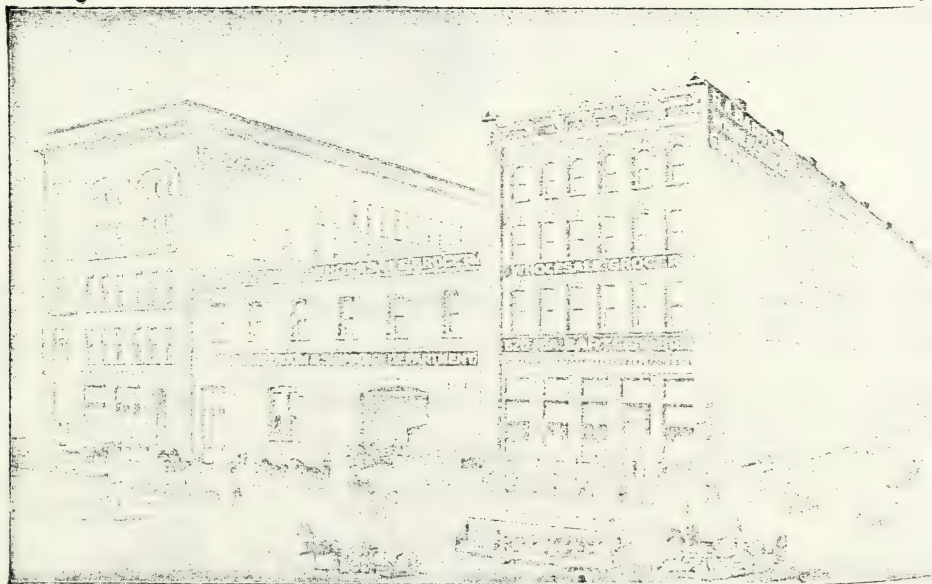
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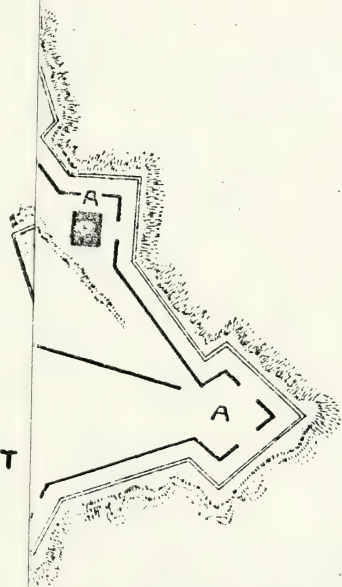
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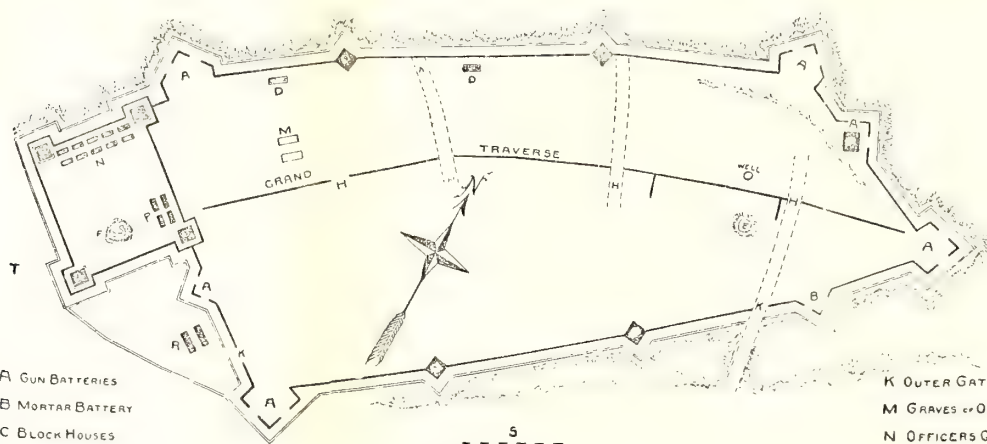


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|-----|------------------------------------|
| A G | K OUTER GATEWAYS |
| B M | M GRAVES of OFFICERS |
| C B | N OFFICERS QUARTERS |
| D L | P STORE HOUSES |
| E O | R FORGES & REPAIR SHOPS |
| F N | S BURIAL GROUND of PITTSBURG BLUES |
| H G | T GARRISON BURIAL GROUND |

Map of Fort Meigs.

MAUMEE RIVER

BOTTOM LAND



- A GUN BATTERIES
- B MORTAR BATTERY
- C BLOCK HOUSES
- D LOOK OUTS
- E OLD MAGAZINE
- F NEW MAGAZINE
- H GATEWAYS IN THE GRAND TRAVERSE

- K OUTER GATEWAYS
- M GRAVES OF OFFICERS
- N OFFICERS QUARTERS
- P STORE HOUSES
- R FORGES & REPAIR SHOPS
- S BURIAL GROUND - PITTSBURGH BLUES
- T GARRISON BURIAL GROUND

